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The Wellesley Magazine.

Vol. I,

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Important Notice.

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his own brilliant energy into the work of each and all; but his ideals, the aims for which he so lavishly spent fortune, strength and life itself, are still and always with us.

The three watchwords which ring down the Wellesley years from the founder of Wellesley are truth, life, Christ. Mr. Durant loved truth, and this is a rarer love in humanity than we may on first thought realize. To drive the question home, how many students enter college purely for the love of truth? Some enter for the love of life, that an enlargement of the capacities of the nature may come with wider knowledge. Some enter for the love of practical success, that ability may grow and power ripen and a career be made possible. Many enter without choice and without thought, impelled by the wills of others or by the trend of circumstances. And a few come up to the college gates with thrilled and reverent hearts, holding their breath for wonder and delight that it is to be granted them to *know*, to press, in nature, in history, in any chosen realm of mind or matter, even a little nearer to the divine secret; to begin to see, darkly yet, but with vision bound to brighten, as the wise and the true see, as God sees, fact behind phenomena, reality beneath appearances. To those who love the truth and to those only may the truth be given. For, to quote the sage old saying of Sir Philip Sidney: "He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it hath eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun." Not to the bat but to the children of the light may the sun reveal the glory of his shining.

This love of truth Mr. Durant possessed. "The great white truth" was one of his frequent phrases. He had been, in his own college days, no formal classman, but a hungry and passionate student, and when, here and there, now and then, he found among the Wellesley girls a genuine truth-lover, he could not do enough to further her opportunity. His sympathy was bracing, demanding more of her than she had believed possible to herself, and his disappointment as outspoken as his approval. He cared earnestly for thoroughness and sincerity in the intellectual work of the college. All shamming, all shirking, all concern for show and effect, all conceit and easy self-satisfaction he cordially detested. The girl in whom his heart exulted was the girl who loved mathematics. He was enthusiastic for the opening out to the Wellesley students of the richest fields of study. The

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first few timid recruits for the Greek department were beaten up by his eloquence. The writer remembers vividly how, one September morning of '76, Mr. Durant addressed the college after chapel on the supremacy of Greek literature, urging in conclusion all who would venture upon Hadley's Grammar as the first thorny stretch toward that celestial mountain-peak, to rise. My next neighbor, a valorous little mortal, now a member of the Smith faculty, was the first upon her feet, pulling me after her by a tug at my sleeve coupled with a moral tug more efficacious still. Perhaps a dozen of us Freshmen, all told, filed into Professor Horton's recitation-room that morning, — happy Freshmen that we were in so doing. Room C is sacred to us evermore.

With no less ardor than that displayed in the cause of the classics did Mr. Durant champion science, "the glorious new learning," as he loved to call it. His prompt and vigorous method of introducing a fresh subject to college notice was the making it a required study for the senior class of the year. '79, gallant little band of pioneers, grappled with biology, and Charles shuddered and muttered ghastly passages from Shakespeare over the pails of laboratory refuse that he had to bear away. '80, in her turn, was fed perforce with a senior diet of geology and astronomy.

In the last year or two of his life, Mr. Durant was arranging for the upbuilding, on a grand scale, of work in the English language and literature, with foundations deep-laid in the Teutonic. He began in his impatience to stock the library shelves with Icelandic books. He gathered a company of young teachers into an Anglo-Saxon class. Here, as everywhere, he projected greater plans than the college, without his inspiration and substantial aid, has as yet been able to realize.

No words can overstate the value to Wellesley of that teeming brain which mapped out her first pathways. A dreamer of splendid dreams is needed in the van of every movement. And the intellectual leadership of Mr. Durant was so generous in sympathy, so daring in aspiration, so sound in scholarly principle, so restless and progressive, that Wellesley need not be overmuch troubled if, now and again, "the unimaginable touch of time" shall commend to her later judgment what Mr. Durant in his life-days disapproved. In the decade that has elapsed since that ringing voice was silenced, he would himself, this man of incessant activity and advance, have

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outjourneyed many of his earlier positions. The class-poet of '79 has given this thought a memorable utterance.

> " What loyalty would he have held most dear?
> Should we in timorous allegiance cower?
> Or from brave Progress claim her ample dower; —
> Less heedful of the wish he uttered here
> Than of his larger, purer wish, — made clear
> In God's good time, as Heaven, with quiet power
> And safe transforming, shapes it hour by hour,
> And we in patience learn it year by year?
> We wrong the blessèd dead if we suppose
> Heaven widens not his thought beyond the rim
> Of mortal insight or of earthbound whim;
> His will in God's the future must disclose.
> Outward and onward still the current flows:
> Forward, not backward, must we look to him."

But though the truth was precious to the founder of Wellesley, though the intellectual avenues of approach were diligently sought out by him, he knew well that truth is too ethereal a thing to be grasped by the brain alone. Only in proportion as the life is lived in truth and for truth will truth be apprehended. Mr. Durant cherished a lofty conception of woman's life, — the ideal life of womanhood. He would cut away at the root that world-old, pernicious distinction between the training of boys and girls, — that boys should be trained to be, and girls to seem, — boys to do right and girls to make themselves agreeable. Earnestly he impressed upon the Wellesley students the folly and falsehood of seeking beauty of face or grace of form apart from the healthful and natural physical development and the kindred cultivation of mind and heart.

"Remember while you live," he was wont to say, "that the most beautiful woman is the one through whose face shines the pure, noble soul, the educated intellect, the brave, true, unselfish, unsullied radiance of lofty purpose."

And again: "All beauty is the flower of use." Possessed as his own ardent spirit was by an intense realization of the significance and opportunity of life, Mr. Durant could not endure the thought that a woman should give her golden years to trifles and frivolities, to idleness and invalidism and ennui, when she might be living that wholesome, vigorous, purposeful life,

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unselfish as the sunshine and as rich in fruitful influence,—that life of helpful womanhood which in his own home he had seen so eminently exemplified.

Yet he stood for symmetric development of a woman's nature. His ideal Wellesley girl, with the passion for study and the serious resolve at heart, would be none the less but all the more blithe and buoyant, keenly appreciative of fun and frolic and of all the graceful variations that no college student knows better than she how to play upon the tune of work. Do they mar or mend the melody? That is a subject of old debate on Waban shores — too knotty a problem for discussion here and now. At all events, Mr. Durant used to ruffle the academic routine by many a stirring episode, and the girls, at least, did not dream of remonstrating. Some of these episodes are to us still among the sunniest spots in college memory.

Take, for example, the dedication of the Longfellow Fountain. Mr. Durant had a glowing love for poetry. How impetuously he would tear, down armfuls of bound Blackwoods and Fortnightly Reviews to find for his girl-companions some song or ballad that had pleased him long ago! A lyric in Coleridge's *Zapolya*,

"A sunny shaft did I behold,"

and another in the *Remorse*,

"Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,"

were prime favorites of his.

"Now listen to this stanza!" he would exclaim, glancing up vividly from the reading of the latter. "Just listen to this:

'Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!'

Do you heed that word moonlight? Why not moonlit? Because we want a long, slow, lingering word for the rays that lie on the quiet water through the long, slow, lingering night. Sunshine is bright and restless, belonging to the busy day. So the poets make a short epithet for that, sunlit, but what kind of a poet would he be who should write *moonlit!* I wouldn't have his works in the Wellesley library. And mark the melody of that refrain —*Miserere Domine*. I suppose you Massachusetts girls thought Longfellow

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invented that for *The Norman Baron!* But there were poets in the world before Longfellow."

None the less, this same Longfellow was one of the guests whom Mr. Durant most delighted to welcome to Wellesley. I am afraid the white-haired poet found our greetings a trifle too exuberant. He was regaled on cakes and cream in the dining-room, on posies and poesies in the chapel, rowed across Waban in the historic Argo, under captainship of a dark-eyed teacher who, he courteously declared, was the most complete realization he had ever seen of his Evangeline, and finally was led, leaning on Mr. Durant's arm, up the steepest part of the hill, under a triumphal arch of crossed oars held aloft by the crews, whose beaming faces, proud in the honors they conferred, may have rendered the climb a little less toilsome to him by whom these honors were suffered. But Wellesley could not rest content with such limited homage. The poet's birthday was at hand, and Mr. Durant was as eager as any sophomore to get up a celebration. Calling a knot of girls about him, he planned with the most contagious ardor a complimentary pageant. There should be an open pavilion built upon the grassy bank of our little frog-pond. Mr. Fields, the genial publisher and author, a familiar figure at Wellesley in the early years, should sit in state, with President Howard, beneath the canopy, the poet being enthroned between them. The three hundred students, all in white, should march down the college hill,—no effeminate Stone Hall steps in those days—singing most melodiously to original music a succession of original songs, and after a variety of circlings and interweavings and other enchanting manœuvres, should range themselves in statuesque repose about the pond. Mr. Fields, who entered into the plan with boyish glee, was then to arise and make an appropriate address, on birthdays, fountains, poets and the like, suddenly pausing with the query: "But what shall this fountain be called?" Then from a recess of evergreen boughs on the other side of the pond, who should spring forth but Minnehaha! This Indian maiden was to be clothed in gay attire, most laboriously compounded of red and black feathers sewed on a firmer foundation. Mr. Durant himself brought us out from Boston a fat bagful of the requisite plumage. Thus gorgeously arrayed, Minnehaha, who has since been civilized into a Wellesley trustee, was to suggest, in flowing measures, that the nameless be called Longfellow's Fountain, for the excellent reason that

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"He hath sung my people's history,
Sung the beauty and the mystery
Of our golden days of yore."

But Mr. Fields, unconvinced, should repeat his query, Evangeline then arising with a poetic iteration of her dark-browed sister's suggestion. The orator should again peal forth the question, and Priscilla, in bewitching Puritan garb, yield him a third poetic response. The pen flags a little here in the remembrance of those clear, girlish voices of Priscilla and Evangeline, passed now, with the deeper tones of Mr. Fields, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Durant, into the silence whence no responses come.

At the fourth and last repetition of the question the fountain was to begin to play, as if lifting a white hand in affirmation or uttering an acquiescent murmur; a fresh volley of song was to break forth from the unwearied three hundred, and the president of '79 was to kneel before the poet, presenting a crown of roses. But alas for the mutability of mortal events! Minnehaha had scribbled her poem under the leafy shadow of Tupelo, Priscilla hers curled up in the fifth-floor-centre window-seat, and Evangeline hers high among the branches of the great meadow oak. The last red feather was stitched into place, the president of '79 had practised kneeling at the feet of all her friends,—when word arrived from Mr. Fields that Mr. Longfellow had taken cold and would not dare come out. There was a week or so of deep dejection, and then, on the eve of the glorious day, a telegram from Mr. Fields to the effect that the poet was better and would probably arrive at noon. This bombshell message exploded among us at eight o'clock. The tale of the following hours should be written in exclamation points. With what shining eyes Mr. Durant dashed into the reception-room, his clothes all dripping with rain! How messengers were sent flying hither and yon after the rhymsters, musicians, and embryonic artists in general of our small community! How our rheumatic president was bundled up in waterproof and rubbers and wraps innumerable and borne away down the wet hillside, under Mr. Durant's excited umbrella, to help him select the very best spot for the pavilion! How hard it was to persuade Mr. Durant that the Greek, Latin, French and German ditties on which he had set his heart must be abandoned, the limited time giving the most venturesome poetaster courage for nothing save the vernacular! How a few of us were

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peremptorily posted off to the fifth floor to "compose," sympathetic friends attending with lamps, sharpened pencils, dictionaries and other enticements for the Muse! How sleepy we were in chemistry lecture the next morning, and what wry faces Mr. Durant made over our feeble little melodies! How the members of the Glee Club were hurried away from breakfast to rehearse those halting strains! How carpenters, students, elevator girls and professors flew to and fro on errands suited to their various abilities! And how, when the midday telegram arrived saying that Mr. Longfellow felt worse again and dared not venture, Mr. Durant was taken with a fit of mischief and solaced his own disappointment by making fun of ours!

If it were possible to infuse into the telling anything of the zest, the spirit, the undaunted ingenuity, the instinct for beauty and grace which Mr. Durant poured into those frustrated preparations, the story would not need the apology which I am disposed to offer for it now. It has overrun due limits, and there is so much more that should be told to give any just impression of the manifold ways in which, outside of study, Mr. Durant brightened and quickened the early Wellesley life. Exquisitely sensitive to beauty of nature, of art, of character, planting the campus with crocuses, reluctant to sacrifice his beloved trees even for the site of a new building, eager to surround his girls with pictures, statuary, to give them a Browning room, plan them out a Tree Day, gladden them with a Flower Sunday, studying even for the most attractive patterns in balustrade carvings and bureau handles, he was not the man to hold to narrow, formal, or purely scholastic ideals for the life of womanhood. His own words, though but notes jotted down to guide him in a Wellesley sermon, best express his vision of the college woman to be.

"The one great, true ideal of higher education which the noblest womanhood demands; viz., *the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty;* of the kingly reason—the beautiful imagination—the sensitive emotional nature—the religious aspirations. The ideal of the highest learning in full harmony with the noblest soul, graced by every charm of culture, useful, and beautiful because useful; feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science; woman learned without infidelity, wise without conceit; the crowned queen of the world by right of that knowledge which is power, and that beauty which is truth."

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But it was in the third watchword that Mr. Durant would have us find and blend the other two. Here he would have us seek for truth, for life, and find them in their fullness only here. All Wellesley words concerning Mr. Durant come at last to this one word—Christ. So he himself has willed it. Refusing to the college his picture, bust or name, choosing himself to be forgotten, he would have his Master remembered and honored at Wellesley so long as her pillars stand. He had given himself utterly to Christ. We occasionally hear this denied by men who from afar off surveyed their former comrade in his later course, but we, among whom he lived those consecrated years, know whereof we speak. I have never heard a Wellesley student of that early time question the reality of Mr. Durant's religion. There were those among us for whom his language held hard sayings, those who grew but slowly toward the light with which his spirit flashed and flamed, but not one who failed to recognize that his life was a thing devoted,—not his own, but a burning offering to God. It was not a perfect life, but it was a life of perfect aspiration. What of error there may have been—in method, in detail, is fast slipping from human memory, fast ceasing to have any power to harm; but the spirit of the life waxes clearer and brighter as the years go by, and mightier to save. It is the spirit of self-forgetful love, of faith in God, of discipleship to Christ.

With all his mind, with all his will, with all his heart, Mr. Durant—and assuredly not here, nor anywhere, can we think of him apart from the cofounder, who holds an equal place in our reverence and affection—desired that this spirit, this religion should be the central fact of Wellesley. His own voice still pleads for it, still rejoices in it with exceeding joy:

"Gather around it all wisdom and all knowledge. Bring to it the light of all science and all truth. Study over it; pray over it; live in it; love in it; suffer for it.

"It grows brighter and more bright. It draws around it by divine attraction all truth, all love, all joy; all that is great and noble and pure; all the sanctities of the Holiest of Holies; all the sweet charities of home; all suffering and chastening and living; all that is unselfish, and all that is beautiful and fair. It is the bending blue sky over all, the everlasting arms beneath, the victory that swallows up sin and death."

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FEAR.

A black, black sea, and blacker still the sky,
  Whose dullness e'en the faintly glimmering stars,
All powerless, do but intensify,
  As lanterns dim behind the prison bars.
No sound, except the waters dull, soft beat
  Against the vessel's side. Above, below,
All darkness, save where sky and water meet
  In a gray, wavering streak.

The heart beats slow
  With growing dread, as though the everywhere
Upon it pressed. No hope, no light, no sound,
  Only a subtle something in the air
Which fills the brain, and holds the senses bound.
  Only black loneliness afar and near,
Darkness and dread, and overwhelming fear.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMBALL.

A COMPARISON OF THE REFLECTIVE POETRY OF THE VICTORIAN AGE WITH THE DIDACTIC VERSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The poets of the 18th century have suffered much at the hands of 19th century critics. It is hard to remember that more than a hundred years lie between Pope and Tennyson, and that we cannot expect in the one what we have a right to demand from the other. It is difficult, too, to put ourselves into intelligent sympathy with an age so out of touch with our own. The verse which was elegant and polished to the Kit-Cat Club is monotonous and mechanical when placed beside the exquisite workmanship of Tennyson or Arnold. Modern science laughs at the crude notions of a century ago, while the keener sensibilities of our own day are irritated by a complacent optimism which seems at once shallow and conceited.

And so the modern critic has decreed that the work of the 18th century shall not be dignified by the name of poetry but shall be known as *verse* merely. He is, however, forced to admit that as a stage in the development of English poetry, the period from Dryden to Johnson was significant and productive of much good. The question may also arise whether there is not as absolute a value in the unimaginative and common-sense verse of the 18th century as in the incoherent utterances of those later poets who would make poetry too rare a thing to have any connection with ordinary life.

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It is true that the age produced but little of the highest form of poetry, the lyric. Attempts at dramatic literature met with no success until the light comedy of the latter part of the century, and the epic was equally wanting. There remained the didactic verse and it was in this that the Augustan age excelled. Aiming mainly at the inculcation of principles, and quite ignoring the claims of beauty as a legitimate end of poetry, it differs as much as possible from the work of the early 19th century in the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats. In the Victorians, however, Arnold, Clough, often in Browning and sometimes in Tennyson, we find again a subordination of beauty to thought, and it is this reflective poetry which corresponds most nearly to the didactic verse of the preceding century.

But the didactic poet, emphasizing as he did the purpose of instructing and informing his readers, chose his themes from literature, science, politics or ethics, and wrote on many subjects which modern poets have wisely left to writers of prose. Thus Pope puts into verse an "Essay on Criticism," Thomson introduces between two nature-descriptions a discussion of British Prison Reforms, and Young discourses on "The Utility of Rational Conversation." Such subjects, requiring much common sense, doubtless, but little imagination, we no longer consider adapted to poetic uses.

Yet, if the best work of the two centuries be placed side by side, it will be seen that often they are attempts to answer the same questions. Compare the "Essay on Man," which appeared in 1734, with "In Memoriam," published more than a hundred years later, and see that Pope and Tennyson are attempting a solution of the same problems. "What is man's place in the world? What is the meaning and value of this life? Is it to be completed by a future existence? By what is it governed, chance, or fate, or a god?" And Young and Thomson, Arnold and Clough, take up the same themes, the great facts of life, of death, of eternity.

The two set out by very different roads, yet sometimes arrive at the same goal. Pope begins his second epistle,

> "Presume not God to scan:
> The proper study of mankind is man.
> A being darkly wise and rudely great:
> In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
> Born but to die and reas'ning but to err
> Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
> Whether he thinks too little or too much."

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And the wisdom of a century has only enabled Arnold to say,

"We thus address the gods,
'True science if there is,
It stays in your abodes!
Man's measures cannot mete the immeasurable all.'"

It is a recognition in very different spirit of the vanity of man's attempting to solve unaided the problems of destiny.

Somewhat akin to this is the feeling of fatalism which runs strongly through each. The easy submission of one and the bitter revolt of the other make the thought of the two centuries so dissimilar that one almost fails to see that it is fatalism in both.

"Cease then . . . Know thine own point:
Submit, in this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour,"

is the form of the 18th century thought.

"In vain our pent mills fret,
And would the world subdue.
Limits we do not set
Condition all we do:
Born unto life we are and life must be our mold.'"

is the rebellious protest of Arnold's Empedocles.

Both ages have looked to Nature for comfort and revelation, and, in varying ways, both have found it. The didactic poets take from it an argument. "Surely," they say, "a power that has given to man a dwelling-place so beautiful and so well adapted to his needs, must be wise and beneficent." And among our own poets, Arnold finds peace in its serene beauty, Clough draws courage from its full life, while Tennyson sees a hopeful revelation in its harmony and law. Both ages have a tendency toward Pantheism, the 19th century, perhaps on account of the nature-love which is so marked a feature, the 18th, because it admits a more poetical treatment than other beliefs.

But these questions are the same that have been asked by serious thinkers in every time, these same sources of hope and despair have been open to every age, and that we find such common features in the 18th and 19th

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century poetry is no proof that they are animated by a similar aim or spirit. On the contrary, the purpose which inspires and the spirit which pervades the two are so different that at first sight one hardly perceives any resemblance at all.

We may possibly think to detect in both a spirit of inconsistency and wavering. Tennyson in "In Memoriam" turns from Christianity to Agnosticism and back again to Christianity, as Pope in the "Essay on Man" mingles Pantheism with the strictest orthodox belief. But Tennyson with all his apparent wavering is quite consistent with his purpose. He seeks for truth and as each religion and belief fails him, he is compelled to turn to another. When he finally comes back to Christianity, it is because it seems to him to stand the test better than anything else. At the same time, Clough puts this faith of Jesus Christ away from him, all the more firmly that its sweetness and beauty attract him, and allows himself only one regret, in the fear that it may contain some grain of truth which he will thus lose. At the beginning of the century, Coleridge said that while there were many who loved goodness for goodness' sake, beauty for beauty's sake, there were very few who loved truth for truth's sake. But with such men as Clough, Arnold, and Browning before us, we can hardly help thinking that the thought of the age has been growing to a conception of the absolute value, the beauty and unity of truth such as no age before has had. It is Clough who says,

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so;
> That howso'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change."

And these modern seekers for truth set out with a terrible earnestness which allows no pause or faltering, and leads to the extremes of hope or of despair. Truth is to them no subject for idle discussion, to be tossed from hand to hand and thrown aside at will. It is that which, if found, shall make life worth the living, or if withheld, shall leave it meaningless. Rather, it is that which, whether it make life better or worse, must yet be found. There is always this terrible earnestness, and often a feverish intensity, in these modern questionings, whether the questioner come with Tennyson "to find a stronger faith his own," or with Arnold to

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"Wish the long, unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss and try to bear:
With close-lipped patience for our only friend,—
Sad patience too near neighbor to despair."

Such intensity is the proof of its own sincerity. Though there may be self-consciousness, and sometimes a posing for effect, such thought is too earnest not to be for the most part sincere. There is often the fear, not of deceiving but of being self-deceived, fear lest some beautiful and comforting faith should prove a Duessa to lead further into error, anxiety lest a pleasant lie should be preferred to a dreadful truth. Each would be able to say,

"I take myself to witness
That I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear."

But the 18th century had no such lofty conception of truth, and Pope's inconsistency is real. Yet in judging him it is only right to consider the influences of the time. It was an age of scepticism. In business such gigantic swindles as the South Sea Scheme had made men wary. In politics they saw not a conflict of great social forces but a series of personal rivalries in which stratagem, trickery and falsehood were to be expected. In the church many of their most cherished beliefs had just been exploded and proved the grossest of superstitions, and realizing how they had been deluded, they were left with a distrust for all beliefs. Most important of all, the scientific movement had begun its work. It had overthrown the best established theories and shattered the firmest beliefs. It had accomplished the demolition of old faiths,—it had not reached the stage where it would begin to build them up again on a surer foundation. There was, therefore, in religion, science and philosophy, a hesitation to ally one's self strongly to any cause or theory, and a tendency to toy with all without committing one's self to any. This alone can account for the lack of sincerity and earnestness which is so perceptible in 18th century poetry. Pope and Young talk of Life, Death, Truth, God, as if they were merely matters for discussion, suitable subjects for an exhibition of careful logic, brilliant rhetoric and neatness of epigram, but nothing more. They toss creeds

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back and forth in their wit-encounters, are Christians, pagans, atheists, in turn. The poetry of the 19th century, too, shows the result of a variety of influences. Modern writers, too, have turned to Paganism, Buddhism, Pantheism, but not with careless curiosity. Rather because they would search every possible repository of truth and because they feel that these beliefs are the answers which, in other countries and times, men like themselves have made to the same questions they are now asking. They are able to sympathize with the religions of past ages as the result of experiences akin to their own, while the 18th century regarded these religions as so many manufactured theories. I think this is not too much to say of an age which commended Homer for the "ingenuity" of his "mythological machinery." Again and again Pope speaks with levity, and even flippancy, of truth which Arnold and Clough approach reverently, of which Clough says,

> "I will not prate of thus and so
> And be profane with yes and no.
> Enough that in our soul and heart,
> Thou, whatso'er thou mayst be, art."

Against profound feeling the didactic poet guarded himself, emotion was suppressed and a well-bred calm cultivated. There is no appeal to the imagination or the emotions, only to the intellect. To the poet the subjects he discusses are quite impersonal, and he intrenches himself behind a barrier of conventionalities and platitudes which permits no hint of personal feeling to escape. This restraint and sanity of the 18th century verse is not to be entirely condemned, nor the straining after emotion which marks so much of the Victorian poetry to be commended. The latter has almost as much to answer for in the shape of incoherent ravings as the former in wearisome commonplaces. But the contrast is striking between this impersonal didactic verse and the introspective poetry of to-day, which lays bare the heart of the writer The one chills and wearies, the other attracts wonderfully, for it is often a life-record. We feel, "Here is the story of a man like myself. This is the reflection of an experience like my own." A volume like the poems of Tennyson and Clough reveals a whole process of mental and spiritual development, while the 18th century poet gives us nothing of the process, only the results, and those expressed in the most general and

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abstract terms. The introspective verse has its dangers as our literature bears witness. It leads to a love for mere psychological dissection, to a withdrawal into self and a separation from active life. It tends, also, to a morbid self-consciousness, a super-sensitiveness, which may unfit for work.

We have spoken of the influence of science in its early stages, to unsettle belief and tend to skepticism. It was in part responsible for the materialism of the age. It led to the demand that laws of mind should be explained according to laws of matter, and finally that things divine should be brought down to the human scale. In the revolt against superstition, men refused to believe at all without a clear and definite proof. The result was that they endeavored to reduce the greatest spiritual truths to a mathematical demonstration. The poets answered the question, "What is man's destiny?" by an ingenious diagram of the "universal plan," in which they unhesitatingly assigned the places of God, of Nature, of Man. God became a barren deity who had little connection with the world-machine he had created. Read the first stanza of "In Memoriam,"

> "Strong Son of God, immortal love,
> Whom we, who have not seen thy face,
> By faith and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

Compare with it Pope's apostrophes to the "first Almighty Cause," "The great directing Mind," "Eternal Wisdom" or the "Universal Cause," and you will feel the heartlessness of such a pretence of religion. To Pope, the universe is only a carefully constructed dwelling-place for man, well adapted to his wants and capacities for enjoyment. The artificiality of the whole plan and the inconsistency of his arguments may seem highly unscientific, yet it was itself the result of an effort for scientific accuracy. Like our own age they were looking to the natural world for revelation. Tennyson records his struggle and his refusal to accept a belief not in harmony with the laws of nature. It was only when he was able to reconcile the facts of nature with his belief that his faith was sure. But the great modern idea of development, of evolution, which enabled him to see order in disorder, which has changed the whole aspect of the scientific world, and influenced the whole current of modern thought, was unknown a hundred years ago. Science was a collection of facts whose relation to each other was only im-

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perfectly known. The great value of science in the popular mind was that its facts *were* facts proved by actual observation, and not mere theories or superstitions. To this scientific idea, men adapted their conceptions of spiritual truth. They demanded demonstration in the place of authority. They collected scattered truths, and though they failed to see any vital connection, it was an effort in the right direction that they tried to fit them together at all. As it was, the result was like a picture-puzzle of blocks which were put together for the pleasure of seeing how well the parts fitted. The modern seekers for truth, influenced by the modern scientific idea of development and unity, of a single law governing all, search not for a series of facts which may be fitted together, but for the truth which is one, which includes all.

In the "universal plan" so carefully worked out by the 18th century moralist, mankind was unhesitatingly assigned its place. To-day the historian sees in man the product of past ages, the result of forces working under certain laws. To the 18th century he was an individual placed by a power above himself in a world over whose forces he had no control. His only duty was submission. There was no idea of sin like that which runs through 19th century thought. Stupidity was the greatest fault and the greatest folly was rebellion against fate. Thoroughly fatalistic, the 18th century moralist reiterates, "To reason right is to submit."

> "We rave, we wrestle with great Nature's plan,
> We thwart the Deity and 'tis decreed
> Who thwart his will shall contradict their own,"

is Young's warning against rebellion. But by rebellion these moralists mean chiefly man's determination to get for himself those earthly goods which the "Great Patron" has not seen fit to bestow on him. There is nothing like the passionate revolt of fatalists of to-day, and instead of the bitter protest of Arnold, we find a great part of the didactic verse taken up with warnings against the folly of "immoderate desire."

> "He knows to live who keeps the middle state."

Avarice, ambition are the subjects of pages of dreary moralizing. Temperance is the great virtue.

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"Thus good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanced mind and snatch the man away.
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad."

Victorian poetry, too, unable to solve the problem of evil, is strongly imbued with fatalism. Arnold more than any other feels that

"We in some unknown powers employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither when we will, enjoy,
Nor when we will resign."

and more than any other he takes refuge in Stoical resignation. Yet, in spite of the hopelessness which he often feels, he would say,

"What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain.
One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again";

and Clough's word is

"I do not know: I will do my duty."

The 18th century poetry is the poetry of passivity, the 19th century poetry, spite of its fatalism, is a call to action.

"Charge once more and then be dumb.
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

The didactic poets, absorbed in their theories, did not see that there was work to be done. When Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man"; by man he meant Bolingbroke, Congreve, Gay, not the ignorant, wretched poor of London, of whose existence he was barely aware. He wrote for the Belindas and Barons of the court of Queen Anne. He thought occasionally of the misery in the world, and alluded wittily to the poor wretches who "hang that jurymen may dine." Like the others of his time, he moralizes over social evils but it is as a matter quite apart from himself. When Young would describe "the evils that besiege mankind," he does not think of the suffering at his own door but of those "beings" who,

. . . . "deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammered to the galling oar for life."

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There is more time spent in sentimentalizing over a lamb which frisks about, ignorant of its approaching fate at the hands of the butcher, than is given to the misery of all the poor of London. It is this selfishness which blinds itself to suffering and stops its ears to the cries of humanity, it is this shallow optimism, which is the great offence of the 18th century poetry and which the 19th century cannot forgive. Compare the ease and glibness with which the one asserts,

> "All, all is right, ordained by God, or done.
> All evils natural are moral goods.
> All discipline, indulgence on the whole.
> None are unhappy: all have cause to smile,
> But such as to themselves have that cause deny,"

with the cry of the other,

> "Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of all,
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shriveled in a fruitless fire
> Or but subserves another's gain."

And beside this put that ideal of the 18th century,

> "With aspect mild and elevated eye,
> Behold him seated on a mount serene,
> Above the fogs of sense and passion's storm;
> All the black cares and tumults of this life
> Excite his pity, not impair his peace,
> Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
> A mingled mob, a wandering herd he sees,
> The present all their care, the future his."

Nothing could be more foreign to modern philanthropic ideas than this. For modern philanthropy is the result of a keen realization of the "black cares and tumults of this life," of the sin and misery and ignorance of those who are not "a mingled mob, a wandering herd," but *men*, to be lifted, helped, taught. It is the feeling of human sympathy and of individual responsibility that makes the contrast between the careless indifference of the moralist who looks on life as a spectator, and the earnest purpose of one who "shares the strife," between the barren optimism and conceited self-approval of one and the hopeful pessimism of the other.

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Historically, the 18th century was an era of great achievements, but it must be admitted that it was weakest on the side of æsthetics and poetry. The 19th century has been stronger in these directions, yet we cannot compare it with the 18th entirely to the disadvantage of the latter, nor can we say that the 18th century produced no great poets. Still we find the 19th century, on the whole, approaching more nearly to those qualities which we have been accustomed to consider the characteristics of true poetry.

The 18th century poets were surely lacking in the "high seriousness" which Mr. Arnold makes the first requisite for the great poet. They too often want the conviction without which no poet can be really great, that "man and nature and human life" are subjects to be approached lovingly and reverently, not with formality or indifference. The Victorian poetry is more profoundly serious, yet it rarely, if ever, attains the large wholesomeness, and serene benignity which are included in Mr. Arnold's "high seriousness." The introspection, the restlessness, the doubt, prevent a largeness of view and calmness of spirit. This, with the tendency to cultivate intense emotion, results in a certain mistiness and lack of clear vision, and we feel the need of more of the self-restraint and sanity on which Pope laid such stress but which so many 19th century poets have missed.

But the modern poetry reveals much more of that human sympathy which must be the source of true poetic insight. And in sympathy we must expect the didactic poets to fail, since their poetry was not of the heart but "evolved from the wits." It is, indeed, purely intellectual. It has creative fancy and great charm of expression, but it is without that appeal to the emotions through the imagination which we have considered at the root of all poetry. We ask that the poet shall clothe truth in beautiful and concrete forms; that he make it a beautiful objective reality. But this poetry is pure abstraction, and quite devoid of symbolism. Spenser gives us his view of life in an allegory; Milton "justifies the ways of God to man" by a vision of heaven and earth; Browning is led by a vision of the Christ on Christmas eve, but the only effort of Pope to make truth a reality is a dreary personification of the virtues which goes no further than the use of capital letters.

To-day we judge the age of Pope less harshly than did the critics of the early 19th century. We come more and more to agree with Mr. Harrison

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that "in the core, the epoch was hearty, manly, humane; full of sense, work and good fellowship." Yet we still find it wanting in the appreciation of the beautiful, and its poets without that claim to greatness which sincerity, earnestness and devotion to truth have given to Tennyson, to Arnold and to Clough.

CAROLINE W. MUDGETT.

ONE OF THE ANGELS.

Once there was an angel walking through a waste and barren country where was no other living thing save gray rocks and a slow gray river. And the angel walked, with white arched wings folded above his head, and eyes cast down, thinking.

And, after a time, the eyes, looking upon the ground, ached with the grayness, and the angel bethought himself to spread his wings and rise above the barren country. And, after the manner of angels, he first knelt down to pray.

Now, as he knelt with the ends of his wings lying white along the ground, there was behind him a precipice whose shadow lay all about the place where he was kneeling. And, in the midst of the prayer, there fell down a rock from that precipice upon the trailing end of one of the wings, and the angel, praying, with eyes closed, knew not of it. But at the end of the prayer when he would have risen, lo! he could not; and looking back he saw the rock, and gave a great cry.

And he spread the wide white wing that was free, and beat the air, and struggled, kneeling on one knee, till his first anger was spent, and he rested, quivering, powerless, desperate, watching the small gray river slip between the smooth gray shores, till the frenzy grew again, and again the angel struggled, and beat the air, shrieking aloud many times.

And days and nights passed, and time was when it rained, and the wings of the angel drooped, drenched, upon his shoulders, and the sky roared and struck fire back and forth, and the angel, with bowed head, saying nothing, shuddered as he knelt.

And time was, when the clouds brake, and the sky was blue, and the

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gray river gleamed like steel beneath the sun; and the angel laid his head upon his knee and sobbed, and sobbed.

And time was, when it was eternity; and the angel, kneeling, waited.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN.

In the twilight a child sat upon the staircase beside the little round window, watching the snow fall.

There was light in the house, and music; and without the snow fell, white, white, flake after flake; and the dusk grew deeper; and the child looked always out of the window at the snow.

The people went up and down the stairs, laughing, and ever they paused at the little round window to stroke the hair of the child as he leaned his cheek on his hand, watching the snowflakes.

And the children playing on the stairs teazed the child, saying, "You cannot play with us, we do not wish it; you are stupid watching always the snow. Why do you sit so still?"

And leaning over the balustrade they shouted to the child's mother, "He will not play with us; make him come and play."

But the child's mother said, "The snow is white and beautiful, it does not harm him, I am glad that he watches it, sitting beside the little round window."

And she went up to the landing and bent over the child and kissed him, and he smiled up into her face.

And the night darkened the dusk, but still the snow fell; and the child pressed his face close against the window-pane, watching it. But he saw where the foot-prints of men made dark spots upon the white ground; and he sighed, being troubled. Then some one below said,

"I am cold, there is such a draught of air here."

And the child hearing, left the window, and going above found a scarf of white wool which he carried down and gave to the one who had spoken.

And when he had come back to the window, more snow had fallen and the dark places were gone; and the child was glad.

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So all through the night the snow fell and the child watched; and the people forgot he was there.

But in the morning when the sun shone they came and looked out of the little round window; and behold! every snow-flake was become a glittering star. And they said,

"What a pity it is that the child cannot see it."

For the child had fallen asleep with his head upon the window-sill.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

"THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

THE spectacles of Mrs. Wessles were indeed lost; the family jury, called to consider the non-appearance that had caused so much confusion in the Wessles' mansion, decided that when a pair of spectacles deliberately hides itself away and refuses to be found for three whole days they may justly be called lost. This was none of those ordinary occasions, when the cry of "spectacles lost" is raised, and the family has scarcely had time to begin a systematic investigation before the object of the search is found insolently reposing on top of the owner's head, or in some other equally conspicuous position. This was a bona fide "lost, strayed or stolen" case. The misfortune had to be faced, so, on the evening of the third day, the family sat discussing what was now acknowledged their loss.

"You'll have to get a new pair, mama," said Billy, cheerfully. "Gold ones cost a pile, so we'll have to scrimp to pay for 'em. Guess you'd better not buy me any more shoes and stockins for awhile. I can go barefoot; I'd just as soon."

"Why, Billy Wessles!" gasped Alice. "Mama, will we have to go barefoot?"

The staid Matilda interposed: "Nonsense! Alice, don't be such a little goose; we shall not be so *very* poor, even if we have lost a pair of gold spectacles. And, besides," she continued, thoughtfully, "I think perhaps they may turn up, even now; there are one or two places"——

"No, Matilda." interrupted Mrs. Wessles, firmly, "I am quite sure the specs are gone forever; this is the third day. I have been quite hopeful until this evening, but now I think we shall never see them again; we have

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only until to-morrow morning, for you remember I missed them Tuesday, at nine o'clock. It is useless looking any more to-night, so we will go to bed; but I think I shall get up early and go through the north attic before breakfast."

"But, mother!" exclaimed Matilda, "what is the use of looking there? The north attic has not been open since last house-cleaning time."

"I know, I know, child, but there's no telling! The spectacles must be somewhere, and you can't reason about such matters. Now we will go to bed, and, Tilly, you will have to read my chapter for me again to-night."

The house of the Wessles was soon wrapt in slumber.

Mrs. Wessles was not superstitious — she said so herself; she considered superstition very low indeed, and was frequently heard to speak of Roman Catholics (of whose winking Virgins and miraculous relics "Zion's Trumpet" kept her well informed) as "poor superstitious deludlings." But the worthy matron always observed such time-honored customs as throwing a pinch of spilled salt behind her, and keeping a penny in her pocket against the appearance of the new moon, which she always took care to look at over her right shoulder. "There is no harm in it," she was wont to declare, "and it may do some good. You might as well be on the safe side."

Now, on this night of the third day after the loss of the spectacles, Mrs. Wessles had a dream, and, though she was not superstitious, the dream was so very vivid, and at the same time so remarkable, that it made a deep impression on her mind. She thought that she received a letter, which contained only the words, "You will find your spectacles at 316 South Eleventh Street. A Friend."

Mrs. Wessles woke with a start, the words "316 South Eleventh Street" on her lips. Her first feeling was one of relief. "How glad I shall be to get my glasses back," she thought, and then came the remembrance that 'twas only a dream after all. She realized that the prosaic search must be again begun, and that no such easy way of discovering the lost was for her, —and yet, why should she not accept the friendly directions given in so mysterious a manner? Perhaps she needed but faith to get back her missing property.

Thus undecidedly musing, Mrs. Wessles began her search in the north attic. She pulled about the boxes and bags mechanically, and then stood gazing upon the floor, her mind busily occupied with the mental struggle.

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At the sound of the breakfast bell she came down stairs, dressed for the street. Matilda looked up, surprised. "Are you going out?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wessles, adding mendaciously, "to look at spectacles." After a hurried meal she started down town.

"So she has given up finding them," said Matilda, with satisfaction. "I am glad; now we can get the house to rights again," and her energetic hands began to bring order out of chaos.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wessles pursued her way towards 316 South Eleventh street. Her spirits rose as she jolted along in the horse-car. "How surprised they will be to see me come walking in with my spectacles, and to hear my dream and all! I must go see Aunt Wessles to-morrow and tell her all about it, she will be so interested."

Her pleasant reverie was broken by the sudden stopping of the car.

"Seventh," shouted the conductor, and Mrs. Wessles stepped on the pavement and turned south. "Three hundred and sixteen," she said aloud to keep her courage up, and started down the street, diligently reading numbers. At each step her confidence diminished; the courage oozed from the tips of her toes, and when

"316. Dry Goods Emporium. 316."

suddenly rose from the maze of signs on the opposite side of the street, she immediately turned her eyes away from the dingy white letters and hurried tremblingly past. By the time she had reached the crossing she was disgusted with her weakness. "Amanda Wessles," she said, severely, "ain't you ashamed of yourself? Turn right round and go in that store; you've no call to be ashamed of asking for your own specs out of any store! The idea! Coming all this way, and then afraid to ask a simple question!" and, her weak spirit being goaded to action by this vigorous exhortation, she quickly retraced her steps and, crossing the street, entered the dry goods emporium which bore the fatal number.

The door slammed behind her, and Mrs. Wessles found herself in an old-fashioned little haberdashery. A fat Jewess, with pendant ear-rings, came waddling out of an inner room, and inquired in unctious tones, "What does the lady wish to-day?" Alas for Mrs. Wessles' resolution! Her courage failed once more. Vainly endeavoring to conceal the darns in her gloves

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from the keen glances of the Jewish dame, she meekly asked for a paper of shoe buttons.

The Jewess handed her the little parcel. "Is there anything else?" she inquired. "N-not to-day," murmured poor distracted Mrs. Wessles, but as her hand touched the door-knob a momentary boldness came to her. She turned desperately, and, in a would-be careless tone, asked, "By the way, you haven't seen a pair of gold spectacles layin' round anywhere, have you?"

"Specs?" replied the proprietress of the emporium. "No, I hain't seen none. Lost a pair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wessles, faintly, and shut herself out in the street, away from those black eyes that seemed to look contemptuously through her thin veil of dignity.

She walked up the street and hailed a passing car. The black darkness of disappointment had settled down over all the bright May day. At the sharp ring of the conductor's bell the car gave a sudden jolt forward, and she breathed low in bitterest self-abasement, "Amanda Wessles, you're a fool."

Mrs. Wessles thought bitterly of the fat Jewess; she felt that she could never forgive the woman for having witnessed the foolish behavior of the respectable Mrs. Wessles. She was quite sure that the Jewess knew all about her. "She looked right through me with her impudent black eyes; I know she thinks I'm some poor idiot body. She's sharp as a trap, for all her fat looks—just's likely's not she's cheated me on those buttons. She didn't look overly honest. Why, maybe she had my specs all the time, and just let on about being surprised! Of course that was it—they was layin' in that dress pocket of hers all the time. I saw it stickin' out kind o' long-ish shaped, like a specs case! I'll just go right back and make her give them up." Mrs. Wessles half rose, and then sank back upon the seat. She now sat up very straight. Her bonnet wore quite a martial air, her chin being held so very high, and the darns in her gloves no longer disturbed her dignity. She grasped her little bag firmly.

"I shall come down this afternoon, or," weakening, "send Matilda, and we shall see whether I'm to be scared out of my rights by a pair of bold black eyes; and if she won't give my specs up for me and Matilda, we'll see what a policeman can do."

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As the car neared her door she looked out and saw Billy and Alice playing about on the steps. Tears came into her eyes. "To think," she murmured, "that Jew woman would rob a lone widow and her poor fatherless children!"

She stepped from the car, and the children ran towards her with confused greetings: "Oh, mama, they're found, they're found! "Tillie"—"on Shakespeare"—"awful sorry,"—the jumble conveyed no meaning to Mrs. Wessles. "What do you mean, children? What is found?" she asked, ascending the steps.

The door flew open and there was Matilda, exclaiming, "O, mother! I hope you have not bought a new pair! I found the old ones on Shakespeare. Billy put them there and forgot all about it—see, here they are," and she held out a pair of gold spectacles.

"Found a pair of specs on the old bust of Shakespeare? How curious! But they can't be mine, child," said Mrs. Wessles.

"Why not?" cried Matilda, astonished. "Billy put them there and I found them, redding up. Aren't you glad?"

"But mine," gasped Mrs. Wessles, "are at three hundred"—she checked herself and took the spectacles from her daughter's hand. "Thank you, Matilda," she said. "I must go up-stairs and take off my bonnet."

Matilda looked after her, wondering. Suddenly she called, "You didn't buy a new pair, did you, mother?"

"No," answered Mrs. Wessles, faintly, "I didn't see any to suit."

ELINOR F. RUDDLE.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

NO young and inexperienced author of the present day can complain of lack of direction in the mechanical part of his work. Our papers abound in articles headed "Suggestions for Young Authors," "Hints for Young Writers," etc., which give most careful and minute directions as to the proper size of a manuscript and the most approved method of fastening its leaves together. The novice is warned never to write on both sides of his sheets, and on no account to roll his manuscript, but always send it either flat or simply folded. Some of these articles even offer to initiate

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the beginner into some of the more secret mysteries of literary success,—for this is, after all, acknowledged to be not wholly, though so largely, dependent on the appearance of a manuscript, but to be sometimes influenced by its literary style and substance. The kind and successful sages who, in these articles, offer the aid of their experience to their struggling younger brothers and sisters, usually raise their voices in warning against "overuse of adjectives," and recommend the choice, so far as possible, of "simple Anglo-Saxon words." They further advise that the beginner's theme be, on the one hand, chosen from his own experiences or observations, and, on the other hand, be selected with an eye to the prevailing fashion of literary taste among the reading—or buying—public. He who conscientiously follows all these directions will, they assure us, especially if he has, like themselves, a small modicum of literary talent and business ability, make a financial success of his literary ventures.

This is, no doubt, a very encouraging view of the situation, and we confess, moreover, that it is very modest in our illustrious advisers to attribute their success so largely to their careful attention to mechanical details. If the secret of success be so simple as this, how very kind of them to reveal it to all their would-be successors!

But alas! when we boldly put their advice to the test of our own experience, we are apt to conclude that this rule, like many we have toiled over in our grammars, is proved chiefly by exceptions. It is not strange, then, that some of us have grown wary of advice, and are not disposed to depart from the beaten track of alternate efforts and failure, to try any alleged short-cuts to literary success. Still, entire independence is not the noblest attitude of mind, and despair sometimes makes us willing to swallow the most bitter pills of advice. My sister Anne once offered me a suggestion that I thought well worth trying. I think it has the merit of being comparatively novel, and hence if any despondent fellow-author cares to test its value, I grant him free and cordial permission.

Sister Anne, I should explain, has been my audience, critic, and patron since my earliest attempts at literary creation. It was Sister Anne who listened with breathless dread and delight while I whispered in the dark my first awful tales of ghosts and robbers. When I was seized with the desire to commit my thrilling productions to paper, it was Sister Anne who hunted

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up musty, half-used old ledgers in the garret, and sharpened my pencils with unflagging patience and infinite pains. It was Sister Anne, too, who first suggested that I should try to gain the ear of the public. She assured me that my stories were much superior to the majority of tales published in Harper's or Scribner's, and though I realized that her opinion might not be an altogether impartial one, I could not believe it to be utterly unfounded. After my first manuscript was rejected by Harper's, however, I think I should have given up the attempt to force myself into the ranks of magazine writers, if Sister Anne had not comforted and encouraged me by recalling the similar fate of the first attempts of many authors now famous. Indeed, after each of the failures that followed in such rapid succession, Sister Anne always cheered me and revived my hope and ambition by referring my unsuccess to external or trivial causes. She would soon prevail upon me to try again, with due attention to the avoidance of such mistakes as had previously thwarted my attempts and obscured the real worth of my wares. Still manuscript after manuscript failed to secure publication,—except, indeed, when my pride permitted, in the columns of our little local paper. At Sister Anne's suggestion, I followed all the most approved rules for the preparation of manuscript for the press; or again, in the notes that entrusted my productions to the tender mercies of the editor, I abstained from any reference to the fact that these were early efforts, but had won the approval and admiration of my family and friends. I sent manuscripts with stamps for their return, if "unavailable"; I sent them without any stamps to protect them from the editor's waste-basket. Still they failed to obtain the recognition that I firmly believed they deserved. Sometimes they were sent back without a word of comment; sometimes my shame over their rejection was at once lessened and aggravated by a patronizing note which assured me that the editor had discovered some signs of literary ability, though obscured by a "certain crudity," and that he hoped I would work on patiently, etc., etc. Sometimes,—and this was the worst of all—the manuscript would bring back with it a *printed* slip that read somewhat as follows: "The rejection of an article by this magazine is no reflection upon its intrinsic merit, but simply signifies that it is not available for our columns. It might be highly acceptable, however, to some magazine of different scope."

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After many expedients and repeated failures, Sister Anne at last made one novel and startling suggestion that dispelled my despair and inspired me with new energy and hope. We had had a long and serious discussion as to what the secret of my failure could be. My manuscripts were clearly and neatly written, my style at least simple and clear, and, if Anne might be believed, at times brilliant; my ideas, she assured me, were wholly original, and very entertaining.

"I believe," she said, at last, with an air of deep conviction, "that the sole reason you can't enter the first ranks in authorship is simply and solely that you aren't there yet. Do you see?"

I shook my head and confessed that I had quite failed to grasp her meaning.

"Why, you see, it is this way," she continued. "These editors don't select for publication the stories they personally enjoy. Not at all! They just publish what they're sure their readers will approve. Now there are plenty of authors that people like already, and the public just clamors for more stories from these. The editors know their readers will be satisfied with anything that these authors write, and so they naturally just supply what is demanded. Stories by new authors only get in, if at all, by the merest accident. Now no such happy accident has fallen to your lot, and really the only way I see for you to do—unless you are willing to sit with folded hands waiting for a stroke of luck—is for you to assume a place among the authors already popular."

"But how, pray?" I inquired, quite perplexed.

"This way: you write to the editor of some good magazine,—not the very best, you know, but some paper of wide circulation and fairly high standing. You offer him a story, letting him understand that it is a great favor, inasmuch as there is growing up now such a demand for your tales. You show him such favor out of gratitude for the valuable advice by which he helped you to lay the foundations of your success, in the days of your early struggles, and for the same reason you will let him have this for only $25, though you could ill afford now to let the editorial world know that you asked such a low price of him. See?"

I fairly stood aghast at the audacity of the scheme.

"But, Anne," I objected, "he'd know that he never helped me and that I'm not a popular writer, just as soon as he saw my name."

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"O, no!" she cried, "He's helped lots of young authors by his advice and never thought of them again. As for the other point, you just remark in your note that you have decided at last to abandon the use of your pseudonyms, and hence you will allow your real name to be appended to the article in his columns, first of all. You know you never have had anything published, even in our paper, over your real name, so that will be quite true, and flatter him delicately into the bargain. Of course you understand that this is only a rough sketch of the scheme. I leave it to your inventive talent to work it out in perfection."

"Anne, you're a genius!" I exclaimed. "But I can't quite make up my mind to attempt such a stupendous amount of fibbing."

"You needn't fib at all, my dear. Your stories *are* in demand. Don't the people at the church expect you to entertain them at every social? Don't all the societies in town come to you for every article they want written, whatever the subject may be? And when, pray, did our town paper ever refuse a word you offered it? As for your present feelings of gratitude, of course you will select a magazine which once gave you some valuable advice in the column of Hints for Young Writers. I'm sure you ought to be grateful for having been told how to make a manuscript attractive to the editorial eye. As for the price, if you don't sell your stories any more frequently than you have succeeded in doing as yet, you certainly cannot afford to ask any less than $25 for each. Now are all your scruples satisfied?"

"Ye-es,—except that it's all one great hoax," I replied, with half a sigh.

"Exactly," was her prompt and cheerful rejoinder. "That's just the way to look at it—as a huge joke. If it should fail, then nobody's the worse for it. If it succeeds, your success for all the future is assured; the public have a new writer to go wild over, and the editor will enjoy the joke as much as anybody when, at some future day, you reveal the secret of your success."

I confess that the more I pondered over the proposed strategem, the more favorably it impressed me. I was not long in deciding to give it a trial, and accordingly for the next few days I devoted most of my time to the careful composition of the note on which so much was to depend. I labored over every word and phrase with far more minute care than had ever been expended on any of my longest tales. When Sister Anne and I were at last

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agreed that it was sufficiently easy and off-hand, and at the same time as dignified and self-assured as was necessary, I selected the best of my unpublished stories and sent it off to the chosen magazine, and awaited the result in even greater hope and dread than on similar occasions in the past.

* * * * * * * *

This, then, was my Sister Anne's brilliant suggestion. As I said at the beginning, any other young writer who would like to avail himself of it is most heartily welcome to do so.

C. A. M.

LINES SUGGESTED BY ANGIE PECK'S UNFINISHED MESSAGE TO HER CLASS.

The light is fading from my weary eyes;
The busy hum of life is faintly heard;
Up from my heart great loving thoughts arise,
But lips can only speak this little word:
"Tell all the girls."

Oh, what is life, — what has it been to me,
In the brief years that I could call my own,
A wondrous gift, — a joy supreme, to be,
To work, to love, to know and to be known.

The little height I've climbed in life's ascent
Has filled my heart with rapture at the view,
The fields are white; we must not rest content;
God calls for help; dear girls, He calls for you.

With strength of heart I longed for strength of hand,
That to His pastures I might lead the way,
"To work and mould," and by each other stand,
In faith and hope to see the "fuller day."

Now darkened waters touch my weary feet,
My Father's loving arm supporting me
I have no fears; a sense of trust most sweet
Fills all my soul; dear Lord, I rest in Thee!
"Tell all the girls."

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Editorial.

WITH the persistency of a phœnix the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE arises from the ashes of former publications. For the third time in five years the creature spreads its wings for flight, a longer, and, since we believe in progress, let us hope, a better flight. Speaking of flight, and the flight of birds, there is a thoughtless and cruel pastime prevalent among a certain class of small boy, in which a string is attached to the leg of a bird, and when the creature has begun to fly and to rejoice in its supposed freedom, the string is jerked and the bird is brought to the ground.

The question stands: Is the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to be harrassed by a string with a small girl at the other end of it?

It depends upon the attitude taken at the outset by our Wellesley world both within and without the college walls. There is such a thing as guidance; there is such a thing as training a bird to come when you call. We are willing to be guided; we are ready to respond to a call if the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

If our graduates tell us that they rarely, if ever, read the literary work in the Wellesley paper, we must conclude either that the graduates are lacking in college patriotism, or that the literary work done by the college is too poor to be read; and concerning the truth of either conclusion much might be said which would be both interesting and instructive.

That all college literary attempts are youthful is inevitable, but the graduate herself is removed not many decades from youth and should not be over-critical.

That Wellesley has done and can do good literary work is true, and that she ought to do good literary work is truer, when we consider the number of courses in literature which she offers, and the number of students who elect those courses.

Through the medium of a magazine the world beyond our walls may watch the growth of our college mind. We, within, ought not to be interested in an article merely because we happen to know the girl who wrote it; we ought to care for the article for its own sake. Moreover, ours is not the only college world; there is a whole system of these little worlds, and

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they are watching each other with keen-eyed interest, criticising, praising, blaming, as the case may be. We exchange magazines with these other colleges, and we must remember that it is not the item which says that Miss A. of ——— spent last Sunday at the college which interests them, but the literature which the paper contains. Do not suppose that we would wish to abolish the column of news; far be it from us even to hint at such a misfortune; but if we are not interested in our own college productions it argues that in subscribing to our paper our friends, here and elsewhere, are actuated, not by an interest in the intellectual growth of the college, but simply by a friendly concern in the welfare of certain individuals who are, or have been, connected with the college.

It is not necessary that we soar very high in order to become a budget of college news. For that purpose we need but the energy and aerial development of a sandpiper. But if we are to be literary we must be allowed to live up to our highest ideal of what the word means for us.

Our Wellesley world has always been ready to respond to and care for the efforts of its fellow-students. And as you have heretofore read and cared for the *Courant* and the *Prelude*, we ask you this year to read and try to care for the MAGAZINE, and not to feel that because we would be literary we would therefore neglect the everyday sociability and the thoughts of "auld lang syne."

We are young, but youth has its ideals, and we ask you this year to read your MAGAZINE, that you may discover whether or no it is reaching up towards an ideal; to write for your magazine that you may yourselves be a help, not a hindrance in its upward flight.

AFTER a summer's rest, Wellesley is preparing to agitate the cap and gown question with renewed vigor,— not that any lack of energy was shown last spring. It may, however, be a saving of time, before rushing full tilt into battle, to review the ground fought over last year and see whether any points had been gained when we stopped talking in June. The chief arguments on both sides ran somewhat as follows. The opponents of the cap and gown declared it an imitation of masculine dress, an unnecessary expense, a costume unsuitable and in the way during much of

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our cold weather, a relic of the dark ages, an excuse for untidiness. They backed up their position by references to certain American colleges, where the effect of the gown is anything but pleasing, and by appeals to Oxford itself, where the students detest the whole custom. And they drew the conclusion that Wellesley girls either do not want the dress at all or want it simply through ignorance of its inconveniences.

The advocate, on the other hand, pretended a lofty indifference to the force of these arguments. They said that the gown has nothing essentially masculine about its graceful folds and flowing draperies; the accident of its having been borrowed from a masculine university is due chiefly to the circumstance that no woman's college existed at the time of its institution. As to its being unsuitable in cold weather, even its most ardent admirers do not advise its being worn at a risk to health. There is plenty of weather at Wellesley none too cold and none to warm for it; while, for that matter, what is the objection in cold weather to its being worn over one's ordinary wraps? The matter of expense is somewhat serious, but would probably be more than met by the saving in the wear and tear, and by the greater plainness of the dress underneath. As to the danger of untidiness, although the gown is ample, it does not cover so much of the dress but that the latter's condition of neatness or the reverse is plainly perceptible. Besides, it is not to be supposed that we will be untidy simply because we have the opportunity. If it is a relic of bygone times, it is a very charming relic, like a hanging of old tapestry, or a piece of mediæval carving. Even if liveries — servants' liveries — be antagonistic to the spirit of the new century, the scholars' garb should still pass unchallenged. So far as the effect of the cap and gown at certain other colleges is concerned, Wellesley may or may not adopt the particular custom that gives rise to complaint. Neither is any dissatisfaction that may be felt among the Oxford students an argument against the use of the cap and gown at Wellesley. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that inartistic youths at their most athletic age — we will not add, and possessed of uneasy consciences — should prefer what freedom and comfort can be obtained from the ordinary masculine dress, untrammeled by scholarly folds. But Wellesley girls, who delight in sweeping trains, will surely find the Oxford arguments inapplicable to their case.

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So runs the controversy. After all, the whole discussion centres about the question, "Do we really want the cap and gown?" If we know what we want, and are quite sure that we want it, let us say so distinctly. If we do not want it, let us give our reasons firmly. In any case, there can be no object in delaying longer the decision of this, to us, important matter. Whenever the majority of the students at Wellesley calmly unite upon an opinion, that opinion will, we are convinced, carry great weight with the powers that be. In addition to the very free discussion that we trust will follow in the pages of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, would it not be well to arrange for a general census of the opinion of the whole college?

FREE discussion is the very instrument of progress. Free discussion is the right and the necessity of advancing civilization. We Wellesley people form only a little world, but we are none the less earnestly striving toward perfection. It is, then, of the greatest importance that we talk over freely whatever concerns us either in our relation to the college, or in our connection with and interest in the world at large. Truth is many-sided, and before we can apprehend it in its entirety, we must know all its sides. Many members of the college, among both faculty and students, feel that this factor in our education has been somewhat neglected in times past. To meet any such difficulty, the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE now opens its department of the Free Press. The department will live up to its name. It offers opportunity for full expression of opinion upon all matters, local or otherwise. In the name of progress, and for the sake of the members of the college separately and the welfare of the college as a whole, it is most earnestly hoped that full advantage will be taken of this opportunity.

THE business managers of the magazine are anxious to bring before the members of the college a matter which is of importance to all who have the interest of our Wellesley publications at heart. There is a serious charge brought against us as a college. Business firms in Boston say that we have no honor in the matter of patronizing the advertisers in our publications.

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It is easy to see that the financial success, not only of this year's publication, but of all future ones, is impossible unless this impression is removed. We feel sure that the charge is not entirely just; but do we not stand convicted of serious thoughtlessness in the matter?

The advertisements have been obtained this year by the business managers personally, and they have taken the greatest pains to have represented only standard and thoroughly reliable firms. Since this is so, we hope that the readers of the magazine, especially those unacquainted with Boston, will use the advertising pages as a business directory. The attempt has been made to make them convenient for such use, by representing, through the different firms, every kind of article which a Wellesley girl could or would desire.

Book Reviews.

THE LITTLE MINISTER. By J. M. Barrie.

David Grieve, *Tess*, and *The Little Minister* are the three books of the year which have perhaps occupied the reading public more than any others. Popular prejudice, and the reputation of the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*, might give first place to the moral tale by Mrs. Ward. Love of sensation, fondness for forbidden fruit, and susceptibility to real power incline a greater number to place what is sometimes called the immoral story of Mr. Hardy at the head. What traits in the reader would lead one to name *The Little Minister* as the most worthy? The story is played on one string. Its style is simplicity itself—a simplicity with a touch, perhaps of affectation, and with now and then a suggestion of strain, but with a wholesome ring which goes far to compensate for an occasional lapse from excellence. The Scotch setting is happy, and the dialect not utterly unintelligible. The gypsy heroine is less fascinating than impossible, and the author sometimes fails to make his reader sympathize with the little minister's infatuation for her. We like to have him in love, but we do not entirely like him to choose a woman whose charm does not reach us also. Her alternation between the roving gypsy and the grand lady is particularly displeasing, and its explanation rather jarring and inadequate. The little minister himself, after struggling with our indifference for half a volume, rises to challenge our admiration. His insignificance, his vanity, his simple notions, form a foil in which his nobility

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and heroism gain lustre, and his apparent weakness and indecision drop away in time for him to stand out bravely against his world, andto win it to his side. He does not decide, with David Grieve, that the world and its conventions must be his master. He does not decide with Tess that the world and its conventions must be his enemy. By him social usages are neither worshiped nor over-ridden. His own standard of right, formed under the influence of society, but balanced by personal conviction, satisfies him. Through his courage and earnestness, not by argument from, or abuse of, law, he gains the day. He may be unaccountably weak when he allows Babbie to pass as his wife into a place of safety from justice; he may be unmistakably petty when he commands her not to refer to his height; he may be a trifle ludicrous when he prematurely chants his own funeral hymns; but neither his weakness, his pettiness, nor his absurdity prevent him from being steadily self-reliant, sternly self-denying, constantly generous, and even noble. The little minister does not moralize so much as David; he is not so hard pressed as Tess. But his life is pure and high, and in all relations he shows himself strong and true. In spite of his virtues he lives, as David does not; in spite of his trials he conquers, as Tess does not. The book has a ring of reality and a ring of optimism. The artificial idealist may love David, and the pessimistic realist cling to Tess, but for the sane and living citizen, who believes the truly great man possesses the ability to modify, rather than the disposition to overthrow the customs of society, and who loves life and action rather than argument and discussion, *The Little Minister* is not only the truest and simplest, but essentially the strongest picture of life in 1892.

AGNES SINCLAIR HOLBROOK.

PRATT PORTRAITS. By Anna Fuller.

The tendency of the American writers of fiction to give expression to their art in the form of the short story is particularly noticeable in the publications of the summer. In the warm days, when the spell of idleness is upon us, the choice bits of literature offered us in many of these stories satisfy our taste, and are often better appreciated than the longer novel.

The reader who delights in a story for the story's sake alone, and the student who reads American literature as a reflection of our national life and character, must find much to please the fancy and invite the attention in the great variety and excellence of many of these literary fragments

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which have come from the press during the last few months. If one wishes pictures of New England life, which possess in an equal degree the qualities of charm and reality, Miss Wilkins' study of village characters lies before us. The sunny South appeals to us from the pages of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnson; and, again, Mr. Hammond Garland turns our thoughts to the breezy plains of the great West.

Among the many books, which are composed of these local studies, there has recently appeared one which is quite unique in its origin and design. This is the little volume of "Pratt Portraits," by Anna Fuller, which is attracting much attention. The "Portraits" are sketches of the various members of an actual family, for it is generally understood that the Pratt family, under another name, really lived in a New England town, some thirty or forty years ago.

The time in which the scenes of the book are laid gives an unusual setting. It has not the well-known flavor of life a hundred years ago, but is placed in that middle period of the century, about which less has been written, when railroads were new, and telegraphs and telephones things of the future.

In a most attractive style the life of this remarkable family is revealed to us. The whole family system centres about the figure of "Old Lady Pratt," and her character is the thread of unity throughout the book. The stories are detached. The interest of one does not depend upon another; but in them all there is at least a suggestion of this famous woman. We seem to see that alert, erect figure, who "sat so straight in her chair, thanking Heaven that she had a back of her own, that she never gave that impression of feebleness, which makes old age so irresistible in its appeal to the kind-hearted." It is a little figure, but "the respect in which she was held among her acquaintances was negatively indicated by the fact that nobody ever thought of calling her little, though her height was in reality a little short of five feet."

With the old lady lived her deaf daughter, Betsy, who on account of her infirmity was very dependent upon her mother, and although of mature age is still called a child, and at forty is "put into caps." This poor Betsy is portrayed with mingled pathos and humor. The first story, "Aunt Betsy's Photographs," is one of the best of the sketches, and has a peculiar charm in its style.

Betsy, "upon whom rested the stigma of the unsought," was a great trial to the proud old lady, for she was so unlike her other smart, capable children. "'Betsy, you're a fool!' when pronounced by Old Lady Pratt, never failed to penetrate the muffled hearing like a gunshot, and Betsy used to wish within herself that her mother would put it a little differently."

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Throughout the later years of the old woman's life her high spirits and indomitable will never forsake her, and she states her philosophy of living in these words, "I can tell you something that's a long sight better than sacrifice, and that's a good wholesome bit of self. We wa'n't made to lie down for other folks to walk over. What's the good of a backbone, I should like to know, if not so's we can stand up straight and make the most of the chances the Lord gives us!"

The scene at the close of her life, when "she sat in her stuffed chair, with her faithful daughter beside her," and, holding one of Betsy's hands, "sang, in a high, broken treble, to the old tune of 'Greenville,' a familiar lullaby, as 'the child's' grey head nodded gently" is one of the most touching pictures in the book.

The great charm of these stories lies in their reality. We feel that all these things must have happened, and are almost inclined to believe that some one told them to us when we were children, so true are they to actual life. Mrs. Fuller does not give us the minute portraiture of Miss Wilkins' style, but she has sketched the outlines of her characters in a clever manner. She has an unusual faculty for bringing a scene before us in a few vivid words, and draws native peculiarities with great skill. The stern New England conscience, the repressed emotions, and the hard common sense of this family are well portrayed; but the author's delicious sense of humor and powerful use of pathos touch each life and act of the strong men and women, the natural girls and boys of the Pratt family.

"A Yankee Quixote," "A New England Conscience," "Old Lady Pratt," and "Well Matched" are particularly good. "A Domestic Crisis" seems the only unnatural one of the series. The subtle charm of these delightful stories cannot be adequately conveyed by any quotations. They are quite distinct from their companions of the summer, and leave upon our minds a decided impression of freshness and originality.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

Alumnae Notes.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Western Wellesley Association was held at Hotel Wellington, Chicago, on Monday, September 5, 1892. A business meeting was called at twelve, and a dainty lunch was served at two o'clock. The toasts were as follows, the president, Miss May Fisk, acting as toast mistress: Chrysanthemum, Mrs. Minnie Emery Picket, sp. '84-'85; Edelweiss, Miss May Estelle Cook, '88; Fleur-de-lis, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89; Rose, Miss Marion A. Ely, '88; Thistle, Miss Isabelle Stone, '89; Shamrock, Mrs. Alice

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Hinchcliffe Lay, quondam '89-'92; Clover, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92. An additional pleasure was afforded by a short, impromptu address by Miss Poole, one of Wellesley's missionary daughters in Japan. After the toasts the Wellesley Annals were read by Miss Dora Bay Emerson, aud music was furnished by Miss Stella Riordan and Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fiske. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89; 1st Vice-President, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92; 2d Vice-President, Miss Stella Riordan, sp. '85-'86; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Josephine Redfield, '91; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Helen B. Hill, '92; Annalist, Miss Elizabeth White, '93.

Miss Elizabeth Braley and Miss Kate Clark, both of '86, together with the former's sister, Miss Anna Braley, Wellesley, '81-'82, spent the summer vacation in a tour through England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Miss Marion Lyford, '88, has resigned her position as preceptress at the Union Baptist Seminary, So. Martin, N. B., and will spend the year at her home in Bangor, Maine.

Miss Josephine Redfield, '91, has accepted a position for the coming year at the Steran School, Chicago.

Mrs. Henrietta Middlekauff Gates is now living in Oberlin, Ohio, Professor Gates having been called from Union Seminary, New York, to Oberlin Theological Seminary.

Miss Susan L. Cushman, '91, is teaching at "Hillside," a college preparatory school for girls in Norwalk, Conn.

Miss Caroline S. Maddocks, '92, has taken the position of matron of the woman's dormitory at Chicago University, where she will also continue her studies.

Miss Sarah P. Williams, '92, is studying at the Normal College in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Alice W. Dransfield, '92, is teaching in a boys' preparatory school in Belmont, California.

Miss Helen M. Cook, '92, is teaching in a boys' preparatory school in North Wales, Penn.

Miss Grace Darling is teaching Science at Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Mary Holmes, '92, is teaching in Flushing, L. I.

Miss Bessie Greenman, '92, is teaching in St. Louis.

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Miss Dora Emerson, '92, is keeping house at home in Rockford, Ill., during the absence of her mother and sister, who are spending the winter abroad.

Miss Alice Emerson, '92, is teaching literature at the St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Miss Mary Blauvelt, B. A., '89, M. A., '92, is teaching History and Greek in Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Helen Merrow, '86, is studying Cryptogamic Botany under Professor Seymour of Harvard.

Miss Blanche Clay, '92, is teaching in the High School at Lebanon, N. H.

Miss Helen Bruce, '92 is studying medicine in New York.

Miss Clara Buck, '92, is teaching in a private school at Troy Hill, N. J.

Miss Martha Goddard, '92, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Miss Charlotte Hand, '92, is at home in Scranton, Penn.

Miss Mary Hawley, '92, is teaching in the High School at her home in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Louise Pope, '92, is at home in Cleveland, O.

Miss Edna Spalding, '92, is teaching at St. Mary's School in Dallas, Texas.

Miss Netta Stockwell, '92, is at home in Cleveland, O.

Miss Lucy Dow, '92, is teaching in Groton, Mass.

Miss Eva Warfield, '92, is preparing private pupils for college at her home in Brockton, Mass.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is teaching ancient languages at the Kentucky Military Institute.

Miss Florence Wing, '92, will spend the winter in visiting in New York and Chicago.

Miss Alma Beale, '91, is teaching the sciences in the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn.

Miss Mary Wright, '92, is teaching in the Alnida Preparatory School in Pittsburg.

Miss Jessie Reid, '84, is at the head of the educational branch of the publishing department of Macmillan & Co.

Miss Emma Squires, '91, is studying in the Normal School at her home in Cortland, N. Y.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Wing, '84, to Mr. Henry Castle of the Sandwich Islands is announced,

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The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Carpenter, '88-'90, to Mr. Willard of Chicago.

Miss Jane McArthur, '92, will spend the winter in traveling.

Miss Emma McAlarney, '92, will be at home in Harrisburg, Penn., through the winter.

Miss Gertrude Spalding is spending the winter at her home in Syracuse, and helping her sister in kindergarten work.

Maud Mason, '91, is to be at the Boston College Settlement this winter.

Lilian Barnes, '91; and Louise Hannum, '91, are studying at Cornell University.

Juliette Wall, '91, Genevieve Stuart, '91, Belle Morgan, '92, are settled together in Paris, where they are studying French and History of Art.

Charlotte Sibley, '91, is a graduate student in Greek and English literature at Yale University.

Charlotte Roberts, '80, who has been for some years at the head of the Chemistry Department, Wellesley, is perfecting her specialty at Yale University.

Bertha Palmer, '91, and Alice Stevens, '91, have apartments together at 222 West 23d street, New York.

Fellows in Chicago University, Elizabeth Wallace, '86, History; Maud Wilkinson, '89, Euglish.

Fellows in University of Pennsylvania, Emily R. Gregory, '85, Hygiene and Economics; Sarah Louise Magone, '89, English; Kent R. Dunlap, '90, English.

Carol Dresser, '90, is to be at the Boston College Settlement this winter.

ADDITIONAL NEW POSITIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Annie M. Adams, sp., '89-'91, Oxford Seminary, Oxford, O.

Edith Bancroft, B. A., '92, Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

Clara M. Burt, B. S., '92, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Mariana W. Blood, B. A., '91, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Mabel M. Ballou, sp., '91-'92, Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

S. Lilian Burlingame, B. A., '85, Central Baptist College, Conway, Arkansas.

Eva J. Beede, sp., '80-'81, Lady Principal, Troy Conference Seminary, Poultney, Vt.

Lillian M. Crawford, B. A., '92, High School, Upton, Mass.

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Henrietta M. Cattell, B. A., '92, The Irving, Watertown, N. Y.

Frances Ford Cottle, sp., '82-'84., Mrs. Potter's Home School, Everett, Mass.

Helena M. Corey, B. A., '92, High School, Spencer, Mass.

Mariana Cogswell, B. A., '90, High School, Concord, N. H.

Mabel Curtis, '90, High School, Dedham, Mass.

Adelaide Denis, B. A., '87, Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, Mo.

Florence Dean, B. A., '91, tutor in the family of Mrs. C. D. Talcott, Talcottville, Conn.

Alice F. Day, B. A., '88, High School, Springfield, Mass.

Theodora W. Dudley, B. A., '91, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Elizabeth C. Eddelman, B. S., '91, Franklin College, graduate student, Wellesley College, '90-'91, Peddie Institute, Hightstown, New Jersey.

Mary R. Eastman, B. S., '92, The Misses Anable's School, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Clara E. Emerson, B. A., '91, Tillotson Academy, Trinidad, Col.

Mabel C. Hawes, B. A., '90, High School, Burlington, Vt.

Elizabeth G. Hoyt, B. A., '91, High School, Providence, R. I.

Charlotte E. Halsey, B. A., '90, Bloomfield, N. J.

Amelia A. Hall, B. A., '85, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Anna M. Hamilton, B. A., '90, High School, No. Weymouth, Mass.

Evangeline Hathaway, B. A., '90, Principal Somerset High School, Somerset, Mass.

Grace Jackson, B. A., '91, Principal Mendon High School, Mendon, Mass.

Helen M. Kitchell, B. S., '82, High School, Evanston, Ill.

Frances C. Lance, B. S., '92, High School, Marlboro, Mass.

M. Lillie Leslie, '83-'85, Principal Central Square Grammar School, Woburn, Mass.

Geraldine B. Longley, B. S., '92, High School, Worcester, Mass.

Blanche Leavitt, '88-'90, High School, Portland, Conn.

Martha G. McCaulley, Mrs. Underhill's School, Lowell, Mass.

Henrietta M. Merick, B. A., '95, High School, Sidney, N. Y.

Ethelwyn F. Moffatt, B. S., '92, Frederick Female College, Frederick, Md.

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Mary G. Osborn, B. A., '92, High School, Lee, Mass.
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Sara M. Roberts, B. S., '91, Mr. Brewer's School, Fairfield, Conn.
Mabel D. Smith, sp., '90-'92, Cheshire, Mass.
Mabel Sykes, B. S., '91, Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
Theresa B. Stanton, B. A., '92, Miss Williams' School, Worcester, Mass.
Agnes M. Shaw, B. A., '92, North Granville Seminary, No. Granville, N. Y.
Alice A. Stevens, B. A., '91, 43 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.
Louise G. Saxton, B. S., '91, High School, Washington, D. C.
Mary A. Tucker, B. A., '88, St. Martin's, N. B.
Mary S. Wright, B. S., '92, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Married.

MACNEILL — DURFEE. Sept. 15, Alice E. Durfee to Neil Macneill. At home after Oct. 20, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

ARRINGTON — SMALLEY. In Salem, Mass., Sept 21, Susan E. Smalley, '88-'92, to Rev. Wm. F. Arrington. At home, Newport, R. I.

BROWN — TOOF. In Memphis, Tenn., June 25, Ruth B. Toof, '90-'91, to Battle M. Brown.

ANNIS — GILL. In Wilbraham, Mass., Aug. 18, Kittie Eleanor Gill, student at Wellesley, '89-'91, to Prof. Burleigh Annis.

CATHCART — SMITH. In Westerly, R. I., Sept. 1, Mrs. Harriet Hall Smith, student at Wellesley, '81-'83, to Mr. Samuel Cathcart.

MATHER — NEVINS. In Easthampton, Mass., June 30, Mabel E. Nevins, '87, to Wm. I. Mather. At home after Sept. 8, Easthampton.

CURTIS — CLOUGH. In Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 31, Ongola Clough, '92, to Rev. Arthur H. Curtis. At home after Dec. 1, Ongole, India.

BILLINGS — VAIL. In Woodstock, Vt., July 12, Bessie H. Vail, '87-'89, to Franklin Billings. At home after Oct. 1, The Lennox, 35th St. and 5th Ave., N. Y.

ADAMS — SHELDON. In West Newton, Mass., Sept. 28, Louise Sheldon, Sp., '88-'92, to Thomas M. Adams. At home after Nov. 1, Ashland, Ky.

GARSIDE — SMITH. In Brewster, N. Y., June 2, Charlotte Genivra Smith, '90-'91, to John R. Garside.

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Born.

In Conoor, India, July 15, a daughter, Gladys, to Mrs. Nellora Clough Martin, '90.

In Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 14, a son, to Mrs. Minnie Prentice Goodwin, '89.

In Zurich, Switzerland, Aug. 11, a daughter, to Mrs. Alice Leonard Gaule, '81.

In Madison, N. J., July 16, a daughter, Lelia Yeaman, to Mrs. Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, Wellesley, '83-'86.

In Philadelphia, Oct. 2, a son, Charles H., 2d, to Mr. and Mrs. Warner J. Banes.

In Newton Centre, June 25, a daughter, Louise, to Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86.

College Notes.

College opened Thursday, September 8, with seven hundred and twenty students enrolled, the Freshman class numbering two hundred and twenty.

Waban is now the home of nine members of the Junior class, and Miss Maltby is its presiding genius.

Miss Stratton is spending her Sabbatical year in Europe, and Miss Burrell fills her place as head of Stone Hall.

Mrs. Nash of Delaware, Ohio, is matron of Wood in place of Mrs. Hurd, resigned.

Coming events cast their shadows before, — the mail is no longer sorted in the General Office. Let us hope that this is really the "shadow" of the much needed post-office to be established in the future.

The quarantine proclamation has affected Wellesley as well as the rest of the world. Miss Denio was delayed thereby for nearly two weeks, and Fraulein Wenckebach, Fraulein Elspeth Müller and Fraulein Habermeyer were detained for a still longer period.

The Senior privilege of registering absences has been extended. Formerly, when absence from college involved absence from class appointments, the student was obliged to ask permission to leave. By the change the whole responsibility rests upon the student alone.

The firm of Jameson and Knowles, shoe dealers, offer a prize to the student who will write the best advertisement to fill the space which they have engaged on the page next to the reading matter in the Magazine. For full particulars consult the Business Managers.

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On the first Saturday evening of the college year a general reception was given in College Hall by the members of the Christian Association. Each guest wore a card on which was written her name, address and college rank. In this way the Freshmen were enabled to make many new acquaintances, and introductions were rendered more valuable.

Dr. Ryder of Andover preached on Flower Sunday from the text for the day, "God is love."

On Saturday evening, September 17, Dr. George Pentecost, who has recently returned from the Orient, lectured on India.

A general gathering of the college took place in the gymnasium, Monday evening, September 19, for the purpose of singing college songs. A number of '92 Legendas were sold, and enthusiasm for the college and her songs ran high.

$15,000 has been bequeathed to the college by the late Mr. David Prouty of Spencer, Mass.

The attention of all is called to the advertisement of the Legenda on page 54 of this magazine. No student should be without a copy of the '92 Legenda, which is the only collection of our college songs that has ever been published.

About $1,350 has been raised for the boat-house fund. At a mass meeting of the students, held September 24, a committee was appointed with full power to complete the necessary arrangements, and in all probability the boat house will be built this Fall. The house proposed will contain a float for private boats, a ground floor for crew boats, and a large reception hall above for general use. When it is fully understood that the boat house is a thing of the near future, to be enjoyed by all and by the Freshman class throughout its entire course, there is no doubt that the amount still needed will soon be raised.

The first dance of the season was given in the gymnasium, Monday evening, September 26, by Miss Dennis, Miss Grennell, Miss Keith, Miss Jones, Miss Sims, Miss Lincoln, Miss Mitchell, Miss Lucas, Miss Reid, Miss Simrall and Miss White, of the Senior class.

On Monday evening, September 26, the Sophomore class entertained the Freshmen. An autograph party took the place of the usual formal reception.

On the same evening the First Year Specials were entertained by the older members of the organization.

The usual exercises in memory of Mr. Durant were held in the chapel October 3. Miss Hall, '79, now principal of Northfield Seminary, spoke of Mr. Durant's purpose in founding Wellesley.

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During Miss Stratton's absence Miss Sherwood is acting professor of rhetoric. Mr. Baker of Harvard has been chosen to the department as instructor of the Junior classes, while Miss Wilson, formerly of the literature department, and Miss Wilcox, who has recently been engaged in journalistic work, teach the Sophomore divisions. Miss Weaver, formerly a student at Cambridge, England, Mr. Carpenter of Harvard, and Miss Hart of the Harvard Annex are in charge of the Freshman classes in English. The usual course in rhetoric for the Senior year has been given up, and Miss Sherwood offers in its place three elective courses: a "daily theme" course, a course in connection with courses in literature and philosophy, and a course in which four long papers are required on general subjects. In these last two courses, private consultations with the instructor take the place of class-room appointments. Miss Weaver is in charge of the "daily theme" course.

New courses have been opened in several of the departments. In literature two seminary courses are offered: a study of Wordsworth and Browning, and a study of Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors. In history two graduate semester courses — History of Political Institutions, First Semester, and History of Constitutional Law, Second Semester. In German, also, several new courses are offered.

The English Literature Department now has on sale the following syllabi: "Outline Studies in the Early Drama," prepared by Miss Bates (.25); "Outline Studies in English Prose to 1830, prepared by Miss Sherwood (.25); "Outline Studies in the History of English Literature," prepared by Misses Jewett and Wilson (.50). Applications should be made to Miss Nelly F. Wilson, Wellesley College.

It is a pleasure to inform Wellesley Alumnæ, and all interested readers, that the work of the Freshman year has been substantially lightened. The eighteen periods required of students in the scientific course and the seventeen periods required of those in the classical course when the present Senior class entered college, have been gradually reduced, until this year thirteen periods are required in each course. One language instead of two is now required of scientific students, and the classicals have three instead of four appointments per week in Latin and Greek.

Several changes have been made in the work of the other classes. A year of science may be substituted for Mathematics II. by students in the scientific course. The Juniors are free to choose two of the following subjects: physics, philosophy and History of European Civilization, all of which were formerly required for a

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degree. It has been noticed that the course in history has been chosen by the Juniors *en masse*.

The course in domestic science has been withdrawn from the curriculum. Miss Talbot, the former instructor, has been engaged by the Chicago University.

Society Notes.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Agora, held September 24, the following new members were received into the society: Miss Mary Young, '93; Miss Bisbee, Miss Lillian Jones, Miss Weed, Miss May Young and Miss Fowler, '95; Miss Slater and Miss Julia Burgess, '94.

At a social meeting of the Art Society, held September 10, the following new members were welcomed into the society: Miss Louise Brown and Miss Lylie Foster of '93; Miss Alma Hippen, Miss Effie Macmillan, Miss Helen Macmillan of '94; Miss May Merrill of '95; Miss Marian Day, Special, and Miss Grace Jones, Musical Special.

At the initiation exercises of O. E., held in Society Hall, September 24, the following new members were received into the society: Miss Lilian Brandt, Miss Abbie Paige and Miss Gertrude Carter of '95, and Miss Sue Huntington, Special.

On Saturday evening, September 24, the Shakespeare Society held its regular program meeting, and formally received the following new members into the society: Miss Capps, Miss Constance Emerson, Miss Grace Miller and Miss Wells of '95, and Miss Shuttleworth of the Special Organization.

The program of the meeting was as follows:

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Hardee
II. Shakespeare's Influence on Modern Drama . . . Miss White
III. Talk: A comparison of the literary life of a Shakespearian playwright with that of one in modern times . . Miss Anderson
IV. Dramatic Representation.
"Romeo and Juliet." Act II., Scenes V. and VI.
Romeo . . . . . Miss Randolph.
Juliet . . . . . Miss Bartholomew.
Nurse . . . . . Miss Crapo.
Friar Lawrence . . . . . Miss Pope.
V. Shakespeare as a Factor in Modern Thought . . . Miss Reid
VI. Talk: The Modern Stage Interpreters of Shakespeare . Miss Feeny

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VII. Dramatic Representation.

"Anthony and Cleopatra." Act II., Scene V. Act III., Scene III.

Cleopatra	Miss Campbell.
Messenger	Miss Newman.
Charmian	Miss Lincoln.

On Saturday evening, September 17, ZA held its regular initiation exercises and received the following new members into the society: Miss Winifred Augsbury, Miss Adah Hasbrook, Miss Alethea Ledyard, Miss Florence Forbes, Miss Elizabeth Peale and Miss Clara Willis of '95; Miss Agnes Cook of '96, and Miss Grace Webber, Musical.

College Bulletin.

October 21, Columbian Day. Concert in the gymnasium by the famous Smith family. Further particulars will be posted.

Saturday evening, October 22, Prohibition Rally in the gymnasium.

Saturday afternoon, October 29, regular meeting of the Boston Wellesley Club, in the College Chapel.

Saturday evening, October 29, Democratic Rally in the gymnasium.

Sunday, October 30, preaching in the chapel by President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College.

Sunday, November 6, preaching in the Chapel by President William F. Warren of Boston University.

Monday evening, November 7, Republican Rally in the gymnasium.

Tuesday, November 8, Election Day. Voting in the Chapel by the Australian Ballot system.

Saturday evening, November 12, concert by the Tuskegee (Ala.) Jubilee Singers.

Sunday, November 13, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. Charles Robinson of New York.

Monday evening, November 14, concert.

Sunday, November 20, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. A. E. Denning of Boston.

Sunday, November 27, preaching in the Chapel by President E. B. Andrews of Brown.

Three Entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund. Oct. 31, Reading by Mr. A. P. Burbank. Nov. 21, Recital by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist, assisted by other artists. Jan. 9, Reading by George W. Cable. Tickets for course $1.00. Single tickets 50 cents.

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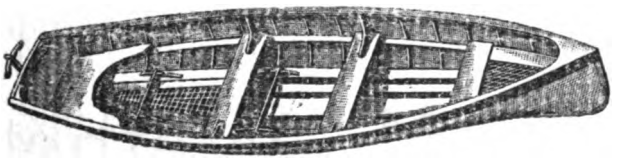

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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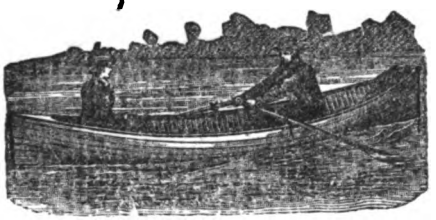

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. BOSTON, NOVEMBER 19, 1892. No. 2.

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The WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the senior class.

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All *alumnæ* news should be sent, until further notice, to Miss Carol M. Dresser, Castine, Maine.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Helen G. Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications, in all cases, should be sent to Miss Marion N. Wilcox, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Florence Converse, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT.

LEGEND tells us that Heimdall, the guardian of the bridge Bifrost, has so keen an ear that he hears the grass growing. The growth of humanity is not always so modestly silent as that of the grass; only the deaf man can shut his ears to the sound of it. Here in Wellesley a member of the faculty may now and then hear echoes of discussions among the students about the advisability of a students' parliament; in fact, a wish for something of the sort has occasionally found expression in the columns of the college paper. The matter is one upon which I have thought much, but on account of my long absence there is not a single member of the faculty with whom I have exchanged a word upon the subject; I must therefore take upon my own shoulders an undivided responsibility for any opinions that I may express.

Perhaps it is safe, however, to hazard a guess that every person connected with the government of the college earnestly desires that the regulation of student life shall rest as largely as possible in the hands of the student com-

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munity. That such is the general wish of the faculty cannot be doubted by any one who has followed the history of the legislation for the college. The whole matter then rests ultimately with the students themselves. What do the students want? Why do they want it? How can they get what they want? This article is written in the hope of throwing a ray of light upon the immediate practical problems involved in these questions. The answers cannot be given without examining the underlying principles of all government in their application to college government. This path may seem somewhat stony; but

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

The true end of all government is the self-government of each and all. Manifestly in as far as any person knows what ought to be done and has the power and the will to do it, in so far there is no need that commands be laid upon him by anybody else. This free, intelligent self-direction is the highest prerogative of personality. Hence every act of right government aims (1) to develop in the governed the knowledge of what is best to be done or (2) to secure to them the power or (3) to inspire in them the will to do it; anything else is misgovernment. Theorists disagree about the extent and distribution of these functions; but whoever believes in the exercise of authority of any sort, even over the baby that reaches for the red-hot poker, and at the same time recognizes that the highest good of man can be reached only through his own activity, must assign to government some form of these functions. That such is the true end of government is a proposition that requires no defence here, for in its application to college affairs the principle is admitted and even contended for by those to whom this paper is especially addressed.

Does government exist, then, for the purpose of annihilating itself? By no means, unless we give a superficial meaning to the word "government." It is true that in the State a despotic government, which is better than a chaos of anarchy, trains the nation, in the course of centuries, to assert its right to make its own laws; it is true that in the family the father, through exercise of his authority, trains the son to become independent of that authority; but even our highest aspirations point to no time at which the Ruler of the

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universe will abdicate His throne; we shall forever be in a realm of law that we could not change if we would. Were we wrong, then, in asserting that all right government leads to self-government? Yes, unless there be somt way of reconciling freedom with conformity to law.

And, indeed, if this reconciliation be not possible, if the subjection of my individual action to a law not of my individual making is a species of slavery, then our so-called self-government is a farce. We may not be put under physical constraint; we may be left to do as we please; but the penalties attached to violation of law are so heavy that we are constrained to please to conform to law. A woman wears a dress trailing upon the street, if fashion so prescribes, even though she feels degraded thereby, just as the President of the United States submits to laws passed over his veto. Since to be free is to be a law unto one's self, there are those who do actually regard all law as a diminution of freedom. The superficial character of this reasoning cannot be explained here, but some light may be had upon the subject by a consideration of rights in various relations.

When one person agrees to do a piece of work for another, neither party has any rights under the contract, except such as are expressed or implied in the contract. The employee, for example, may in some circumstances have a right to break the contract if the work does not suit him, but within the limits of the stipulation he must do his work as the employer directs, if he does it at all. But this is not an abridgment of his freedom; for he need not make the contract unless he chooses, so that what binds him is not the command of his employer, but his own choice.

But we find ourselves in many relations of subordination into which we did not enter by any will of our own. We shall best understand these by examining the most comprehensive type, our relation to the supreme law of the universe. That law is over us in as far as we are ignorant and weak and wilful. It is the awful ideal saying to us sternly,

> "I am the drawn sword barring the lanes thy mutinous feet
> Vainly covet for greenness. Loitering pace or fleet,
> Thine is the crag-path chosen. * * *
> * * * * * * *
> I am thine Angel of Judgment; mine eyes thou must meet in the end."

But this ideal is not merely over us; it is in us; it is what in very truth we are, what in all our striving we are seeking to be; it says,

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"At the inmost core of thy being I am a burning fire
From thine own altar-flame kindled in the hour when souls aspire;
For know that men's prayer shall be answered, and guard thy spirit's desire.
"That which thou would'st be thou must be, that which thou shalt be thou art;
As the oak, astir in the acorn, the dull earth rendeth apart,
Lo, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and waketh the heart!"

Hence it is our own law, and to will that law is not to be subject to some foreign power; rather is it the only true freedom.

The great social institutions into which we are born derive their authority from the fact that only in and through them can we win this highest freedom. The two forms of social organism obviously necessary for the existence of society are the family and the State. We need not consider all that is involved in the respective functions of these institutions; but we must take a glance at certain conspicuous differences between them. The distinctive office of the family as a form of government is to educate the child for self-government, *i. e.*, to enlighten and discipline him to such a point that he will thereafter develop normally rather by directing his own affairs than by having them directed for him. Submission to the father's authority is not slavery; if willing, it is freedom for the child, though it would not be freedom for the man. The self-government for which the family has laid the foundation is achieved in the free State. Here again the individual is subject to an authority that does not change with his caprice; but this relation to his fellow-citizens, so far from limiting his freedom, is the very condition of the possibility of freedom. For positive freedom is not merely absence of compulsion. To be free is to be one's self, and a person can be fully himself only in union with other persons, solicitous for their good as for his own, knowing no good for himself apart from theirs, consequently in the State identifying his will with the organic will of the people.

Between the forms of government under which we are born and the simple relation of contract lies a great class of cases (among which the church is often supposed to be included), voluntary associations for the attainment of an end desired in common by the persons so associated. In most of these cases the authority exercised by the governing body has the appearance of resting ultimately solely upon contract; but this explanation is frequently superficial. One such form of complex organization we may now proceed to consider.

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THEORY OF COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

Suppose the case of a college conducted by a private individual for the purpose of making money. Here the relation between the student and the college is one of contract. The contracting parties have a right to fix their own terms; the student can go elsewhere if he is not pleased, or the proprietor of the college can refuse to receive any one who is unwilling to comply with the conditions proposed. If now the owner of the college decides to stop making money, if he gives the student the free use of the college buildings and furnishings, if he makes the tuition barely high enough to pay current expenses, it is evident that he has not thereby lost his right to dictate his own terms. If, further, he never made money out of it, if he founded it out of pure enthusiasm for education, surely that does not abrogate any of his rights.

But by this time we feel the presence of other relations than those of contract. Manifestly obligations now rest upon the student beyond those that he has actually promised to perform. He is bound to further the ends of which the college was founded and even to be influenced by the personal wishes of the founder. But on the other hand we realize more clearly certain obligations of the founder. The personal relation, which is in fact latent in all cases of contract, has come to the surface. We see that the student has rights not stipulated, not indeed rights under the contract, but rights over and above the contract. He is a human being and has a right to have his interests taken into account in all human relations. In this instance he is a person to be educated, and by the very act of founding a college for this purpose the founder has bound himself to give as good an education as possible.

Yet we must not forget that this obligation of the founder does not make it allowable for the student to assert any new rights. It is the founder who must decide what will promote the cause of education; he is answerable at the bar, not of the student's judgment, but of his own conscience. Hence the student must conform to his terms just as unqualifiedly as if the relation were simply one of contract.

If, now, the founder leaves the college in the hands of trustees, the trustees must carry out the general purpose of the founder. In as far as he has not prescribed details they must use their own judgment as to the methods to

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be employed and as to the conditions to be imposed upon the students. The student is subject to such conditions just as if they were determined by the founder.

But in one point a new phase appears. If the founder had chosen to do so, he might have given over the whole college into the hands of the students, permanently relinquishing all control of it. The trustees have no such liberty. In accepting the charge, they have accepted an inalienable responsibility for the government of the college. They may at their discretion commit the actual administration to some one else, to the faculty or to the students or to a special governing board or to the president of the college; but they remain responsible, and if the management is unwise they must resume direct control or appoint new deputies. If, as commonly happens, they govern chiefly through the faculty, then the faculty is answerable to them, not to the students. The students are bound as strictly as in any case of contract by all the conditions imposed. Moreover, the faculty are no more able than the trustees to lay aside their authority. They are compelled in virtue of their office to make such rules as are necessary to carry out the will of the trustees. They must allow to the students such a measure of self-government as seems to them best to accomplish the purpose for which they were appointed; but such self-government can never be demanded by the students as a right, just because the responsibility for deciding how far such a course is wise rests with the faculty and not with the students. Hence also any privileges accorded must remain subject to withdrawal at the discretion of the faculty.

Since, therefore, the authority of the faculty is a rightful authority, the true freedom of the student consists in willing recognition of it; for the very first condition of freedom is acceptance of rightful authority. This recognition takes at first the form of simple obedience; but as the student sees more and more the reason that lies behind the laws, the freedom of obedience passes by degrees into the freedom of fellowship in striving together for a common end. For, unless a college is almost inconceivably misgoverned, the rules express no arbitrary will of the faculty, but the mature judgment of a body of thoughtful persons as to the conditions under which alone the student can obtain the very things for which he came.

The relation, then, between the student and the college is partly that of

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contract, partly like that of a family in which the father has not yet wholly relinquished his control. From neither point of view has the student body any right analogous to that of a nation to assert and enforce its claim to self-government.

All this is merely the expression, I think, of what is already believed by every thoughtful student. If any one hesitates about it, let her ask herself one question. If the students had the power, would they also have the right to take possession of the college government by force? The nation has such a right; if the students have not, that involves all that I am trying to show. Every college faculty accepts without hesitation such rules as the trustees think it best to lay down for the control of either faculty or students; in a like spirit our earnest-minded students have always accepted the authority of the faculty.

THE PRACTICAL PROBLEM.

Must the Wellesley student, then, sit with folded arms, "waiting for something to turn up"? By no means. If that were my view I should assuredly not spend my time in writing this article. For if self-government is not a formal right that can be demanded by the students, neither is it a favor to be graciously accorded by the faculty when they happen to feel in an obliging mood; it is rather the common end for which faculty and students alike are striving. On the part of the faculty it is not often talked about, simply because it is uniformly taken for granted as the end to be sought. If this is not true, the whole history of their legislation becomes unintelligible. Year after year they have actively and incessantly labored for this end, with what measure of success let any one judge who has seen the changes of a dozen or even half a dozen years, and I know no limit to the process except such as is set by the students themselves.

The practical questions, then, recur. What is wanted? Why is it wanted? How can it be achieved? The answers that I see to these questions are not independent of one another, but grow out of one another.

1. The students really want primarily not the shadow of self-government but the substance of it. A South American republic, freer in form than England, is not half so free in reality. If the sober judgment of the students does actually have power to shape the college life, the way in which

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it does so is a matter, not indeed of indifference, but of secondary importance. Let them but get the thing and the form will in due time take care of itself.

2. The students want whatever they want, not merely in order to govern *themselves*, but in order to *govern* themselves. They do not want to throw off all restraint that they may be able to do whatever they like; they want to apply their best wisdom to regulate their likings in growing harmony with ever growing ideals. Freedom is no child's play; it is stern, resolute self-determination.

3. How can the students govern themselves? Simply by doing it. Not all at once, of course, but there is at present a wide scope for their energies in the regulation of matters already within their reach. The hare thought that the first steps could be taken at any time; we know who won the race. Alexander is reputed to have sighed for more worlds to conquer, but he stopped short before he had conquered this one. If the students exercise such powers as they already have, I do not think they will ever reach a limit at which their progress will be barred.

4. No far-seeing student desires the adoption of a ready-make system, either imported or manufactured to order, for any system to be effective must be a growth native to the soil and developed in adjustment to all the conditions here existing. "Evolution, not revolution."

5. There still remains the question of immediate method. Just how are the students to exercise the power already in their possession? That is for the students to say, for until they can themselves answer this question, they have not grown even to the measure of their present opportunities. Two or three years ago the problem seemed to be solved. The Students' Association was formed for this very purpose and was supposed to be the germ of all good things, so that I expected to find it upon my return a large and influential organization, shaping the college life in higher forms than had been seen before. This seemed like an ideal mode—or rather, *the* ideal mode—of development. For some reason as occult as that which determines the growth of the trees so carefully planted on Tree-day, these hopes have not been fulfilled. The very existence of the Association is somewhat hard to discover. I have heard various reasons assigned for not joining it; none of them have seemed to me satisfactory, and I should have thought most of

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them reasons rather for joining it than for holding aloof. But if the students think otherwise there is nothing more to be said. Except indeed this. What an organization formed on the lines of the Students' Association cannot do, no organization can do. If the students do not want this or something like this, then they do not want an organization at all, but can make progress only by developing an intelligent public opinion about the needs of college life by means of individual effort. Which method will they take?

This article, you will see, is not a forensic in defence of the faculty side of the question, to be scanned eagerly for flaws by the defenders of the student side. I recognize no such "sides." There is but one set of interests, and those, taken directly, are the student interests. Neither am I presenting anything that can be called distinctively a faculty point of view. The only satisfactory condition is one in which the faculty and the students think alike, and I have tried to say nothing that would not command the ready assent of all who think of the subject seriously. Neither have I written even as a member of the faculty, but rather as a person vitally interested in the students as persons, zealous, therefore, not indeed for some particular form of organized college life among the students, but for their essential right to grow into individual and corporate self-direction.

MARY S. CASE.

Only a little way across the land,—
But though the path seem long and rest full sweet,
A little stream goes laughing through the grass,
A little stream goes laughing where we pass,
Laugh, too, my heart, for joy hath wingèd feet.

Only a little way across the land,—
But though the path seemed narrow where we passed
A little bird goes winging toward the sky,
A little bird that wings and sings on high;
Wing, too, my heart, Eternity is vast.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK, '91.

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THE DRAMA OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD.

WHEN land grows poor, man, in order to enrich the soil, sows it with some profitable and usually homely vegetable. This is precisely what was done in the field of literature during the eighteenth century to remedy the exhaustion following upon the Elizabethan period. Man sowed form, metre, and didacticism broadcast, and when the process of fertilization was complete there arose, amid the other flowers of poesie that bloomed in the later Georgian period, the drama — a flaming, blood-red blossom, an angry, blazing thing, with nothing of odor save where it had been crossed with lyric flowers and had become a hybrid.

It is of this hybrid that I purpose speaking. The sickly, sentimental attempts at a revival of the Shakespearian drama were mediocre in the extreme, but the lyrical dramas of Byron and Shelley, though failing in a certain sense as dramas, demand a place among the successes of our century when regarded as works of art and of thought.

There are certain great, glorious flowers that belittle our drawing-rooms and we are compelled to leave them out of doors. There are certain great, glorious dramas that belittle our play-houses, and these too we are compelled to leave out of doors. They are the dramas of the early nineteenth century, the dramas that breathe the spirit of the French Revolution, the dramas whose keynote is passion, passion general or passion particular, but always passion.

From among these passion-flowers, and they are not numerous, I have selected five of the most distinctive for analysis. These are ***Remorse***, by Coleridge; *Cain* and *Manfred*, by Lord Byron; *The Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci*, by Shelley.

Remorse, in this case the passion individual, and a sickly, dwarfish, fiery-scarlet blossom, I feel no compunctions in pulling to pieces, petal by petal, in order to show the unhealthiness at its heart. The Byron tragedies deserve, perhaps, to be less ruthlessly mutilated. *The Prometheus Unbound*, the passion general, may in this brief space be given to you by its perfume alone, that from the delicate fragrance of its lyrics you may image to yourselves the beauty of the flower. And *The Cenci* let us press carefully, for it is a most rare and perfect specimen sprung from the seed of the Middle Ages, a seed which has in other cases failed to flourish in our nineteenth century atmosphere.

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Beginning, then, with Coleridge, we find *Remorse*, as treated by the poet, to be a cowardly passion, appearing in the heart of the villain only when all hope of gain is lost. The drama in its structure reminds one of Schiller's *Rauber* and is even more inadequately handled.

As the story goes, Don Alvar, eldest son of Marquis Valdez, has been basely deceived by his brother, Don Ordonio; the younger brother having attempted to bring about the murder of Don Alvar in order to himself obtain possession of Alvar's betrothed, Donna Teresa, the orphan heiress. The play ends with the death of Ordonio and the union of Alvar and Teresa. I believe I am safe in saying that the plot does not startle us by its originality; and the characters impress us in much the same manner. They are puppets worked by strings of passion, and Coleridge is unskilful in his management of the strings. He jerks them too violently; his hand does not possess the nicety, the finesse important for complete success. The characters are neither individuals, nor yet types, they are sentimental ideals, either "very very good" or "very very bad," or imbecile.

Coleridge has used the drama as a medium for conveying to the public his own views concerning philosophy and nature, and his views are excellent, we honor them, but we claim that in so advancing them he has made an illegitimate use of the drama, and has slain the personalities of his characters.

I quote a few lofty passages:

> "Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
> And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter pestilence."

Mark the author of *The Ancient Mariner* in these lines:

> "If every atom of a dead man's flesh
> Should creep, each one with a particular life,
> Yet all as cold as ever — 'T was just so.
> Or had it drizzled needle-points of frost
> Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

Such sentiments as the preceding are voiced by men, women, servants, heroes, and villains alike.

The fact that Coleridge has so palpably endeavored to cast his drama in the Shakespearian mould causes it by this conversational defect to present a most shriveled and ridiculous aspect.

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The finest touch is the little lyric. It is to Coleridge the singer to whom belongs the triumph, if there be a triumph in the play. The little song is a bit of perfectness:

"Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long-lingering knell.

"And at evening ever more
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the Chaunters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine.

"Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow, moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine."

Cain and *Manfred*, the dramas of Lord Byron, fail because of the impossibility of following out their mechanical details. We cannot follow Cain and Lucifer through the abyss of space, and to attempt such a representation upon the stage would but make the situation absurd, and detract from the oratorical sublimity of such passages as:

"Oh! thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion? At which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity."

It should be understood that I am not in the present instance praising Lord Byron's handling of blank verse, which is execrable, but simply his excellent oratory.

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Byron calls the *Cain* a "mystery," and he has followed to some extent in the short dialogues the naive method pursued in the old miracle and mystery plays, but what delights us artistically as we read, we would not tolerate upon our modern stage. Again, the long speeches of Cain and Lucifer, while wonderful as examples of sustained Miltonic eloquence, do not contain sufficient action to render them successful on the stage.

As a dramatic poem there is a dignity, a loftiness, a control, in the *Cain*, which we do not feel in any other of Lord Byron's works. The sense of the newness and uninhabitedness of the earth is borne in upon us. There is a great, gloomy silence brooding over the drama — the silence of uncreate humanity. We are made to feel the greatness, and at the same time the impossibility of comprehending the greatness of space and eternity; while Cain and even Lucifer stand before us as pygmies, writhing in the presence of inexorable fate.

In character delineation, as in passion, Byron's drama surpasses that of Coleridge. One feels the personality of Cain; the struggle of the man against heredity, environment, fate. The deed he has to do hangs like a thunder-cloud over himself and all the earth, his heritage; and when it is accomplished, there follows for a moment that sense of relief found in the first lightning flash of a gathering storm, before the rain comes down.

There is a stateliness, a restraint, in the *Cain* that is lacking in *Manfred*. The passion of the mystery is such a world-embracing passion, that to turn to the discontented ravings of a man, who, with the experience of a Cain behind him, has yet presumed to sin and then to complain, gives us a sense of pettiness, and for the moment it is difficult to realize the similarity existing between the two characters. Cain represents man before the commission of crime; Manfred, a man after the commission of crime. In *Manfred* the Byronic selfishness is displayed in all its vigor. The passion is again remorse, but remorse more originally treated than by Coleridge.

The unimportance of all the characters, save Manfred himself, and the difficulty of adequately representing the Alps in the foreground of a stage, render the drama as unsuccessful as the mystery.

Here, again, the lyrical touches are the finest. The singer triumphs. Some of the songs seem feeble shadows of those in the *Prometheus;* they are not strong but they are quaint:

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"In the blue depths of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
  Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life,
  Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells,
  Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
  O'er my calm hall of coral.
The deep echo roll'd
  To the spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold."

Also:

"When the moon is on the wave
And the glow-worm in the grass,
  And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
  When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
  And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
  Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign."

The Prometheus Unbound is the purest, the loftiest expression of dramatic passion in all this passionate period; and to attain this purity Shelley had to lift it above the abode of men into the region of gods and Titans. It is a drama of type, symbol, spirit. It is a drama of universal experience, and its scene is the universe. It fails of dramatic representation as the others have done, and more mightily. What human could personate Demo-gorgon.

"A mighty darkness — ungazed upon and shapeless. Neither limb nor form nor outline."

Through its choruses, its semi-choruses, and its classic theme, we see that it partakes of the elements of the Greek drama, but Shelley has so shaped and modified these elements as to make them all his own. The lyrical element is more strongly marked in this than in any other of the tragedies; it is one immense song, more like an oratorio than a drama. Every line swells with musical feeling.

To attempt to discuss the *Prometheus* in five minutes, or two pages, would be impossible. It rings with the loftiness of humanity, the uselessness of law, the supreme power of love. It is a drama of revolt, as

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are the others, but of revolt so spiritualized as to have seemingly lost all the essence of hate. But in nothing does the imagination of the poet triumph more fully than in the songs and color pictures of the drama.

"On a poet's lips I slept,
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept.
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be:
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succor thee."

Again:

"Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving, in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding
The peak whereon we stand, mid-way around,
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight lawns, and stream-illumed caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops."

Of *The Cenci* Shelley himself says:

"I am exceedingly interested in the question whether this attempt of mine will succeed or not. I am strongly inclined to the affirmative at present, founding my hopes on this — that, as a composition, it is certainly not inferior to any of the modern plays that have been acted, with the exception of *Remorse;* that the interest of the plot is incredibly greater and more real; and that there is nothing beyond what the multitude are contented to believe they can understand, either in imagery, opinion or sentiment."

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That the drama has not been acted more often is due to the gloom and horror of the plot, not to any weakness of thought, treatment or mechanical detail. It is the horrible story of Beatrice Cenci and her father. And the marvel of it is that a genius of Shelley's type could have produced such a work. Again I quote his words: "I have been cautious to avoid introducing the faults of youthful composition, diffuseness, a profusion of inapplicable imagery, vagueness, generality, and, as Hamlet says, 'words, words.'" And he has succeeded in all things where Coleridge has failed. He has moulded according to the art of Shakespeare but with the hand of Shelley, and no one can call him an imitator. In every particular the drama has succeeded, for with all its sickening horror and dramatic intensity it has been successfully placed on the stage.

Nor is the lyric element lacking — but it is subordinated, as it should be The little woeful song is one of the daintiest touches:

"False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?
Little cares for a smile or a tear
The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
Farewell! Heigh-ho!
What is this whispers low?
There is a snake in thy smile my dear,
And bitter poison within thy tear.

"Sweet sleep! were death like to thee,
Or if thou could'st mortal be,
I would close these eyes of pain
When to wake? Never again.
O world! Farewell!
Listen to the passing bell!
It says thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

In the other tragedies which we have discussed, we may say that it is this expansiveness of passion, this tendency of mind to appropriate to itself all of matter, to make the whole of nature witness to its throes, that causes at once the success and the failure of the Georgian drama.

The Cenci is the one exception to the rule. It is out of place, out of time. It belongs to the age of Elizabeth. But it proves that the art of Shakespeare has not died.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

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PEN PICTURES.

A Firelight Picture.

The fire is low, the lamps unlighted, and the whole room so dusky one can just discern dim outlines of familiar objects. Putting a fresh stick on the fire, and curling myself up in a corner of the lounge, out of sight of the blaze, I watch, with half-shut eyes, the flickering shadows.

As the fire begins to kindle, the light glances along the floor, dies down again, then, growing brighter, sends little gleams up over the piano-stool and brings out the clear white and black of the piano keys. It does not show how old and shabby the stool is nor how worn the carpet.

As, bolder yet, it creeps higher and higher, all the little knick-knacks on the old piano come into view, the deep red of the rose in the little vase and the music open on the rack. It shows the violin still lying where it was laid down when the hand that used to draw its music forth grew too tired to hold the bow. Over that the light seems to linger.

Just above the piano the soft colors of a painting begin to shine out. Beyond I can see, a little in the shadow, the old-fashioned corner what-not, with its books and some curious shells from over the seas.

And as the soft glow fills the room, from the other wall, beside the what-not, the face of the Madonna looks down on the scene with tender gravity

Mary Grace Caldwell.

The Old Homestead.

It was a lonely spot right in the heart of the Berkshire Hills. An old, unpainted, one-story farm-house was the only dwelling in sight. It stood in the midst of a small garden, surrounded by a fence overgrown with blackberry vines. A broad piazza extended along the front of this house, and gave it an air of homely comfort. A pot of red geraniums bloomed in one of the windows; the old family cat dozed in the rocking-chair on the stoop; an attractive smell of doughnuts came from the kitchen.

A few feet from the house flowed an active brook, small, but unfailing. The boards which crossed this stream at the road were rotten and moss-covered.

Around the corner of the piazza on a wooden bench were arranged the

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milk cans, reflecting the sun in a shining row. Just back of the house stood several large barns. Chickens ran about the yard. Across the road was a large pasture where the cows were grazing.

Wooded hills surrounded the place, leaving just an opening through which the river made its way. When the mistress of the farm-house sat in her low chair on the piazza, sewing, the crowning touch was added to the scene.

GRACE WOODIN.

AN ATTIC PLAY-ROOM.

THE walls are of bare boards; overhead are rafters gray with cobwebs; the floor has but a small square of old-fashioned carpet, and yet the children think it the best place in the house. For there is no table with delicate knick-knacks to upset, no paint to mar, and if the doors do slam, mamma cannot hear them.

What a jolly place it is in rainy weather, with its hammock and swing, its great bureau with drawers full of treasures, and especially the plaything box. Ancient and honorable, but battered and worn, it stands in its corner. Its contents are a wonderful assortment from rattles to walking-dolls. The children of the house, tiring of them, have laid them aside for newer toys. But to the unfamiliar eyes of small visitors they are delightful.

The centre of interest is the playhouse, a remarkable structure, painted baby-blue. In the dainty parlor, the fashionable young dolls are entertaining their friends with cambric tea, while the quiet old ladies stiffly recline on the sofa, or lean against the wall, playing chaperon. In the bed-room, the baby is asleep in the cradle, as quiet as if the French nurse were not unfamiliar with drugs. Down-stairs, Dinah, black and plump, is cooking, while the maid is laying the table for dinner. It is, indeed, a model establishment, except occasionally, when its many mistresses disturb the tranquility.

EDITH D. DEXTER.

"NOVEMBER NINTH."

The very gods weep with me to-day! I raise my eyes, and I can see our flag damply flapping above a certain, "I. Wise, Importer of Absinthe, Vermouth," and a lot of other fiendish broths.

I. Wise is a Democrat, and I never before saw the flag of the United States look so much like a longitudinal stick of peppermint candy.

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

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WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER; OR, A MIDNIGHT FANTASIA.

IT was midnight, the trunk-rooms were alive with the trunks of departed maidens scurrying hither and thither in expectant confusion. The great turtle of the fifth floor centre paddled back and forth through the waves of opalescent ether—a most distinguished master of ceremonies.

The specimens of all geologic ages turned in their sleep with premonitory groans. The crow and the jay, stuffed to the beak with musical ability, sat high on their perch listening to the vibrations of the forked tongue of the boa-constrictor tuned for this momentous occasion. The little Aztec doll awoke the birds of the orchestra, then stepped proudly away on the arm of the monkey's skeleton, while the sleepy musicians rubbed their drowsy eyes and took their places one after another on the rail overhanging the central abyss. The gaunt and shaggy moose yawned. His case cracked and the giant vertebrate stalked forth to join the gathering throng.

"The curios came by twos, by twos,
Even as low as the Indians' shoes."

The glass doors in the wall swung softly ajar, and all the elite of the fifth floor—exclusive of Charles, Mrs. Ransom and the Phi Sigma owl—assembled to do honor to Harriet Martineau, who, having thrown aside her wonted air of gravitation, had kindly consented to grace the first and last ball of the season.

Weird was the scene; wild and shrill rose the notes of the bird orchestra, yet unheard were they by mortal ears. Trunks, skeletons, hand-bags, animals and curios mingled in swift-moving fantasies of the dance. The turtle led, with the handsomest Saratogan of the West End clinging bewitchingly to his arm. A row of sand-pipers lined the back of the patient Python, who wound his sinuous way through the mazes of a waltz with inimitable grace. So perfectly did he maintain his equilibrium that not a single sand-piper was spilled, or lost his harmonic poise. Merriment gleamed from the eyes of the animals and the buckles of the trunk straps.

The festivity was at its height when an awful crash reverberated from afar. The dancers swept on. Again a sound, now like the roll of distant thunder. Again, and yet again. Faster and faster whirled the dance; wilder, shriller, came the music, as the creatures, now mad with terror, swung nearer and nearer to the orchestra rail. Once more the awful sound; a gleam of white upon the topmost stair and the spinning figures turned in

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one huge, struggling mass upon each other. For the Backwoodsman, the mortal enemy alike of nature and of art was close upon them. In one rounded, inextricable mass they surged against the rail—horrible thought! —the *ball* was over—over the railing. But stranger than all was the thing that then befell it. Swaying gently it hung poised, for one terrible moment of suspense, over the darkness of the Centre; then rose with an awful cry, shout, slam, roar, shriek, blended into one, burst the skylight and whirled into space to be rediscovered a few days later as a new asteroid.

Harriet Martineau was left behind, but since the Backwoodsman felt for her some structural affinity, he only kicked her softly down stairs, the effect of which induced the preternatural steadiness of manner that she has ever since maintained.

Perhaps you don't believe that the trunks, the birds, the snakes, the curios, the turtle and the moose all went off in a ball. Very well, you need not; but that is because your eyes are not good enough to perceive the unreality of matter, and the subjectiveness of asteroid-forming spirit.

Authors, P. S. Eudo Kipling.
Pseuda Balestier.

ALL-HALLOWS' E'EN.

'Tis Hallows' E'en,
The frosty sky is bright
With deep-set gems.
The moon's kiss falls in sweet
Beneficence upon the earth.
Methinks it is a blessing
On our heads, my love,
This Hallows' E'en.

'Tis Hallows' E'en.
What spirits flit about
On yonder wood,
Like shades upon the banks
Of silent Styx? You start, my sweet,
Nay, 'tis the oak-trees parting
With their leaves. They sigh
This Hallows' E'en.

'Tis Hallows' E'en.
Bright Autumn's death is here,
And Winter reigns.
But is it Death? Ah, no,
A holy rest and peace o'er all,
That yields its benediction
To our hearts, my love,
This Hallows' E'en.

Agnes S. Cook.

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THE MINUET.

THEY danced the minuet. He was a beau of London town and she but a country belle. The floor gleamed with the soft light of many tapers, and the air throbbed with the song of spinnet and viol. The jewels of the ladies burned and flashed, their tiny heels tinkled upon the polished floor, and the soft swish of their gowns was heard. They waved their fans and their lips parted in happy smiles. The beaux leaned over them. Their buckles sparkled and their dark eyes gleamed beneath their powdered wigs.

They danced the minuet. He was tall and straight and good to look upon, and she was young and round and fair. They trod a measure. He was full of dignity and grace, and right daintily she trod her steps. He bowed low. She courtesied. A tiny powdered curl fell down her ear.

They danced the minuet. His head bent low and he whispered in her ear. Her round cheek flushed, her dimples hid away and her eyes looked down. He clasped her hand and led her off. The minuet was ended.

MILDRED FEENY.

A TALE TWO CENTURIES OLD.

"Will it be to-morrow, then, Jan?"

"Have I not said there is no danger, Annettje? Ever is a woman's tongue longer than her ears! To-morrow, I mow the swamp meadow."

Jan Jansen spoke with unwonted acidity; for nothing is more fatal to the temper than the inward suspicion of being in the wrong, and it was, perhaps, the necessity of silencing his own scruples, as well as those of the inconvenient Annettje, that gave to his tone its unusual sharpness. He pushed back his chair from the table with an air of decision; filled his pipe with much deliberation, and sat puffing great clouds of smoke, through which appeared mistily his weatherbeaten, impassive face. Apparently, he had quite convinced himself. Annettje said no more, for, in spite of Jan Jansen's masculine sneer, Dutch women in those days were not given to over-much talking, and would sooner have thought of questioning the course of Nature than the will of their lords and masters. Yet it is one thing to be silent another, to be convinced; and Annettje's fears, whatever they might be were not altogether at rest; her face wore a troubled gravity as she moved about her customary household tasks.

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Had she not, too, good reason for her fears? It was now many days since the first rumors of Indian outbreak in the English settlements to the north had reached the little Dutch colony, and report said that the friendly tribes in their own neighborhood were to join in a common Indian war. Already most of Jan Jansen's neighbors had betaken themselves to the Block House, or rude fort, in the heart of the settlement proper. And only that morning, John Westcott, who had lately married Annettje's daughter Marutje, had returned to his father-in-law's dwelling to urge him to fly to the place of safety; for tidings had come of a horrible massacre in the English colony just beyond them. But Jan Jansen was immovable. He had never been reconciled to Marutje's marriage with a good-for-nothing, flighty Englishman, and he was *a-priori* disposed to disbelieve, or treat as exaggeration whatever his son-in-law might say. The reports had been brought by English vagabonds whom nobody knew anything about; he considered them highly improbable, and he was firmly convinced that whatever Englishmen might have to fear no changes could come to peaceable Dutchmen, who dealt honestly with the Indians and minded their own business. And for himself, Cowescoman, chief of the Mohekanders, was his personal friend, whom he had sheltered beneath his roof many a time. He saw no reason why he should leave his good grain to rot in the field because men had turned women. So John Westcott rode away in some heat, leaving behind him the parting fling, that if Jan Jansen wished to trust himself to the faith of a lying Indian, there was nothing to be said, but he might remember Annettje and the children, a remark which rankled in Jansen's mind, and gave rise to some testiness, when Annettje, as we have seen, ventured to reopen the subject at the tea-table. Nor must we be too hard upon honest Jan; he was lacking neither in prudence nor affection. But he had to pay the too frequent penalty of a strong will more or less unconsciously blind to possible, not-to-be-desired consequences. Having satisfied himself, he felt no room for outside opinion, and presently composed himself for his evening nap with the utmost serenity.

Meantime, Annettje's forebodings became the stronger that she tried to force them from her mind. And when she sat down for a few minutes in the open doorway, to let the cool air fan her forehead, as her custom was when work was done, she could have sworn there was something uncanny

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in the usually peaceful scene. The sun had gone down in that peculiar cloudless luridity which sometimes marks the close of an extremely warm day, and against that sky the masses of the unbroken forest seemed to rise with something spectral in their outlines; even the well-known out-buildings and open spaces seemed ominous in their very familiarity; and when the melancholy, long-drawn cry of the whippoorwill broke the stillness close beside her, she started and shuddered. "'Tis a bird of ill omen," said she, half involuntarily. "Now may God defend us all!"

With that indefinable fear upon her, it was a relief, when a cry most unmistakably human and familiar called her within doors. There sat the small Wyntie upon the floor; her pudgy little hands in her eyes, her flaxen braids quivering with terror and grief, giving forth shriek after shriek with all the force of three-year-old lungs. Peter, who was seven, and felt himself already mature, stood beside her, with the expression on his face as of a narrator who has met with more than anticipated success.

"Peter," said his mother, "what foolish tales art thou telling?"

"Nothing," answered Peter, resistantly. "It is Wyntie that is a small baby. I said that if the bad Indians came, I would kill them all dead. Thou art not afraid, art thou, mother?"

"We had need of a stronger defender than thou, Peter, lad," said Annettje, gravely, forced to turn her attention to the comfort of Wyntie, who had thrown herself flat in the abandon of terror. "Thou'rt a foolish little lass, Wyntie," she said, taking the child up; "dost not feel mother's about thee? Thou should'st not heed Peter; he is telling tales he knows naught of. Thy father has said there is no danger for us. Always we have done well by the red men, and need have naught now to fear. Besides, are we not all in the hands of the good God?"

Annettje was talking as much to herself as to the child, who needed indeed no further reassuring than that given by her mother's breast, and soon fell asleep there. Annettje laid her down in the low trundle-bed, and as she smoothed the coverlet over her, felt marvellously comforted. It was difficult really to believe that harm would come to what she held so dear. And although her fears returned in somewhat grisly shape when she wakened in the night, by morning she was able to face them with the new courage that is born of sunlight. The day indeed passed quietly, with no

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break in its ordinary routine, though Jan Jansen was gone all day in the swamp meadow with the eldest boy Epke; and at sundown her fears of yesterday seemed dim against that peaceful day.

Nevertheless, it was a great relief to her mind when she discerned that evening brought, as she thought, certain signs of restlessness and dubitation in her husband's temper. His mind, indeed, was of that slow-moving, self-acting order, which resists all guidance, but will often, if judiciously left alone, drift of itself into the desired channel. Having nothing to resist his will, his natural prudence was beginning to make itself heard. Annettje believed that could he do so with dignity, he would gladly revoke his decision of yesterday. She was not surprised, therefore, when he announced at breakfast the next morning that the swamp meadow would be finished by noonday, and that he intended that afternoon to go with some of his surplus crops to the settlement.

"The barn is over-full already," said Jan Jansen, "I doubt not I shall find ready buyers, for I hear that Wiert Peters is but scantily provisioned." Now Wiert Peters was the leader of the little force at the Block House, and Annettje rightly took the speech for the only open concession to her wishes that Jan Jansen would be likely to make. In the new relief that made the Block House seem the very haven of safety, she quite forgot what possible dangers might lie beyond that refuge. Nor did her fears awake until the mid-afternoon came and Jan and the boy had not returned. With the lengthening shadows her anxiety grew indeed, till at last she started down towards the meadow to look for signs of their coming.

Well was it that she did so, for as she descended the slope on which the house stood, she saw a figure coming toward her, at full speed, yet running heavily as one on the verge of falling. It was the boy Epke, who grasped her hands as she rushed towards him, gasping out, "Thank God it is thou, mother! I could go no further." And Annettje needed not his hurried, difficult words to tell her that her fear had come upon her, that Jan was dead, that Epke was dying, that almost at any moment the treacherous murderers might be at her doors. In that one brief instant when the boy sank at her feet, Annettje tasted all the bitterness of death.

Yet still were there left to her three dear lives. Might she indeed save them, there was room for courage and action; and Annettje did not fail.

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It seemed the work of a moment to fly to the house, to seize the baby from her cradle, to bid Peter take Wyntie by the hand and follow her. They must hide themselves in the smoke-house, which standing some distance away, was hidden by a fall in the ground, and screened by a clump of tall bushes; perchance it might escape the sharp eyes of the Indians and their flaring fire-brands, and it had, too, a cellar-like vault underneath which might save them should worst come to worst. The thought of it had flashed like a sudden inspiration into Annettje's mind in that one tense instant when she rose from Epke's side, and toward it she now urged the frightened children. It was, perhaps, indicative of Annettje's mind that even in that hurried flight she thought to snatch the great brown loaf from the table lest the children be hungry, and to fasten securely the door of the house that none should discover it had been but lately deserted. Scarcely had the smoke-house door closed upon them when a savage yell coming from the direction of the house warned them they were but just in time. Annettje tried to hope their refuge would be undiscovered, but as the roar of blazing buildings mingled with the wild cries of the Indians, she felt the horror of seeing painted faces peer in upon their hiding place grow so strong as to be expectation, till she dragged the children with her into the cellar, and let the trap-door fall above them, feeling safer so. There the slow hours dragged themselves along. Wyntie sobbed herself to sleep with her head on her mother's knee; Peter, feeling that *he* must not cry, could only cling fast to his mother's gown with his tight little fingers, telling her not to be afraid, till he too fell asleep. Annettje dared not move lest she wake the sleeping baby and betray their presence to possible foes. The mere physical discomfort of her cramped position served indeed to relieve her mind of its nervous and spiritual tension until as silence once more fell upon them she found the anxious expectation of discovery subside into a vague sense of the weight of Wyntie's little head against her knee, and the ache in the arms which held the sleeping baby.

It must have been nearly midnight when the child woke and roused Anettje from the half stupor into which she had sunk. When she had hushed it again at her breast, she ventured to raise the trap. All was still. The fresh night air came in from the open window and revived her. She began to think, to plan. So far they were safe; but it was yet a precarious

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safety. Somehow or other the journey to the Block House must be made. But how? If, as she must now suppose, there were bands of hostile Indians between her and it, the journey would be a perilous one for a defenceless woman to make. Nevertheless, it must be made, and it seemed best to Annettje that it should be done at once, by night, when the Indians would be off their guard. Then, too, the sooner word was brought to the settlement, the better for all. So she roused the children and set out.

It was clear starlight; she could barely see the blazed trees that marked the way to the settlement; once indeed, she missed the path and only found it again as by a miracle. The baby was now sleeping soundly; but there was the continual terror lest it should awake and cry, and the cry prove fatal to them; for several times on that journey she caught the gleam of the Indian camp-fires. The way, too, was a long and difficult one, and the children grew very tired. Wyntie dragged her little feet patiently along, crying silently to herself, until at last she sat down in the pathway, refusing to go further. Peter tried to carry her, but a few steps were too much for his strength. So Annettje gave him the baby, and herself took Wyntie in her arms, till the child was somewhat rested; then the mother relieved Peter, and so by dint of such changes the long journey was accomplished, the baby sleeping serenely through them all, only letting its little head fall back contentedly against the arms that received it. And when the first red was streaking the east, Annettje reached the stockade that guarded the Block House.

As she entered the place where the women were together, Marutje started up, and took the baby from her mother's arms. It wakened as she did so, with a loud and angry cry. "Now God be thanked!" said Annettje, devoutly, "had it wakened before, we had all been lost!"

"My father?" said Marutje, anxiously.

Annettje bowed her head. "The Lord's hand has been heavy upon me," said she, her sorrow sweeping over her. Then briefly she told her story.

"My heart is sore for my friend Jan Jansen," said Wiert Peters, "and for thee, Mistress Annettje; yet do thou thank God for them that remain."

"That do I," said Annettje, simply, "and may God defend us all!"

"Amen!" said Wiert Peters, with his hand upon his sword, and all the women echoed "Amen!"

EFFIE BANTA.

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THE ANGELUS.

The glowing evening light is in the west;
The day is almost done. Across the land
Comes faint and sweet the Angelus' command,
"Give God due praise and get thee to thy rest."

Two figures standing with heads bowed in prayer,
A man and woman, each in peasant dress;
She with clasped hands which 'gainst her bosom press,
He with his head bared to the evening air.

Lo, still they stand! God's presence sure is near,
God's comfort calmeth now the toil-worn heart,
Which stealeth from earth's weariness apart,
And seeketh Him, well knowing He will hear.

Two peasants and the sunset's golden light,
A church town, from which faint and sweet outrings
The Angelus. "Put by all earthly things;
Turn to thy rest. The dear God sendeth night."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

I love to read the tales in merry rhyme
Of bold adventure or of jollity,
Wherewith those olden pilgrims passed their time;
And often have I wished that I might see
Upon their way that very company—
The dainty nun, the knight with burnished lance,
Most dear—the poet's gentle countenanee.

ADA MAY KRECKER.

A STUDY OF THE IMAGINATION IN BLAKE'S "BOOK OF THEL."

TWO poets at the early dawn of our century heralded the annunciation of a new birth to English verse. One of them, Burns, is known and loved by all men of whatever rank, age or education. The other, Blake, is known and loved by a few only. His songs are exquisite and simple, but his prophetic books are strange fancies, some even call them the products of a deranged mind.

Of these prophetic books the "Book of Thel" is the simplest. Its story is plain enough. Thel, the youngest of the daughters of the Seraphim, in sadness pours out her lament over the transiency and futility of life. The lily of the valley, the cloud and the worm, each tries to teach her the value of all life. Thel finally seems to learn. She wipes her tears and accepts their words. Then she is led by the clay clod into a terrible region of dark-

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ness and lamentation. Voices mourn the corruption of the senses. All is evil and perverted. She had but dimly learned the lesson of the beauty of life. Now she is shown that everything is hideous and corrupt. It is too much. Thel shrieks and flees from the dreadful place back into the vales of Har.

That is all. Here the strange vision ends. What can it mean? Is the "Book of Thel" the dream of a madman, or is it the product of a mind profound as imaginative?

After dipping generally into the little volume of Blake's poems, which William Michael Rossetti, in his appreciation, edited, the sympathetic reader recognizes a mind and spirit so different from that of any preceding poet; so different in itself, in its various workings and manifestations, and so unlike the ordinary workings of even poet minds, that for ever this Blake, poet, painter, child, philosopher, mystic of mystics, must remain unapprehended and misunderstood by him.

We read the "Songs of Innocence," and we think we understand. Their perfect simplicity and trustfulness, their truth and sincerity, their spontaneity and artlessness of expression, and their musical loveliness, appeal to us and hold us. Beside this there is the elusive charm of Blake's imagination illuminating them with a light that is as a light from heaven.

"Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

"Smiles on thee, on me, on all
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are his own smiles,
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles."

The quality of the imagination here is very spiritual, and enables Blake to find in the babe, as Wordsworth in the flower, "thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." Throughout all the poems there is an atmosphere of "Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love." He seems indeed to commune with the archangels, and the imagination is that which sees not the rising sun in the morning, but an innumerable company of the heavenly host, saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

We read the "Songs of Experience" and we see a different spirit. An

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awe about them makes us stop and ponder. Some of them are hidden, strange. We do not understand. There is in some of them the note of inquiry that claims response in our hearts more than the confident trust of the earlier poems, for we do not see so clearly with the spiritual eye. Compare "The Lamb" and "The Tiger."

"Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
* * * * * *
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee;
Little Lamb, God bless thee.

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
* * * * * * *
When the stars threw down their spears
And watered Heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?"

There is a majesty about Blake now that was not there before. His imagination is grander and penetrates into higher regions of thought. Intensity of feeling gives strength to the imagery of certain words or phrases, and grandeur to the general conceptions. "Earth's Answer," "The Angel," "The Garden of Love," and many other poems illustrate this. All through these songs we feel the foreshadowing of that obscurity which, later, veils in mystery so much of Blake's work, especially his prophetic books, for here indeed

"He wanders like a day-appearing dream
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind."

The "Book of Thel" is a masterpiece of imaginative work, both in the strength of the general conception and in the power and beauty of the

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imagery of certain lines. We recognize in it the combination of imaginative qualities that are seen separately in the "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience." In the former Blake was quick to see, intuitive, catching at the essence of a baby's thought or a flower's life, making us see with the clearness of his own vision the simple beauty and spirituality of life. All this we find in the "Book of Thel," especially from the first to the fourth canto. The spirit of the "Songs of Innocence," and the delicacy of their imagery we find in

> "Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born lily flower,
> Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks,
> For thou shalt be clothed in light and fed with morning manna."

and in the Cloud's words,

> "O maid, I tell thee when I pass away
> It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, to raptures holy,
> Unseen, descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers,
> And court the fair-eyed Dew to take me to her shining treat,"

and in many other passages. The poem abounds in these dainty imaginative gems.

But suddenly, just as Thel has seemingly learned the lesson of the sanctity of all life—life sacred because all life has a purpose—comes the terrible, obscure vision of the fourth canto, and, mystified, we feel that Blake has gone beyond us,

> "Nor is it possible to thought
> A greater than itself to know."

Here intensified is the spirit of the "Songs of Experience." We ponder long over the strange vision. We cannot fathom the hidden meaning, we gain only a suggestion of the poet's thought.

When the human soul, for this Thel represents, from seeming to herself "born but to smile and fall" . . .

> "Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water,
> Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's face,
> Like a dove's voice, like transient days, like music in the air,"

learns from the Lily-of-the-Valley that she, a modest flower, is "to flourish in eternal vales"; from the Cloud that

> "Everything that lives
> Lives not alone, nor for itself";

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from the worm and the clod of clay that "He who loves the lowly" loves the worm and cherishes it, and gives to the mean clay clod to be the mother of earth's children, "a crown that none can take away," the soul is beginning to learn her own sanctity and the twofold lesson of these nature voices, usefulness in this life and eternity of life.

The lily nourished the innocent lamb, that Thel knew. The cloud fed the little flowers, that she knew. But that in one hour they did not fade and die, that she had to learn. She knew God loved the worm, but that he cherished it with milk and honey that it might live she never knew. The clod taught her this; taught her, too, the hard, deep lesson of self-abnegation. That it would be great usefulness and blessing for her, a shining woman, to become the nourisher of the weakest and most helpless, was new thought to Thel.

Thel learned all this. It would seem to us at first that the lesson was complete. Not so. Thel must be more confident of her high calling and divinity. She is a spirit. She is superior to the lily, the cloud, the worm and the clod. The clod takes her into the terrible regions of the purely physical and material, where no spiritual abides. She sees the "valleys dark" and hears the "voices of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit"; listens to their restless, unanswered questioning. Why must all this misery be? Why must the ear, the eye, the tongue, the nostril, all this over-human nature be thus corrupt and terrible? The vision is too awful. Thel starts from her seat and with a shriek flies back unhindered till she comes into the vales of Har.

Who can say that such was Blake's thought? Yet with even so poor an interpretation as this Blake's imagination appears in glory. It is like a great mountain extending from earth to sky, whose topmost summits are hung in mist, but which, though beyond our sight, we know towers into the purified regions above us.

The power to choose and group with wonderful effect, the power to see into the heart of things, to catch their hidden meaning as well as their perfect outward form, all this Blake has shown in this book. To study it line by line is only to appreciate how beautifully each thought in the general progression is illuminated by Blake's own mind and made to serve its purpose in the perfect development of the general thought.

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It would be impossible to dwell upon the imaginative faculty as displayed in single lines. Already many wonderfully imaginative lines have been quoted, and it would be necessary to include almost the entire poem to make a complete study of this. All through the first part the imagination plays delicately over all. The similes follow each other in rapid succession and with a truth and fitness that is never at fault. In the fourth canto the imagery of the first two lines is but the herald of all the wonderful vision that follows. And with the abruptness of the closing lines the poem ends effectively—complete, wonderful, inexplicable.

Thus the study of the "Book of Thel" reveals Blake, not a madman nor an idle dreamer of dreams, but imbued indeed with the "faculty divine." In spite of all the dross he may have produced, he must still be a great poet, for nothing can take away from the truth and beauty of the vision which he saw on the Mount of God.

ELIZABETH A. TREBLIN.

THE PROCESS EMPLOYED.

I GAZE at the moon with one "star within its nether tip." This gaze is a prolonged one, but the moon is unabashed and unblushingly returns my look.

Nothing in the daily theme line in the moon's trail to-night.

Bathos! I'll eat an apple! And the worm housed at the core suggests itself a fitting subject for a page of neatly-written, terse English.

Who could write tersely and concisely of a worm? I must wriggle and writhe about this worm till I have at last—filled my page.

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Within,—
There are four low walls, and one overhead,—
White, white walls,—and a small white bed,
Where I lie with mine eyes wide-opened
For Sleep is sitting without.

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Within,—
There's a wide-waked soul that sighs and sings
Restless thoughts of restful things;
There are dreams that beat on the walls with their wings,
For Sleep is sitting without.

Within,—
There's a wistful, wide-eyed wakefulness,
Never to be stilled unless
Sleep cometh in at the door to bless,—
And Sleep is sitting without.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

A SUMMER RETREAT.

IT is a pine grove. The air is clear and cool, and the wind makes a gentle, rustling noise. The ground is covered with a rich, brown carpet, and the fragrance is sweet and strong. Sometimes the cows come up from the pasture and stand looking at us with their large, soft eyes. They look as if they were going to speak. The air is so free from loud noises that the little sounds are very distinct. We can hear a woodpecker tapping on one tree, and a squirrel is chattering merrily in the next. We know it is a gray squirrel from the sound it makes. The air is full of little buzzing things. They do not often light, but fly round in circles. Everything has a cool, dreamy color, and it gives us a happy feeling to lie on the needles with a cool breeze playing about our backs, and look up through the green boughs. There is a little piece of blue sky above them. Sometimes it is hidden for a moment, then the branches part again and the blue shines out deeper than before.

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Editorial.

THE leading article in this number of the magazine is on a subject of vital interest to every member of the College, a subject which now claims the attention of teacher and student alike, as it has always received the deepest thought of the one and inspired the highest hopes of the other, — the subject of self-government for the College. We feel sure that the presentation of the subject as it appears in these pages will call forth a renewed discussion of its every phase; and since no one of us at this present time will deny the right and justice of the theory, and but few question the advisability of self-government, we would suggest that in the discussion, plans for its establishment here be more especially considered. What are the desires and hopes of the members of this college in regard to the methods by which it shall be governed in the years to come? what the reforms and changes that must take place in the near present? We earnestly hope that through the Free Press of the Magazine both the members of the faculty and the students will frankly express their opinions concerning this matter.

WE are glad to learn, this fall, that last year's plans for the establishment of a College Settlement in Boston are soon to be realized. A house has been secured on Tyler street, a side street leading off of Beach Street, and not far from the Boston and Albany station. The location is a very fortunate one, as it is in the midst of various classes of the working-people. The house is now being put in thorough repair, and when ready for occupation will, it is believed, prove attractive and homelike.

The names of those who are to make their home at the Settlement this winter include some experienced and efficient workers, and promise well for its success. Wellesley girls may be interested to know that two of our alumnæ, Miss Carol Dresser and Miss Maud Mason, are to enter this work. The plan of the settlement work in Boston will be along rather different lines from that in New York and other cities, as some branches of the work of the older Settlements are rendered unnecessary by the excellent philanthropic organization of Boston. The members of this Settlement will give

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much careful attention and systematic study to social problems, and they hope that the intimate acquaintance with the working people, which ought to be gained through a life among them, will throw much light on the grave questions that are facing American society to-day, and will greatly aid in their solution.

We trust that all Wellesley girls will take a more active interest in the College Settlements' Association this year than ever before. The Wellesley Chapter hopes for a great increase in membership and enthusiasm. The Boston Settlement will naturally look to us for sympathy and assistance. Our Chapter is already planning to furnish a room in the house, if possible, and also to assist in the preparation of the household linen; doubtless, we shall find, throughout the year, many opportunities for giving definite, practical assistance to the Settlement, and surely Wellesley girls will be glad to avail themselves of such opportunities. This is a work that belongs peculiarly to us as college women, and hence every college girl ought at least to give it sufficient attention to gain a true understanding of its aims and methods. Such a knowledge of this work could hardly fail, we believe, to arouse a deep and active interest in it, and to win for it the glad and hearty support of all earnest college women.

TO those who, while admitting the general desirability of the cap and gown on æsthetic grounds, are troubled by questions of propriety or matters of detail, the actions of the Trustees of the University of Chicago may be of interest. We quote from the University of Wisconsin Daily Cardinal:

"The Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago have requested that the cap and gown be worn by students and professors participating in the exercises upon the following occasions:

1. When degrees are conferred or honors bestowed.
2. At all final examinations for high degrees.
3. At regular chapel service.
4. At all formal meetings of the faculties, the university council, and the university senate.

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5. At all public lectures.
6. By students at all public exercises.
7. At all official university receptions.

It has been decided that there shall be six distinct gowns, one for head professors and professors, another for associate professors and assistant professors, a third for instructors to docents inclusive, a fourth for fellows, a fifth for graduate students, and a sixth for collegiate students."

The Free Press.

'93 CENSUS BULLETIN,

On the privilege of wearing the cap and gown during the senior year.

Total number in class organization	. . . . .	. .	108
" "	heard from	. . . . .	58
" "	in favor of cap and gown	. . . . .	54
" "	opposed to cap and gown	. . . .	4

I.

The recent editorial on the subject of adopting in Wellesley the Oxford cap and gown entirely ignored the problem of clothing the faculty. The slight was doubtless unintentional, but the omission is serious. May one of the neglected class suggest the necessity of considering this side of the question?

Can this important body be left to the motley wear of cheviot and tweed, while the students go, black and dignified, in serge? Would it be possible for the tailor gown to instruct the scholar's drapery?

Plainly, if the younger part of the community adopts this costume, the older must follow. And if the American undergraduate does not hesitate to wear the gown of the English master of arts, there is nothing left to president, professor, instructor, if the balance of dignity is to be preserved, but the stately garments of vice-chancellor, doctor and dean.

Propriety demands this; nor would the costume be without its advantages. If the proper distinctions were made in cut and color, the garment, here as in England, would serve as an index to rank, and one's dignity would be even as one's coat-collar or one's sleeve. But, aside from mere utilitarian considerations, the æsthetic gain would be great. The fashion would bring with it beauty of form and color. Imagine the effect of the Doctor of Law's tam-o'-shanter, with its scrap of feathers, on the heads of departments! And think how the faculty gallery

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would glow with color at morning chapel if the officers of the college appeared in the vivid purples, and the combinations of scarlet and pink, and of crimson and magenta, that mark the different doctorates!

II.

Presumably the cap and gown to which the advocates of the costume refer is that worn by the seniors on Tree-day. Perhaps it is not thoroughly understood that this is not the undergraduate gown of either Cambridge or Oxford, both of which are much shorter, the one reaching to the knees, the other to the waist-line only. It is not probable that the most earnest advocate of "scholarly folds" would care to see either of these gowns adopted at Wellesley. The gown worn at Tree-day is practically the master's gown of both the English universities, and which no member of the university may wear until he takes his master's degree, which he cannot do at Cambridge until three years after his bachelor's degree is conferred. It seems somewhat presumptuous to adopt as an undergratuate costume a gown borrowed from a university where it is permitted to be worn only by graduates of not less than three years' standing.

Let us hope that Wellesley will not increase the number of American colleges which ape English customs.

E. F. P., '86.

III.

The discussion of the cap and gown question is interesting, certainly, but is it not rather unnecessary? What purpose is it supposed to serve? Apparently all who take part in it think that there is at present some insuperable objection to their wearing the scholastic gown, which it is hoped this discussion will help to remove. But what is the obstacle? I cannot, for my own part, imagine why any one who wishes to wear the cap and gown should not do so. Sumptuary laws are out of date and there are no college rules regulating the dress of the students. If any upper or under-class girl, graduate, art or music student, chooses to array herself in a black robe and wear a particular style of head-dress, who or what is to prevent her from doing so? True, one does not wish to be the only wearer of a peculiar dress, but if there is really such a strong sentiment in favor of adopting the cap and gown, it would be easy for those who advocate it to find fifteen or twenty sharers of their views who would agree to wear the costume with them. This would form a very practical test of college feeling on the sub ject, and the innovators would soon find either that they were lost amidst the number of those hastening to adopt the graceful garb, or else that no one but hemselves cared to wear it—in which case they would still be at perfect liberty

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either to persevere or to give up the attempt and return to every-day attire. Evidently the girls at Wellesley either do or do not wish to wear the cap and gown. If they do not, it is a mere waste of time to discuss the advantages of the costume. If they do, there is no reason why they should not assume it.

'94.

IV.

The adoption of the cap and gown by the senior class of this or any American college, seems to me a retrogressive rather than a progressive movement. In the first place it is an incorrect copy of a well-established foreign custom; incorrect, in that the gown that we, as undergraduates, wish to wear is worn only by graduates abroad. If we are to follow custom, we have no right to this graduate gown until we have received our degrees. Many will claim that we do not intend to copy, that we can act independently and adopt any dress that we choose. The fact remains, however, that in adopting this dress, we *are* copying, whether intentionally or not, and that we shall be criticised on this ground. Then, aside from the question of appropriateness, the adoption of any uniform by college students seems to me undesirable. It certainly is not necessary in order to the better performance of scholarly work, and, especially in the case of the gown proposed, would probably prove a hindrance in the busy daily life of the college student.

Again, the adoption of a uniform by one class would tend to increase class distinction, which is already marked enough. I do not feel that, in a body of students who are fellow-workers for the same ends, class distinction should be emphasized, except in so far as the greater experience and development in character of the upper-class man entitle him to the respect and confidence of those of lower rank. The claim that the cap and gown add dignity to the wearer is largely false sentiment. A senior, if he has made the best use of his college course, is worthy of distinction, but this should rest upon his character, not upon his dress. Moreover, where the character of the wearer had no claim to respect, dishonor would be brought upon the cap and gown and its significance weakened. I am not speaking against the wearing of the cap and gown on Commencement Day, or, in our own college, on and after Tree-day. At that time our college work is practically over, and we can with propriety wear the symbol of its accomplishment. I cannot but feel, however, that the adoption of the cap and gown as a senior dress is inappropriate, and that it would place a limitation upon the attainment of the best condition for scholarly work, the breadth and independence of the individual.

MARY BRIGHAM HILL, '93.

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V.

"Haste is vulgar," says the proverb. Wellesley students are naturally opposed to vulgarity in every form, so it was with a sigh of relief that we found at the beginning of this term that the authorities had decided to give us ten minutes between recitations. Golden visions arose before us of what the intermission of the future would be. No more wild rushing from one part of the grounds to another; no more climbing four flights of stairs because the elevator is at the top and not a moment can be spared to wait for it; no more arriving too late to get the benefit of the teacher's first remarks. No, henceforth we should pass with dignified deliberation from one recitation room to another, take our seats, arrange our possessions, and, while waiting for the period to begin, calmly review the opening points of the coming recitation. So ran our dreams, but what is the reality?

You are reciting in a third or fourth-floor room, for instance, at College Hall, when the bell rings. Theoretically, the class should be at once dismissed; practically, there is a very strong chance that the teacher will observe: "We have ten minutes now, you know, and I think I must keep you for this one point." Or, perhaps she makes no remark of the kind; like Mark Antony, she "only speaks straight on." You are disappointed, but after all a minute or two will not make much difference; you can hurry a little. Two minutes are gone; you begin to feel uneasy. Three minutes; all over the room girls are furtively adjusting their hats and piling their books together. Four minutes; you do not hear what the teacher is saying, for you are engaged in calculating just how quickly you can get across to the Art Building; also, in abstractedly watching the girls who from time to time open the door, look in and then retreat, and in wondering whether they want to get in half as badly as you want to get out. Five minutes gone; you long to get up and leave the room, but that would be so rude. Would it really be any greater discourtesy, though, to this teacher than arriving late will be to your instructor of the next period? But you never settle that question, for at last you hear the welcome words of dismissal, and grasping your books you hurry frantically to the scene of your next appointment, arriving, heated, breathless and indignant, just in time to disturb the whole class and to compel a repetition of the first few minutes' work.

Such is the difference between what might have been and what is. It is discouraging, but what can you do about it? Perhaps it might be utilized as a training in patience and self-control; otherwise, it seems likely to be a permanent vexation of the spirit to you. '94.

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VI.

JUSTICE IS GREATER THAN MERCY.

Have we, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, mistaken our ideal of conduct? Is our ruling principle of action, after all, unworthy of us? The present may very well be called, among other things, an age of generosity and philanthropic enterprise, a period when mercy stands pre-eminent among virtues. We glorify it in the Divine Nature, we advocate it in society, we extol it in the individual. Great public buildings, devoted to the use of benevolent associations, line our streets; missions, refuges, charities, proclaim themselves on all hands. The morning papers announce the latest philanthropic scheme with as great energy as they do the last bit of political gossip. The clergy preach charity from the pulpit, great manufacturers pride themselves on their generosity toward employees, society circles call lack of interest in "the poor" positively bad form. We have, no doubt, reason to congratulate ourselves upon all this. Kindness and generosity are in themselves good, philanthropic fads probably accomplish something while they last.

But in the midst of this fervor of generosity, we seem to be forgetting another virtue more fundamental than mercy, and ordinarily more heroic and more nearly divine—the virtue of simple justice. I do not, of course, mean to say that circumstances never arise in which mercy is nobler or more desirable than justice, but only that such circumstances are comparatively rare. Undoubtedly, some of us hold as the sweetest and most inspiring experiences of our lives certain isolated instances of totally undeserved kindness; but just as surely do many of us remember, with an indignant sense of wrong, the offering to us as gifts of what we knew to be our inherent right. If the first experience is inspiring, the second is crushing or maddening.

I claim, therefore, that justice and not mercy is more needed in human action to-day, that justice and not mercy should, except under extraordinary conditions, be the goal of human endeavor.

In the first place, that which poses as generosity is often not generosity at all, but disguised selfishness. Mercy as a veil for injustice is fast ceasing to be an anomaly. To use mercy to cloak indolence, avarice, contempt, dislike is to add to the original injustice the greatest conceivable wrong. To crush, to degrade, and then to pauperize with charity is vicious. Even in theology we cannot believe, say what we will, in the mercy of God before we are convinced of His perfect justice. Mercy may be beautiful, pure, and heavenly, but it is too often only the whited outside of a sepulchre full of all uncleanness.

In the second place, that which poses as generosity is often nothing more than

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justice. And, as I said above, justice under a false name is exasperating. People sometimes prefer to call their acts benevolent, they like the look of the word in the newspapers, but in reality a man ordinarily finds his hands quite full in giving other men their due, and any more aspiring claim rests upon a false foundation.

Again, justice is much more in accordance with the demands of the masses of humanity to-day. Man is not now asking from his fellow man pity, indulgence, patronage; he does not plead to be petted and pauperized. He feels the sense of his birthright stirring within him and pushes from him weak sentimentality. It was a Boston working-girl who said, with indignant tears filling her eyes, "I don't want their charity, I'll have none of their charity, I want my rights." The world is growing young again and strong with the breath of a new century. Give man a chance, a free, unincumbered chance, and he is proud to work out his future in the strength of his own arms. Crowd him and harass him, chain down his muscles and fetter his brain, and though you pet and fondle him to the end of time, you have in him but a spiritless wreck.

Finally, in our democratic land there is logically little opportunity for mercy. Mercy must come from above, from the superior to the inferior. If it droppeth as the gentle rain, it must drop from heaven, for if it appear out of the earth we shall call it but the damp and gruesome exudation of an unwholesome morass. Therefore let only him that is without sin among us presume to be merciful, and let all the rest humbly turn themselves to the study of simple justice.

After all, generosity is, in many cases, an easy thing, easy in proportion to the indolence and indifference of the agent; it is also a pleasant thing, for one has but to do a little generous act, to show a little mercy, and the world is down on its knees in hero-worship. One has but to throw a few dollars aside in charity, and the laurel wreath drops upon his head. But justice is not easy, for it requires thought and patience and great care. It is not pleasant, for, if one be just, then perhaps the world calls him a fool, or perhaps it only shrugs its shoulders, and says, "What honor is there for such a man? What reward has he? He is still but an unprofitable servant, he has done only that which it was his duty to do." No work of supererogation is possible to the man who is merely just. Nevertheless, when the end comes, perhaps he and such as he will alone be recognized among the faithful. And so I have claimed that justice is greater—more important—in society than mercy; positively, because it is the logical outcome of democratic principles, because it is what man is demanding, and because it is, after all, what, under various other names, we all so much admire; negatively, because, not always, but far too often, mercy must involve a sin of either omission or commision.

ANNIE B. TOMLINSON.

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Exchanges.

ONCE more our exchange table begins to assume a familiar aspect, as one by one our old-time friends appear upon it. We are glad also to welcome some new acquaintances, most prominent among which is the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine," a ponderous-looking periodical containing wise and weighty matter. It is entirely without that tone of immaturity which is the prevailing characteristic of too many of our college publications. As we open its pages we feel that here, at least, we have no assumption, no mere theorizing, but rather practical articles written by men of practical experience, who "know whereof they speak."

Among the undergraduate magazines, the Harvard Monthly is the most attractive of October's issues. It opens with an interesting paper, "Six Years of Voluntary Chapel," by Francis G. Peabody, the Plummer Professor of Christian morals at the University. He draws a striking comparison between the workings of the old method of "Compulsory Chapel" and the new voluntary system, drawing his conclusions decidedly in favor of the latter. "Why," he asks, "should we not give religion a fair chance among the many interests of college life, and then trust to the intrinsic importance of the subject for its survival?" He points out the advantages of the system of privilege applied to mind and body, as seen in the success of the elective system in both the intellectual and physical courses offered by the university, and then demands why this privilege should not also be applied to the "highest human interests—the interests of the soul." He concludes by stating that the new plan "is significant as an act of faith," while the old system is one, "not of faith, but doubt."

Another readable article found in this number of the Monthly is on "George Eliot's Theory of Realism" as drawn from her letters; it is well written and full of interest.

The "Yale Literary Magazine" gives us a short sketch entitled "A Poet of the Intellect." The writer would give Emerson a place in the rank of true poets, claiming that "harmony of thought" compensates for lack of melody and the faults in metrical construction.

"The Vassar Miscellany" opens with a brief article on that popular writer of the day, James M. Barrie. An outline sketch of his life is given, and an interesting question proposed as to the permanence of his works.

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Turning over the pages we find in the same number a sketch of "The Present State of National Politics," presenting concisely the questions now at issue before the country.

"The Trinity Tablet" contains a touching little story of the time of the French Revolution,—"Amie,"—a mere fragment picture, but well drawn.

We search our exchanges in vain this month for any bits of verse which we can consider as really worthy of notice. There is a great deal of doggerel, even some attempts at more lofty flight, but the wings of Pegasus evidently drooped and failed before the writer reached the height which he would have attained.

The verse we liked best is found in the "Vassar Miscellany":

EBB TIDE.

Since now the tide is out,
Though sunset plumes the sky with rosy cloud,
Upon the bar the running breakers crowd
No more in merry rout.
Along the beach are pools with opal glow,
And sands that rival pearl-lined ocean shell;
From out her silent heavens Peace bends low
And whispers, "All is well,
The tide is out."

Left by the ebbing tide
My stranded boat lies high upon the sands;
There is no strength within my weary hands
To drag it o'er this wide,
Smooth beach, nor in my heart aught of desire
To battle with the waves. We do not feel
How of vain rowing eager arms can tire,
Until alone beside our boat we kneel,
Left by the ebbing tide.

The following may be of interest, as touching directly upon a question at present agitating our college world.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown I saw her go,
The daintiest sight the world could show;
The cap aslant with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there,
I watched her with my heart aglow.

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Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs maids come and go—
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O, Grecian girls in robes of snow,
O, satin belles of long ago,
However gay your dress, or fair,
I tell you ye could not compare
With the new maid ye cannot know—
In cap and gown.

BRYN MAWR LANTERN.

Book Reviews.

We find various new publications upon our study table this month, with notices of others which are to appear in the near future.

Among the most interesting of these new books is a collection of the Prefaces of Wordsworth, edited by A. J. George, and published by D. C. Heath & Co. It presents to us in convenient form those Prefaces which are so important a part of the works of Wordsworth, and also his "Essays on Poetry," and the "Letter to Lady Beaumont." Students of literature as well as all the lovers of the great poet, will find this little volume a valuable edition to their library.

We also welcome heartily a new edition of "Addison's Criticism on Paradise Lost," edited, with introduction and notes, by Albert G. Cook, Professor of the English language and literature at Yale University. Publishers, Ginn & Co.

Mr. Cook gives us another interesting work entitled "The Art of Poetry," a new collection and edition of "The Poetical Treatises of Horace, Vida and Borlean," both in the original and translated.

"Goethe's Faust, Part I.," edited by Calvin Thomas, with English introduction and notes, will be received with pleasure by many who require English aid in their German reading. D. C. Heath & Co.

Among the new text books we may mention, "The Beginner's Greek Book," by Professor John White of Harvard University. Published by Ginn & Co.

An "English Grammar," by Harriet Mathews. D. C. Heath & Co.

"Studies in American History," by Mary Sheldon Barnes, formerly Professor of History at Wellesley. D. C. Heath & Co.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue the last of October, "Heyse's L'Arrab-

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biata," edited with notes and vocabulary by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt, director of German Instruction in the Washington High School.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue, the last of October, George Sand's "La Mare au Diable," edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor F. C. de Sumichrast of Harvard University.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, issue, about October 19, "A Primary French Translation Book," by W. S. Lyon and G. de H. Larpent, England.

"Catullus." Edited with Introduction and Notes, by Professor Elmer T. Merrill, of Wesleyan University. Ready this winter. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

"Progressive Pamphlets for Learning to Read Latin." Edited by Professor J. B. Greenough of Harvard University. Ginn & Co., Publishers.

Alumnae Notes.

Miss Marian Metcalf, '80, is teaching in the Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Miss Marian Marsh, '80, is studying medicine in New York City. Her address is 279 E. Broadway.

Mrs. Sarah W. Paul, '81, is spending the winter in Italy.

Miss Vryline Wilder Buffum, '81, is principal of the Oak Grove School for Girls, at Amherst, Mass.

Mrs. Crowell, Martha Guilton, '80, is teaching in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Laura Jones, '82, is teaching Bible and History in Chicago University.

The present address of Miss Julia Harding, '86-'88, is with Mrs. Isaac Morton, 49 Vanderventer Place, St. Louis, Missouri.

Elizabeth Wallace, '86, and Maud Wilkinson, '89, hold fellowships in Chicago University.

Mrs. Elbridge Whiting, Louise Adams, '86-'89, is living in Springfield, Mass.

Delia Smith, formerly of '94, will spend her junior year at Vassar.

Clara A. Walton, '92, is taking her post-graduate course at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

Mary Sawyer, '88, is taking a post-graduate course at Wellesley.

The address of Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick, '88, is 101 Hammond street, Cambridge, Mass.

The address of Miss F. T. Brown, '88, for the winter, is 88 Rutledge street, Charleston, S. C.

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Sarah H. Groff, '89, is teaching in a private school in Greenwich, Conn.

Katherine E. Horton, '89, is teaching mathematics in the Connecticut Literary Institution at Suffield, Conn.

Mary A. Sefft, '89, is acting temporarily as assistant secretary for the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Helen Baldwin, '88, is settled for the winter in the New England Hospital in Boston.

Miss Annie L. Dingley, '89, is teaching in Philadelphia.

The present address of Mrs. Charles Mason Dutcher, who was Helen Harris, 86-'88, is 47 Cambridge place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore, Henrietta Wells, '87, is Gray Oaks, Yonkers, N. Y.

Anne Bosworth, '90, holds the position of professor of mathematics in the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Kingston, R. I.

Alice Cary Baldwin, '90, is this year in the Walton School, Philadelphia. Her address is 2101 Spruce street.

The present address of Mrs. Frederic G. Sikes, Camilla Gowans, '90, is 35 Irving place, Buffalo.

The address of Miss Bessie Blakeslee, '91, is 16 Harris street, Brookline, Mass.

Maud M. Taylor, '91, is teaching literature in the Elgin High School. Her address is 75 College street, Elgin, Illinois.

Rachel R. Hartwell, '91, is in the Watertown High School, teaching physics and chemistry, and living at home.

Mary Louise Danielson, '91, is teaching at St. Helen's Hall, Portland, Oregon.

Laura A. Batt, '91, is teaching in the Wakefield High School, Wakefield, Mass.

Ada Woolfolk, '91, is teaching English in a St. Louis private school. Her address is 2934 Lucas avenue.

Miss Stimson, '92, is keeping house for her father. Her address s 34 E. 33d street, New York City.

Elinor K. Bruce, '92, is teaching in Stoneham, Mass.

Alice Pierce, '92, is in the Newburyport High School, teaching English, History and Literature.

Agnes M. Shaw, 92, is teaching at North Granville, N. Y.

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Blanche Whitlock, '92, is spending the winter in Huntington, Indiana.

The engagement is announced of Elizabeth Grier Strong, '92, to Mr. John Raven of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The present address of Maud Mason, '87-'91, is 95 Rivington street, New York city.

Harriet Newell Gage, '92, is teaching the classics in the Free Academy in Catskill, N. Y.

Anna Arnold, '90, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Florence H. Myrick, '92, and Anna L. Winegar, '92, are studying art in Paris.

Antoinette Cary, formerly of '93, is at present private secretary to Miss Talbot in Chicago University.

The address of Roberta Z. Allen, '89-'91, is Portsmouth Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.

Susie May Lum, '89-'92, is teaching instrumental music and taking vocal lessons in Chatham, N. J.

Isabel Darlington, '86, who has been abroad this summer, is now in West Chester, Penn.

Olive Davis, '86, who has been teaching in Philadelphia, is now at her home in Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

Alice Bothwell, '90, spent the Sunday of November 6 at Wellesley.

Alice Bothwell, '90, Elizabeth Hoyt, '91, Mary Hazard and Cora Stewart were present at the Z. A. meeting, November 6, held in Elocution Hall.

Marion Parker, '91, Frances Lance, '92, Martha Goddard, '92, Geraldine Longley, '92, and Caroline Dresser, '90, were present at the Phi Sigma meeting, November 6.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held its sixth regular meeting at the college on Saturday, October 29th. In spite of the usual inclement weather about thirty-five members assembled in the faculty parlor at 3 o'clock. A short business meeting was held, Miss True in the chair. The resignation of the secretary, Miss Sue L. Cushman, '91, was received. Miss Minnie A. Morss, '91, was elected to fill the position. A discussion as to the future character of the meetings was held. The general desire seemed to be to keep them of a purely social nature. Miss True announced that Miss Shafer had been prevented from giving a report on the college news at this meeting. A social hour was passed by the members afterwards. Many new members were welcomed from the ranks of '92. The address of the secretary is, Minnie E. Morss, 3 Sargent St., Dorchester, Mass.

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COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Chicago Association of the Collegiate Alumnæ was held yesterday in their club rooms in the Athenæum Building. The business meeting convened at eleven o'clock and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, Syracuse University; vice-president, Mrs. I. K. Blackwelder, Kansas University; secretary, Miss Harriet Stone, Wellesley College; treasurer, Miss Florence Babcock, Northwestern University. Directors, Miss Marion Talbott, Boston University; Miss Helen Tunnicliff, Vassar; Miss Rosie Mason, Oberlin; Miss May Winston, Wisconsin University; Miss Ellen Holt, Smith. At the afternoon session Mrs. Crow delivered an address on "The Status of Education for Women in Europe," during which she paid a high tribute to the scholarship of the English college woman.

FACULTY.

During this summer, under the direction of Dr. William T. Harris, Mrs Martha Foote Crowe, who taught History in Wellesley College from '82 to '84, has been investigating Women's Education in various institutions abroad. She is now Professor of Literature in Chicago University.

The present address of Miss Louise M. Hodgkins is Auburndale, Mass.

College Notes.

The celebration of Hallow E'en was divided between two evenings this year. College Hall, Waban and the Elliot had the usual fancy dress supper Saturday evening. At Freeman the celebration consisted of a triple entertainment gotten up by the dwellers on the three floors, for the benefit of the household and a few invited guests. At Stone Hall the occasion was delightfully celebrated by a play given Monday afternoon by the seniors, to the other members of the house. Wood and Norumbega most fittingly commemorated the day by phantom parties Monday evening.

On November 2 Miss Shafer announced to the college that the Academic Council had granted the petition of the students to substitute "Senior Day" for the day formerly given up to the entertainment of their friends by the Juniors.

The concert by the Smith family on the evening of Columbus Day was a success, socially, musically and financially. The gymnasium was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and from the proceeds from the sale of tickets, librettos and programs, and the auction, the funds for the boat-house and the Norumbega piano received a large increase.

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There was a largely attended Prohibition Rally in the Chapel Saturday evening, October 22. The chairman was Miss Mary Young, the speakers of the evening being Miss Maud Thompson, Miss Fowler and Miss Bixby. Miss Thompson spoke twice, taking, besides her own part, that of Miss Weed, whose appearance illness prevented.

The Democratic Rally was held in the Chapel Saturday evening, October 29. Miss Bertha Jackson was chairman, and Miss Trebein, Miss Lucas, Miss Buffington and Miss Hardee addressed the meeting.

On the evening of Monday, October 24, there was given in the Chapel a delightful presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the text being read by Mr. George Riddle, and Mendelssohn's music played by the Bernhard Listemann Concert Company. It was given through the Helen Kate Furness Fund, under the direction of the department of literature. Scenes were read from Acts II, III, IV and V. The musical numbers included the Overture, Scherzo, Fairie's March, Intermezzo, Notturno and Wedding March, beside the incidental music.

The first of the course of entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund, a reading by Mr. A. P. Burbank, was held in the College Chapel Monday evening, October. 31. The program included "The Man who Was," by Kipling; two scenes from "Rip Van Winkle," the grave-diggers' scene faom "Hamlet," and several comic selections.

On the evening of Saturday, November 5, there was a most timely lecture on the History of the Tariff from a Republican Standpoint, given by Mr. George M. Dewey.

The Republicans of the College held an enthusiastic rally on the evening of November 7. Miss Peterson was the chairman, and Miss Frear, Miss Grennell, Miss McPherson and Miss Laughlin were the speakers.

The Republican clubs of the various cottages were present with banners and transparencies displaying party watchwords. After the rally there was a torchlight procession through the college grounds, over three hundred students being in line.

The voting conducted by the Agora Society, according to the Australian ballot system on November 8, showed the following result:

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Total number of votes cast	557
Mismarked	27
Republican	377
Democratic	95
Prohibitionist	57
People's Party	1

A lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views, was given by Professor Denio in the physical lecture room, November 11. The lecture was given in connection with History of Art. I.

The Democrats celebrated their victory by a banquet and torchlight parade, Saturday evening, November 12. At the banquet, held in the gymnasium, the following toasts were responded to:

Our President-elect	Miss Monroe, '93.
Mrs. Cleveland	Miss Trebein, '93.
The Democratic Platform	Miss W. Fostor, '93.
The Democracy of Wellesley	Miss Newman, '93.
Free Trade	Miss Kendall.
The Solid South	Miss Simrall, '93.
The Democracy of Indiana	Miss Buffington, '94.
The Republican Mourners	Miss Dillingham, '93.
Our Great Men	Miss Stahr, '94.
Our Party	Miss A. Bigelow, '93.
Our Flag	Prof. Hayes.

Professor Hill and Miss Hill of '93 received the Beethoven Society and the faculty of the School of Music in the Norumbega parlors, Monday afternoon, November 14.

At a meeting of past editors of Wellesley publications at Wellesley, June 22, 1892, the Wellesley Alumnæ Press Association was formed and a constitution edopted. A voluntary dollar subscription for the current year was suggested, to amet the expenses of the Association and to furnish a prize to be offered at the discretion of the president of the Association and the Editor-in-chief of the Wellesley Magazine. The following officers were chosen: president, Miss Baker, '92; vice-president, Miss Stimson, '92; secretary and treasurer, Miss Barrows, '90.

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The constitution adopted was as follows:

This organization shall be called the Wellesley Press Association.

The object of this organization shall be to increase interest in the Wellesley press, to raise the standard of Wellesley journalistic work, and to promote intercourse among the editors of Wellesley publications.

The members of this Association shall include all who have at any time served as regularly elected editors on any publication issued by the students of Wellesley College. Undergraduate editors shall be received at the meetings as guests.

The officers of the Association shall be a president, vice-president and a secretary, who shall also act as treasurer.

The editor-in-chief of the Wellesley Magazine for the past year shall act as president of the Association.

The other officers shall be elected by the members of the Association at the annual meeting.

The meetings of the Association shall be held annually at Wellesley College on Alumnæ Day.

Special meetings may be called, if necessary, at the direction of the president.

Rev. Henry G. Spaulding announces a very attractive course of five illustrated lectures in Union Hall, Boston. The special topics are: 1. "Vesuvius and the Vesuvian Bay"; 2. "Pompeii: the 'Jewel Box' of Antiquity"; 3. "Pagan Rome: Palaces and Pleasures of the Cæsars"; 4. "Christian Rome: St. Peter's Church"; 5. "'Our Italy': Picturesque California." Mr. Spaulding's lectures are exceptionally educational in character. They are given the present season at Smith College, the Ogoutz School, Lasell Seminary, and in many other places. In Boston he gives a double course of evening and afternoon lectures, the evening course beginning Thursday, November 17, and the matinees on Saturday, November 19.

Miss Merrill, '95, is not a member of the Art Society, as was erroneously stated in the October number of the magazine.

The business managers request all those who wish to subscribe for the Magazine, but who cannot pay in advance, to send their names to Miss Wilcox.

The first inter-collegiate invitation tennis tournament was held at Bryn Mawr College, October 21 and 22, Miss Maddison and Miss France representing Girton College, Cambridge, England; Miss Whittelsey, Miss Arnold and Miss Lothrop

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representing the Harvard Annex; Miss Putnam and Miss Underhill representing Bryn Mawr.

October 21 the following matches were played:

SINGLES.

Miss Whittelsey, Miss Maddison. } Miss Whittelsey, 6–2, 6–4.

Miss Arnold, Miss Putnam. } Miss Putnam, 6–4, 11–9.

Miss Underhill, Miss Lothrop. } Miss Underhill, 6–0, 6–3.

Miss France, bye.

OCTOBER 22, SINGLES.

Miss Whittelsey, Miss Putnam. } Miss Whittelsey, 8–6, 6–3.

Miss Underhill, Miss France. } Miss France 6–2, 6–3.

Miss Whittelsey, 6–3, 6–2.

DOUBLES.

Miss Lothrop, Miss Arnold, Miss Putnam, Miss Underhill. } Miss Putnam, Miss Underhill, 6–2, 6–0.

Miss France, Miss Maddison, bye

Miss France, Miss Maddison, 6–1, 6–1.

Bryn Mawr will hold her second tournament in the autumn of 1893.

Society Notes.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Classical Society, held Saturday evening, October 15, the following new members were received into the Society: Miss Beatrice Stepanek and Miss Caroline Peck of '94, Miss Annie Chute and Miss Mary Chapin of '95.

On Saturday evening, October 15, the Art Society held its first program meeting for the year, and received the following new members: Miss Nan Pond and Miss Mary Larned, '93; and Miss Jane Williams, '94.

The program of the meeting was as follows:

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A Summer in Europe:
Talk . . . . . Miss Denio

Tableaux:
a. "Romeo and Juliet."
Three scenes from drawings by F. Hicksee.
b. "La Promessa Spoca," from painting by H. Woods.

On November 2, Miss Bridgman was received into the Art Society. The program of the meeting on that evening was as follows:

Greek Drama:
Paper, Characteristics of Greek Drama . . Miss H. MacMillan
Reading. Scenes from Œdipus Rex . . . . Miss A. Reed
Tableaux.

On November 5 Zeta Alpha held the regular program meeting.

At the regular meeting of Phi Sigma, held in Society Hall, October 15, Miss Caroline Hough, of the Special organization, and Miss Elizabeth Stark of '95 were initiated. The program was as follows:

The Poet of Passion.

I. Morris' Childhood and Youth . . . . . Miss Shultz
II. Recitations
Summer Dawn . . . . . Miss James
Praise of My Lady . . . . . Miss Porter
III. Passion in Morris . . . . . Miss Longley
IV. Reading
The Wind . . . . . Miss Page
V. Study: The Romantic Spirit in Morris . . . . Miss Simrall
VI. Illustration of the Romantic Spirit.
The Blue Closet.
a. Interpretation .. . . . . Miss Holmes
b. Recitation.
VII. General Discussion.
Did the first volume of Morris foretell an epic poet?
Leaders: Miss Hill,
Miss Ruddle.

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On November 5, Phi Sigma's third meeting of the year was held in Society Hall. The program was as follows:

"A Dreamer of Dreams, Born out of My Due Time."

I. Music.
II. Morris the Modern Chaucer . . . . . Helen James
III. Morris's Use of the Original Greek and Norse Stories . Miss Count
IV. Song.
V. Comparison of Greek and Norse Ideals of Beauty. . Miss Tooker
VI. Song.
VII. General Discussion:

How far is it legitimate and possible for the modern poet to reproduce the ancient spirit?

Leaders: Miss Huntington, Miss Porter.

The Agora Society held its regular meeting October 15; the topic for discussion on that evening being "The Functions of the President and his Cabinet." Miss Benson, '94, and Miss McNair, Special, have recently been elected members of the Agora.

The October meeting of the Seakespeare Society, postponed from October 29, was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, November 5. The Society was happy to welcome back Miss Elinor Green, Miss Cornelia Green and Miss Anna Wilkinson, all of '92, who attended the meeting, and also to welcome for the first time its two new honorary members, Miss Knox and Miss Sherwood, and its new regular members, Miss Adeline Bonney, '94, and Miss Grace Weymouth, '95. Following is the program of the evening:

Eighteenth Century Comedy.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Pope
II. The Rise of Drama in Comedy . . . . . Miss Lincoln
III. Dramatic Representation.

She Stoops to Conquer. Act V.

Hastings . . . . . Miss Feeny.
Tony Lumpkin . . . . . Miss Newman.
Mrs. Hardcastle . . . . . Miss Bartholomew.
Mr. Hardcastle . . . . . Miss Randolph.

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IV. Talk. The Shakespeare Revival under Garrick . . Miss Mudgett
V. A Study of Eighteenth Century Wit . . . . . Miss Blake
VI. Dramatic Representation.

The Rivals. Act I. Scene II.

Lucy . . . . . Miss Capps.
Lydia . . . . . Miss Wells.
Mrs. Malaprop . . . . . Miss Crapo.
Sir Anthony . . . . . Miss Anderson.

VII. Debate. The drama of the later eighteenth century confirms Carlyle's statement that the eighteenth century world was effete.

Affirmative. Miss Stahr.
Negative. Miss Pierce.

Marriages.

CONVERSE—WHITE. Sept. 1, at Owosso, Michigan, Gertrude White, Sp., '88-90, to Frank E. Converse.

ALLISON—YOUNG. Oct. 12, at Louisville, Ky., Mary P. Young, '90, to Burt McVeagh Allison.

KROHN—WEAVER. Sept. 7, at New London, Conn., Hattie Brockney Weaver, '89, to Prof. Wm. Otterbein Krohn.

EDWARDS—ALDEN. Oct. 27, at Camden, Me., Mae Louise Alden, '91, to William Pierpont Edwards.

EDDY—FULLER. June 8, at West Newton, Mary E. N. Fuller, formerly of '92, to to Clinton L. Eddy. At home, Cherry street, West Newton.

Births.

In Cambridge, Mass., July 8, a son, Henry Wells Livermore, to Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, '87.

In Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 21, a son, John Fletcher, 2d, to Mrs. Bertha Holbrook Moffett, 85.

Deaths.

In Washington, early in August, Mrs. William C. P. Breckenridge, mother of Sophonisba Breckenridge, '88.

In Marlboro, Mass., Oct. 4, Mrs. Stephen Morse, mother of Mrs. Mary Morse Richardson, '87.

In Auburndale, Mass., Oct. 17, John Brigham Stewart, father of Cora Stewart, '86-'91.

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College Bulletin.

Monday evening, November 28, Concert.

Saturday evening, December 3, Talk by Dr. Underwood on "Manners and Customs in Corea," illustrated by costumes and curios.

Sunday, December 4, preaching in the Chapel by Rev. A. H. Plumb, followed by communion service.

Sunday, December 4, at 7.30, a talk by Dr. Underwood on Mission Work in Corea.

Sunday, December 11, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. Miller of Philadelphia.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, DECEMBER 17, 1892. No. 3.

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THE TENDENCIES OF MODERN FRENCH DRAMA.

"FRENCH tragedy is a parody of itself," said Goethe, in the days when Victor Hugo was yet a child and Voltaire still reigned over the French stage with studied severity. And while the dramatic rules of Racine and Boileau were each year invigorated and reinforced, while Voltaire drew the classic laws ever tighter, and held in contempt the very Greeks as too familiar, the tragic drama did indeed pose and strain itself into an attitude not unlike a caricature of its former self. If, as Ruskin once said, "all copyists are contemptible, but the copyist of himself the most so, for he has the worst original," French tragedy at the beginning of the century must be declared *most contemptible*. Not only does it copy itself, but it emphasizes its own hollowest mockeries. Until 1830, Hugo himself tells us, "Instead of scenes we have narrations; instead of pictures, descriptions. Grave personages, placed like a chorus between us and the drama, come and tell us what is taking place in the temple, in the palace, in the public place, until

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we are tempted to call out to them, 'Truly? Then why do you not take us there? It must be well worth seeing.'"

But at the time when English actors entered Paris, in 1827, and played Shakespeare's dramas to an awakening public, the rebellious spirit of innovation was already at work among the French, and before the year was out war was waging between the old classic school and the new band of "romanticists." Of the half dozen writers who were bold enough to throw aside the stilts on which the stage had gradually perched itself, two leaders — Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas — succeeded in gaining a stand, and in demonstraitng that a true poet needs only "the sturdy limbs that nature gave" to climb Mount Parnassus and kneel devoutly before the shrine of Art.

One who regards Shakespeare's plays as the highest productions we know may perhaps view the masterpieces of these romanticists with some misgivings. Hugo's *Hernani* has for hero a bandit who secures the affections of the fair Dona Sol in spite of the machinations of two powerful rivals, to one of whom he is indebted for his life. A compact has been made between them that at any time his rescuer shall blow a blast on his hunting horn, Hernani shall straightway drink poison as a tribute of gratitude to his noble friend. In the triumphant moment of the hero's marriage with his lady, won after many hardships, the horn is heard,— and Hernani, after quaffing his draught, leaves enough of the poisoned wine in the cup to enable his newly-made wife to share his death and contribute to the general discomfiture.

The rapid movement of the play has, however, its fascination, and the many exquisite passages leave the reader indisposed to dwell on obvious weaknesses. But we can hardly wonder that the classic devotees stood aghast, and that before the first run of the play was over there was not an act, incident or line that had not been hissed, at least once.

Dumas' greatest drama is *Henry III.*, but he is better known to the American public through the dramatizations of the stories, *The Count of Monte Christo* and *The Three Musketeers*. The giddy rate at which one is spun from one intrigue to another in *Henry III.* is quite a respectable pace when compared with the mad plunging through a hodge-podge of dangers, crimes, plots, hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures accomplished in

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the other two plays. The historic basis in them all is little more than a pretence, but they are stirring plays, with force, invention and variety enough to render them not unworthy one of the pioneers of a new school who, at sixteen years of age, was baptized poet, "in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller."

The romantic movement was neither led nor sustained by great dramatists, and it is doubtful whether the plays which mark its advent will long survive now that the enmity of the classicists has ceased to attract by its abuse the attention of the public. The best of its writers are better at the novel than the drama, and it is only by their spirit and ingenuity that they claim the public ear. They are melo-dramatic in tone, and cannot be called great dramatic poets. Having scandalized the French drama out of its grotesque proprieties, they have performed their task, and, like Samson, they die with their enemies. The pillars which support the classic temple of fame are broken by them, and descend on their own heads, felling romanticism with their weight; while of the levelled ruins is formed a new stage — so broad as to find room for Sardou and the younger Dumas side by side with Daudet and Augier; so low, shall we say, as to offer a place even to Octave Feuillet and Georges Ohnet; so strong, shall we predict, as to bear up under the thunderous tread of the naturalists, headed by the robust and relentless analyst of the passions of men — Emile Zola.

The classicists preached a gospel of form, the romanticists elevated passion to the pedestal of worship, slighting not only convention but consistency and common sense. The realists came next in order, and were as energetic to repudiate the fetish of romanticism as the preceding school had been to spurn the classic gods.

Emile Augier is the most gifted as well as the best known of the poet-romanticists, but if Voltaire's saying be true that "there are no really good works except those which go to foreign nations, which are studied there, and translated," Augier has produced little that is good. It is curious that our theatre-going public should be familiar with *Camille*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *La Tosca* and *Fedora*, when hardly one of Augier's plays is known even by name. The popularity of *Dumas fils*, whose claims to the title of moralist have been received with some derision, and the neglect of Augier, whose plots are eminently proper, lead one to judge that Americans are either un-

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willing to bring confusion into their dramatic vocabulary by combining the antipathetic terms *French* and *moral*, or that they are not at bottom convinced that the French play, of which *Camille* stands as the type, can be easily improved upon.

It is not possible to discuss the relative merits of individual dramatists at length here, still less the mooted question of morality in the French theatre, but it is worth while to observe that the best literary style, the most faultless taste and the purest thoughts may be found at least in such plays as *The Adventuress*, *The Son-in-Law of M. Poirier*, and *The Son of Liboyer*, three of Augier's best works. The disposition, fortunate or unfortunate, moral or immoral, shown by most Frenchmen of the present time, to hack away eternally at the seventh commandment, is not noticeable in Augier, though he may be but the verifying exception to the rule laid down by one critic — that the third person in marriage is as necessary to the plots of the French writers of the nineteenth century as the third estate in government to those of the statesmen of the eighteenth.

Alexandre Dumas the younger, who stands between Angier with his sound sense and high ideals, and Sardou, with his cheap, showy plays, must be named as the greatest realist. For Dumas fils is the first to bring on the stage scenes taken from actual life, vital and real. His characters are strong and new, and although the idea of his best known play, *Camille*, comes first to the light in the earlier work, *Manon Lescaut*, his next greatest play, gives form to so unfamiliar a stratum of society that Dumas may be said to have enriched the French and foreign vocabulary with the word which is its title — *Demi-Monde*. The *half-world* hanging midway between the real world and the social outcasts, and made up of an ambitious mass struggling to gain an entrance or regain a right to the upper circles from which it is shut out by fault or fortune, is hard for an American to comprehend, and even for a Frenchman to recognize, but it exists. Standing at the very threshold of the true "world," and resembling it as a very echo, it is thronged with repudiated wives, ambitious adventuresses, and clever intriguers. Dumas says it may be known by the absence of the husband. According to him, this strange half-world is a training school, and a young man like himself, with no moral instruction, living in the demi-monde until he arrives at the age of discretion, will discover for himself all the precepts usually laid down

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by anxious parents; and these precepts, be it said, including the entire range of scriptural quotations, M. Dumas fils has it at his fingers' ends. He is a moral teacher — so he says. He has tried it himself, and immorality does not pay. In his later years he unmistakably preaches, and what immorality there is in his earlier work must be sought in omissions rather than statements. It may be immoral to fail to explain that Camille is a grand exception among women of her class: it is not immoral to show that she is noble and self-sacrificing. Moreover, Dumas fils states squarely that he disapproves of badness. "Be not bad, for you will be unhappy" is at least negatively moral.

Sardou, though so well known, is meretricious. A trifling writer, brilliant but not profound; ingenious, but not sincere. It is a saying worth remembering that Sardou is cleverness raised to the *n*th, and cleverness with more of the light and less of the heat belonging to it than is found in any other man. The wide acquaintance of the general public with Sardou may perhaps be explained by the fact that Mme. Bernhardt acts his plays, and America knows *La Tosca* and *Cleopatre*, if not through the English tongue, through that language of all humanity into which they are translated by the greatest actress on the stage.

An understanding of the popularity of French plays and of the reasons their pre-eminence aids not only in following the march of dramatic art, grasping the essential elements of the drama in general. To Eugene we may look for suggestions. He, more than any other man, has the art of constructing plays, and his four hundred dramas and libr[illegible]ade a name for him in every land. Since his ad-
led the world, and his careful attention to plot
tion rather than thought, to what is done rather
cate the lines along which the drama is tending.
t that we all know *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Frou-*
The Partners, *Our Society*, *The Iron-Master*, *The*
Abbe Constantin, *The Paper Chase*,— that our
ely filled with translations and adaptations from
lish and American plays as we have are largely
nch school, may lie in the very nature of the
orous and picturesque rather than elaborate,

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This versatile and brilliant people, always in the vanguard of civilization, has had half a dozen revolutions in government since the American Declaration of Independence, and three revolutions on the stage. Classicism, with its poetic calm and severe taste, held its own at the beginning of the century. Romanticism, with its fire and turbulence, was born in 1830 and died soon after. Realism, with its fidelity to every-day life and its photographic details, came in 1850. Realism still lives, but the critics who point to Tolstoi, Bourget, DeMaupassant and Daudet as leaders in the realm of romance, are certain that the more pronounced school of naturalism, which outrealizes Realism in denouncing plot, artistic skill, and artificial construction, is crowding to the front, and must gain the day.

Naturalism may best be described in the words of its most eminent disciple, Zola. It is "the return to nature. It is what scientific men did when they first thought of beginning with the study of bodies and phenomena, of basing themselves on experience, of working by analysis. Naturalism in literature is also the return to nature and to man, direct observation, exact anatomy, the frank acceptance and depicting of the thing as it is." An inquest on humanity is what M. Zola proposes in his new school, with no aim but to observe. But although any inquiry must always attract the mind of man, one cannot, after reading such a play as Therese Raquin, help feeling a throb of sympathy for the man who defines a naturalist as "one who refuses to paint your picture unless you are pitted with small-pox."

Whether or not the naturalists are the future dramatists, and whether or not the stage will become a dissecting table, unimaginative, unartistic, unmoral, one thing is certain. *If* the stage is to be universal in its range it is a mistake to bring only diseased bodies and rotting members for inspection. Zola's scientific spirit, while it may be in touch with the "historic criticism" attitude of the day, with the pitiless curiosity now uppermost in all schools of thought, fails in so far as it sees only the dreary side of life, just as the romantic spirit fails in seeing only its ideal side. Perhaps a little touch of humor in Zola would give one a respite from his heroic hideousness.

And yet he is the only dramatist of the century, except Hugo, who is not humorous. The drama of the day is *Comédie* — not the old-fashioned comedy, but a bright, sketchy painting of modern manners with a dash of sarcastic humor. The great majority of French writers give us even farces and

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vaudevilles. The stage is also becoming more spectacular. The *show* part, the staging, costuming, grouping and scenic effects are often half the play—sometimes all. The tendency to abolish the old placard, which once announced the city in which the scene was laid, and to indicate by appropriate surroundings all the circumstances and setting, finds something of a parallel in the disposition to leave out the statements of the morals supposed to be taught, and to expect the situations and consequences to speak for themselves. Those who hold that scenery distracts attention from the drama proper may consistently claim that real and natural incidents distract attention from the lessons taught. It is as true to say scenery destroys drama as to say naturalism destroys morality. If, indeed, we believe life to be immoral, we must hold that a picture of life *au naturel* is perforce immoral. If life seems to us ethical, a copy of life cannot but carry its lesson. If life is a puzzle, which can only be called *un*-moral, its photograph will be for us meaningless from the standpoint of ethics. Granted that the naturalist does what he says he does — gives us a chapter of real life — we shall, each of us see that chapter through the glass of individual character, and the resulting impression on the mind will depend upon the nature of the glass.

AGNES SINCLAIR HOLBROOK.

"*THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION*"— *MURILLO.*

It came when all the realm of sky,
That 'twixt God's earth and heaven did lie,
Was dark, when masses heavy-white
Of clouds, gray-shadowed by the night,
Rolled writhing in the great On High.
It came, a slender, crescent line
Of light, from out the sun, to twine
Its arms about the dark and shine.

That night, a woman's soul that lay
Along God's straight and narrow way
Was dark. When, lo! a slender line
Of light — a ray from the Divine —
Close clasped her soul and sought to shine.

She wandered through the spirit sky,
Adored by heaven's cherubim,
And lifting to Great God, Most High,
Her eyes, wherein her soul did lie
The while it sang its praise to Him.

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And ever did the cherubim —
God's heaven children, yet unborn —
Whisper to her sweet thoughts of Him
Who on that wondrous winter morn
Within her arms at last should lie.
They taught her heaven's lullabye,
That stills the heaven children's cry,
They filled her soul with thoughts of things
That through earth's sinning should endure,
And keep her child forever pure,
As doth befit a King of Kings.

And men may see that vision bright,
Born of a painter's inner sight.
The white clouds floating through the night,
The woman with uplifted eyes,
And flowing hair and folded hands,
Surrounded by the cherub bands—
God's thoughts in a divine disguise —
And men may see the crescent moon,
That new-born slender, silver line;
But angels saw the ray divine
Within her soul, the line of light
That twined about her dark that night.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

HELLENISM: AS SHOWN IN WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S "DRYOPE."

A GROUP of poems by Walter Savage Landor, known as "Hellenics," best shows the influence of the old Greek thought and art upon modern poetry. The poems are introduced by the lines,

> "Who will away to Athens with me? who
> Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flower
> Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; twist the sail."

Whoever accepts this invitation is carried into a country where Dryads and Hamadryads people earth and water; where the days are spent in happy revel, on the cool, grassy slopes; where life is careless and restful.

The story of "Dryope" is an idyll of this fair country, tranquilly and gracefully told. The subject is classic, and the treatment is in keeping

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with the theme. The classic spirit is felt, first of all, in the very sentence-structure.

"Oeta was glorious; proud of ancestry
There Dryops reigned . . . but above
All ancestry went forth his daughter's fame,
Dryope, loved by him. . . . "

Although the passages are totally dissimilar in thought, a comparison of form may be made between this and, "Ὡς ὁ μὲν ἴδνη καδῆνδε πολυλιτας δῖος Ὀδυσσευς ὕπνῳ καὶ καάμιτῳ ἀρήμενος." "Thus, then, he was slumbering, wearied, godlike. Odysseus by sleep and weariness mastered." This shows a like position of words and phrases, verb and subject.

"He rusht on Dryope,
So slow in due performance of the rites.
Rites which their fathers, for their gods ordained,"

is another instance of this Greek construction.

Although the references to Nereids and Dryads set the poem among the pastorals of a later day than that of Homer, there are Homeric touches in the epithets, which give descriptive bits, without delaying the story. Dryope is loved by him "whose *radiant* car surmounts the heavens."

"The tresses of his *golden* hair
Wills he to fall . . . On Dryope alone."

Again note the Homeric method of character portrayal, by means of qualifying epithets. The phrases, "*proud of ancestry*, there Dryops reigned," "Apollo, proud of Python slain," remind us of Μεγαλήτορ' Ἀλκίνοος or γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.

The kind of beauty in the poem is an evidence of the Greek influence. No scene is overcrowded. The writer makes no effort to pack the verses with description. Neither is there any strain on the part of the reader to see all that is given. Indeed, more is suggested than mentioned. The first verse produces a sense of wondrous beauty. The classic influence is shown by the restrained form of expression. Where Swinburne or Rossetti would have given a wealth of color and glowing imagery, Landor, with the control of a tranquil Greek, simply says,

"Oeta was glorious."

Again, in the lines,

"He followed her along the river bank,
Along the shallow, where the Nereids meet
The Dryads,"

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we feel the beauty of the cool river bank; but Landor refrains from describing the shallow. He is content to tell us, it was "where the Nereids meet the Dryads."

"Suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe."

The music is that of Greek pastoral life. Dryads and Hamadryads, revels, and the circling dance, bring to mind groves, alive with gentle nymphs and merry satyrs.

"Weary with dancing, Dryope reclined
On the soft herbage."

No unnecessary detail confuses. The picture is beautiful, and is clearly drawn; but, again, the classic restraint renders it a picture in marble, instead of a colored painting.

"Before her feet
Shone forth a lyre." "Whose that lyre
Each askt."

The name of the instrument suggests Apollo, and the sense of mystery rouses thoughts of gods and unseen powers.

"She thrust it in her bosom. Ha! Behold!
A snake glides forth."

This incident is directly from the Greek mythology. Then with the serene movement of the classic school, Landor stops to tell how

"Antinoë dasht upon her fragile reed
Her tender hand."

The snake "rusht on Dryope so slow, in due performance of the rites." The tone here is classic, for the time was, when the gods were near to men, and brooked no slight.

The description of the snake, by the nymphs, who relate much of the action and, in a measure, take the part of the chorus, is less restrained than other parts of the poem.

"How he licks
Her eyes and bosom! how he bends her down
When she would rise and run away."

"How swells the creature's neck! how fierce his crest!"

Another bit of a beautiful picture is the line

"Deep in a woody dell, beneath a cliff."

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It suggests tall trees, cool shade, and the play of sunlight upon the "soft herbage." There is a restful green light over the scene, although Landor mentions no color.

The allusion to teasing lizards, "on hot days," is far from modern. Nor can we imagine a maiden of Mediæval times thus engaged. At this point comes in the one part of the whole poem which seems inconsistent.

" . . . The species seems
Rare, it is true."

The idea of a nymph making a distinction between "species" is astonishing, and has too strong a touch of the nineteenth century scientific movement to be spoken by a wood-nymph, in a Greek idyll centuries ago.

The only bit of color in the poem is purple, and that quickly changes to white. The absence of color is an essentially Greek element.

As the poem approaches the end, the fatalism, at the root of Greek philosophy begins to be felt. The nymphs return, "with downcast eye." They recall and tremble at the power of the God. The culmination of this idea is where Dryope is pitied by the nymphs, Dryope,

"The victim of such cruelty."

The restraint here is wonderful. The quiet withdrawal of Dryope,

"Slowly, nor staying to reprove,"

has none of the nineteenth century fire and passion. There is no rebellious outbreak against fate; it is entirely submissive.

In four lines, Landor concludes the story of Dryope's life, Dryope "the happy spouse of Andræmon"; "the mother of Amphisson"; Dryope "celebrated in the groves and dales of Oeta."

As a whole, the poem is objective. We must know the author's keen sympathy with the quiet Greek content, although he gives no subjective treatment. The atmosphere is that of warm springtime, in an Arcadian vale. The soft grass lies thick in the dell. The air is rarefied. We get no perfumes borne on the wind from the sweet flowers of the valley. It is all cool and clear. Although color is lacking, the form is perfect, and Landor gives real pictures, for we supply the elements of color and atmosphere.

With the restraint of a Greek sculptor, Landor gives no more than would be necessary in modelling a statue. In this poem there are the elements of Keats' "Greek Urn."

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As Dryad and Hamadryad "run before, behind," we are reminded of,

"What men or gods are these?"

Dryope, slow in performing rites, suggests the "maiden loath."

Keats' "What pipes and timbrels" might be a translation of Landor's

"Suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe and clash
Of Cymbal."

The woody dell, if moulded upon a Greek urn might call forth,

"Ah, happy, happy bough! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu."

The flying, frightened nymphs; the snake coiling round the weary Dryope; the appearance of the god with arms outstretched, might all find place upon a chiseled urn, and to this vase the lines of Keats might well be applied:

"O Attic shape! Fair attitude; with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!"

MAUDE KELLER.

MEDIÆVALISM: AS SHOWN IN TENNYSON'S SIR GALAHAD.

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloudy fielde;
* * * * * * * *
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

So rides Tennyson's Sir Galahad, out of the forests of Provence, out of the realm of trouvère and troubadour, out of the mists of the Middle Ages, into the light of modern day and modern England; past

"Hall and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale."

So he rides, with rythmic, rocking lope, singing his roundelay — his roundelay or Tennyson's? That is the question.

The external form of the song may be regarded, on the whole, as legiti-

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mately mediæval; the twelve-line stanza, written in iambic tetrameter with rhymes for alternate lines, being simply a variation of the ordinary ballad-stanza. It is musical, but not in the complicated sense in which the essentially modern poem is musical. It lends itself to a tune, which the modern musical poem seldom does. It lends itself also to the mediæval moods of the knight-errant who croons:

> "How sweet are looks that ladies bend
> On whom their favours fall!"

or hums softly to himself:

> "I muse on joy that will not cease,"

or shouts through the forest with all the force of his mediæval lungs:

> "All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
> Until I find the Holy Grail."

Studying the poem stanza by stanza in search of mediævalisms and modernisms, we find the first stanza crowded to the uttermost with images of chivalry; eye and ear are filled with the vision and the sound of the tournament of the Middle Ages, and the effect is accomplished mainly by the use of the quaint old words:

> My good blade carves the casques of men.
> * * * * *
> "The shattering trumpet shrilleth high.
> * * * * *
> "The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly.
> * * * * *
> "They reel and roll in clanging lists."

And the realism of the scene is still further enhanced by the contrast of this little touch at the end:

> "Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
> That lightly rain from ladies' hands."

There are two lines in this first stanza that slip out of the heated air of chivalry and the tournament into a rarefied atmosphere:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure."

And these give us an insight into the religious spirit of the age, — the spirit of faith and mystery,—and also a glimpse into the soul of the "maiden-knight" — a mediæval soul, for what knight of to-day would not be too

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self-conscious or too self-deprecatory, thus innocently to shout aloud his consciousness of power, with all the trees of the forest near to listen and shake their heads?

The opening lines of the second stanza give us another touch of chivalry, an inward touch, a revelation of the chivalric personality of mediæval man; and the thought is again made clear by the quaint words:

"How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their *favours* fall;
For them I *battle* till the end,
To save from *shame* and *thrall*."

In sharp contrast to the chivalry appears the asceticism in the remaining lines of the stanza, — the allusion to *crypt* and *shrine*, the self-denial of all pleasures of sense:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine,"

and the religious enthusiasm:

"More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

Thus far our knight has proved his right to sing the song; has confined himself within the limits of his own time, and has carefully refrained from borrowing images from posterity. In the first line of the third stanza, however, we feel for the first time that he is trespassing upon forbidden ground, or rather that he is riding beneath a nineteenth century sky. It is of course possible, but is it probable, that a knight of the Middle Ages would have spoken of "the stormy crescent?" The use of the adjective is subjective and modern, for while the thirteenth century doubtless had crescent moons we do not feel so sure that it possessed "the stormy crescent."

The remainder of the stanza reflects the spirit of the Middle Ages through two other of its aspects: Roman Catholic ritualism, as seen in "the noise of hymns," the "secret shrine," "the tapers burning fair," "the snowy altar cloth," the silver vessels and the censer.

And superstition, as seen in the lines:

"I hear a voice, but none are there,
The stalls are void, the doors are wide.
* * * * *
And solemn chaunts resound between."

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Stanza number four continues with the thought of the supernatural, changing for a second from the superstition of religion to that of magic:

"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board, no helmsman steers ——"

and mounting to the religious again with:

"A gentle sound, an awful light."

In the next three lines our knight displays distinctly artistic tendencies; moreover, he is a Pre-raphaelite:

"Three angels bear the holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail,"

and a Preraphaelite of the modern school, a fact betrayed by his "sleeping wings," another instance of modern subjective use of adjective.

The mystic of the Middle Ages reappears in the line:

"Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!"

and expands fully into the nineteenth century poet in the last three lines:

"My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars."

in which the beauty, the feeling and the words (as *star-like*) are distinctly modern.

In this stanza we begin to feel the spirit of quest, effort, yearning, which so pervaded the Middle Ages, and this feeling grows more intense throughout the remainder of the poem and reaches its climax in the closing lines. It is the spirit of adventure, the search after an ideal, the yearning towards the spiritual, the mysterious.

In the fifth stanza the modern and mediæval touches are curiously mingled; we have the "goodly charger," the cock that crows ere the Christmas morn, the "brand and mail," while on the other hand we have the purely subjective treatment of nature and the modern use of adjective in "dreaming towns" and "streets dumb with snow," and the wholly modern adjective in "branchy thickets." Ending with a bit of supersition and an exquisite but perfectly objective and mediæval handling of nature in:

"But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields."

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Number six, continuing in the spirit of yearning, gives us a touch of the symbolism employed by Holy Church; and also a glimpse of the almost trance state attained sometimes by the mediæval mystic:

> "I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
> That often meet me here.
> I muse on joy that will not cease,
> Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
> Pure lilies of eternal peace,
> Whose odours haunt my dreams."

Culminating in the religious ecstasy of the last lines:

> "And stricken by an angel's hand,
> This mortal armour that I wear,
> This weight and size, this heart and eyes
> Are touch'd, and turn'd to finest air."

The seventh stanza breaks into joyous prophecy as the vision becomes more clear to the excited knight, who, no longer indulging in modern reflections on nature, rises again to the height of pure mediævalism from which he started in the first stanza. Mystery, asceticism, chivalry, effort, all, are contained in the lines:

> "Then move the trees, the copses nod,
> Wings flutter, voices hover clear.
> 'O just and faithful knight of God!
> Ride on! the prize is near.'"

Then with a sudden plunge the rider leaves his dreaming, and dashes off and away with the shout, impossible to modern world-weariness:

> "All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
> Until I find the holy Grail."

It is cleverly done, this burst of mediævalism at the end, but we must not let it blind us to the fact that our knight has several times lapsed into modernisms, and beautiful as these modernisms have been, and much as they tended to beautify the poem as a poem, they have detracted from its mediæval character.

And yet *Sir Galahad* is perhaps less impregnated with modernisms than any of Tennyson's mediæval poems except *St. Simeon Stylites*, for the *Idylls of the King*, besides the subjective nature descriptions, contain an undercurrent of ethical thought which is essentially modern.

The question now arises: is it reasonable to suppose that the poet, in

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order to produce a perfectly accurate picture of the Middle Ages, will be able to strip from his verse all those modern touches which he knows enhance its beauty and its poetry? This seems to us impossible; first, because it would be turning backward upon the steps of the evolution of poetry; secondly, because it would kill the poet.

Civilization has advanced since the thirteenth century; and that the evolution of civilization should continue in the nineteenth century while that of poetry, which is one of its elements, should circle back to the thirteenth century and leave our modern civilization in the lurch is in opposition to all law and experience.

That the poetry of the thirteenth century could be written in the nineteenth, would argue nothing more than stagnation, and a clever imitative faculty.

Secondly, the poet is a creature of progress; and if he should persist in constantly forcing back his new growth of thought, he would smother himself.

We might then have imitators, dilettanti, amateurs, antiquaries — a complacent race of individuals — but never poets.

It is because of his very progressiveness that the modern poet has embraced these foreign forms and themes. They make his new thought artistic, they take it out of the ugliness of modern civilization, they make it more striking by contrast. The poet dreams not of returning to the old myth of the Greeks, but of creating for the world a higher myth; of passing from the strange, chaotic, brightly colored imagination of babyhood to the higher imagination attained after the commonplace years of childhood and early youth are past.

Let the poet choose as he will from the world's shelf of bric-a-brac, a Greek lamp, a mediæval candlestick, or a liberty torch, but if he does not put a light in them, it were as well to leave them on the shelf.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

SEAWARD.

In the heart of the hills a lingering stream
Goes songfully on to meet the sea;
In the heart of the hills enthralled in a dream
My life waits wistfully.

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I kneel me down where the waters pass,
'Mid purpling flags and lilies of white,
I bury my face in the long sedge-grass
That the waves kiss in their flight.

I whisper down through the water's sheen,
"Oh, stream, thou art brave to seek the sea,
'Mid the sin and the shame that wait between,
Thou wilt lose thy purity.

"I dreamed a dream of the hidden years,
And my heart is songless, my lips are dumb,
My eyes are wet with the whole world's tears
For the sin and the shame to come."

The stream made answer in glimmer and glow,
"In spite of purity, lost or won,
The stately ships pass to and fro,
And the world's work must be done.

"Beyond the pain, and beyond the mist
There waits forever the vast of the sea,
And the voice of the hoar Evangelist
Thunders, 'Eternity.'"

There with my face in the cool sedge-grass,
I heard the murmur of waters that flee,
I caught the flutter of wings that pass,
And my soul longed to be free.

My feet were fain for the river-side
Beyond the hills and the stream's glad birth,
My eyes were fain for the vision wide
Of meeting sky and earth.

My heart grew eager to bear and know
The toil, the pain, the shame and the strife,
That rise and gain in the surge and flow
Of the turbulent tide of life.

Then, lo, in the hills was borne to me,
Outpouring from water, and air, and sod,
An echoing chant from the measureless sea
Of the infinite spirit of God.

In the heart of the hills, a lingering stream
Goes songfully on to meet the sea,
In the heart of the hills, enthralled in a dream,
My life waits wistfully.

ADA S. WOOLFOLK.

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PEN PICTURES.

One day I was sitting on a rock by the shore, idly gazing out to sea. Nothing in particular was in my mind; the sea and shore seemed uninteresting; but I still sat there, waiting, I knew not for what. It was a dull gray day, and very warm. The tide was slowly coming in without much life in it — not even enough to foam and fret as usual at the barren reefs guarding the land. A pale line of foam marked the distant reef, and a narrower one, not stationary like the first, but growing steadily nearer, showed how the sea was coming slowly, relentlessly, to cover up the little jagged rocks, the dainty pools fringed with seaweed and filled with quaint sea-creatures, and perhaps even the seat on which I was resting.

Still I felt disinclined to move. Slowly I turned and looked along the land for relief. No sign of life. The shore stretched far, an expanse of dull white sand here and there marked by tangles of prickly sea-grass, with its great spiky balls, or by thickets of screw-pine and cactus. All was bare, spiritless, even the vegetable life showing repulsive and gray. The sea were better than that, surely.

Suddenly there appeared a sea-gull with strenuous wings beating out to sea. How changed things were! A film fell from my eyes, the whole expanse showed its meaning in its face. Nature had given me one of her secrets to keep. There was no need of staying longer; I had my lesson. I went, content to work and struggle if need be.

All summer long the leaves have been gathering in stores of sunshine They have danced in the breezes, glowed in the sunlight, and eagerly refreshed themselves with the summer rain. The ripening time has come for them too. The glowing golden life has been shown through their every pore. The fulfilment of their dainty springtide promise has been rich and glorious. What next? There they lie in great brown heaps, yet in them is the essential glory which they had at the beginning. Is it all to be at naught?

Some one applies a torch to the funeral pyre. The time has come for rendition. The essential sunshine leaps out as the brown bodies quiver and shrink. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Some flee the glorious torture and are seen gleaming temporarily through the pillar of smoke, like dead souls

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from Purgatory. Not daring to live they drop, — leaves in form indeed but with the life eternally gone.

What a varying view it is! It changes with every mood of mine. Or perhaps the process is just the reverse and the color of my thoughts, whether "blue" or golden, shifts to suit the weather.

Yesterday was a glowing day. This was my view: whispering leaves and flickering shadows, warm smiles of sunshine on leaf-laden boughs, cool, stray breezes from the lake,— that bit of blue sky fallen to earth and shimmering through green trees and golden sunlight. This is a day when idleness is a pleasure — but work a delight. Few such days there are in any calendar. What inspirations do they bring?— "fair weather" inspirations all too truly, which, like "fair weather" friends, change with the wind.

To-day, a different landscape greets my eyes. The lake, wrinkling distressfully at every breath, sends sullen glances up at me and will not smile. The rugged oaks stand in stolid silence. The leaden sky hangs low above me. Far away, yet ever growing nearer, is the storm cloud.

AGNES S. COOK.

HOW SHE ENTERED IN.

SHE had been very beautiful, very beautiful and very cruel. Loving hearts had been laid upon her altar, but she had turned from them carelessly. Strong, true lives had grown weak and worthless in her service, it was all as nothing to her. Noble purposes, pure ambitions, lofty ideals had been thrown aside and lost under the spell of her malignant beauty, she had still swept on her way unheedfully.

She had been very wealthy, and she had given large sums of money in charity, but she had not seen the shivering beggar, who crouched beside her doorstep, waiting for a glimpse of the "Lady Beautiful." She had been very gentle and gracious to those around her, but she had known no more of their weary heartaches, their sadness and sorrow, than if they had been a thousand miles away. She had lived with no thought of others in her mind, with no sympathy for others in her heart — those others who would have given their lives for one of her cold smiles. She had lived a very

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queen in beauty and power, but a queen who received all and gave nothing in return.

And then she died.

They wept for her — those others — wept long and bitterly, and refused to be comforted. Her grave was covered with flowers, with the costly tributes of devoted friends, and with the humble offerings of lowlier subjects. The beggar stole in at twilight, and laid a half withered rose upon the mound, and the char-woman took ten pennies from her pitiful earnings and bought a bunch of pansies to place there. They all had worshipped her, and they all mourned for her, all except the little child. The child's mother had given her a cross of rare roses, white and beautiful. "Take them," she said, "take them to her whom we all loved"; but the little one had pushed them from her. "I will not," she cried. "I did not love her, and I am glad, glad she has gone." And then she sobbed because they called her naughty, and she laid the roses on the grave unwillingly, but she could not bear her mother's frown.

So the beautiful woman had died, and her spirit rose, and stood before the gates of Heaven, and demanded entrance there. The gates were of pearl, and a wondrous light shone through them, a strange, radiant light, which filled her with awe. She desired, with an intense longing, such as she had never known before, to enter in. But as she stood there an angel appeared before her, a spirit of brightness, and he spoke to her gently:

"Nay, thou canst not enter here."

Wonderingly she looked at him, for she had never before been refused that for which she had asked; but, perplexed by the strangeness of it all, and this new longing in her heart, she answered very humbly:

"Wilt thou not open the gate for me? All my life I went to the church and offered up my prayers. I gave generously to the poor, and I committed no crime. I did not lie. I did not steal. I did not commit murder. I did not covet that which was my neighbor's. Why may I not enter in?'

But the angel only lifted his hand and stood in silence. Then suddenly she heard music, as of the chanting of a great chorus.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

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The sounds died away, and the angel turned and looked upon her sadly. "Go," he said, "go and seek for this love, which as yet thou knowest not, for until thou hast in thy soul the 'love which is of God,' thou canst not enter into the kingdom of God."

And she turned and passed from the light into the outer darkness.

She was very troubled and very sorrowful, as she had never been before, for she knew now how great her misery would be, unless this strange and beautiful longing which had taken possession of her were satisfied, unless finally the gates of pearl rolled backward for her to enter in.

So she began her search for Love.

She wandered on and on in the gray light, so gray and sombre after the heavenly radiance, on and on, until afar off she saw the lights of the starry universe.

"There I will go," she thought, "there among the heavenly bodies I may find this Love which is of Heaven," and she went forward until she came among them.

Round and round her rolled the mighty worlds, each in its own unalterable orbit. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years, but they paused not, nor changed in their courses. She wandered among them, and called on the name of Love, but only the eternal silence answered her cry. At last her soul grew weary, very weary, and her hope began to fade. Then the Spirit of the Universe stood before her, and spoke to her.

"The mighty force which moves these planets is the force of law and not of love. Go, daughter, go again to thine own living world, and there find that which thou seekest."

So she came again to her own world. She wandered among the mighty forests, over the high mountains, and through the peaceful valleys, and everywhere she sought for Love. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years. The seed fell to the ground, the flower sprang up, blossomed, and, fading away, scattered more seeds to the wind. The raindrops fell into the stream, and were borne on and on into the mighty ocean, from whence they were drawn up once more into the air to fall as drops of rain. The acorn became an oak, and the birds built their nests in its branches, lived happily their little span of life, then passed away and other birds took their places.

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She wandered over the mountains and among the forests, searching for Love, but she found it not, and her soul grew very sorrowful. At last the Spirit of Nature appeared before her and spoke to her.

"The great force which governs nature is that of change, development, not of love. Go, daughter, seek again thine own world of humanity, and there begin thy search anew."

So she turned once more to the haunts of man. She found much hatred and envy and strife among those men, but Love existed too, and grew ever stronger and more beautiful. It was truly the Love for which she sought, but it did not enter into her soul. She saw it on every side but she could not make it her own. The minutes became hours, and the hours days, and the days years, and men were born, and lived their lives, and died, and others took their place.

Then despair filled her soul, and all hope departed from her. But, strangely enough, there came to her, in the midst of her misery, the thought of the half withered rose which the beggar had laid on her grave, and she turned, and wandered back to the grave-yard, where so long ago her beautiful body had been laid. There, in that very spot, they dug now another grave. It was very small, and into it they lowered the coffin of a little child. Near by was a new made mound where the child's father lay, between the two stood the mother. She stood quite still, her white, drawn face lifted toward heaven, but there was a beautiful light in her eyes and her lips murmured brokenly, "Thy will be done."

As the spirit of the dead woman hovered near, seeing it all, a great wave of pity filled her soul, and she bent over the mother and kissed her on the brow. Suddenly a strange radiance seemed to fall around her, and beside her stood the spirit of the child. "Come," it said, and together they rose toward Heaven. And lo, the gates of pearl were opened wide.

They entered in, and she heard once more the angel chorus, and then a Voice, like the sound of wonderful, far-off music came the words,

"A little child shall lead them."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

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A STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S VILLAINS.

THE origin of evil is a mystery; its existence is a fact; its outcome, we feel sure, is death. We cannot fathom the mystery of its beginning nor understand the fearfulness of its end; but, as a present reality, we must face it daily, and it makes for us the variety, the shadow, the tragedy of life. The power of evil, as we know it, finds expression in man. He may struggle and triumph over it or he may yield himself to it. When he chooses to be dominated by evil and gives himself to the thwarting and sullying of the current of life, we name him villain.

The presence of a thwarting influence is necessary in drama, whose very essence lies in the knotting and unknotting of events or in the collision of opposing forces. In classic drama the fates or the anger of the gods acted largely as the opposing circumstance, while man's part in the tangling of affairs was subordinated. But as Christianity taught man more of the nature and power of God, fate and divine anger as the origin of evil fell behind one active impersonation of evil, the Satan of the Mystery-plays. And as Christian thought still grew and men learned more of human responsibility, the drama at length gave us the villain, man himself the evil destiny, the worker of evil to his fellows. The tendency in introducing the villain was to present man as an incarnation of Satan, unmitigated evil. Shakespeare felt this influence in his early work, take for instance Richard III., but, as his genius grew and he saw more clearly that humanity is a mingling of gold and clay, in place of the stock villain, he created characters more truly men, though not less villainous.

It is our purpose to study into Shakespeare's use of the villain and see what the poet held to be the evil in human character.

Shakespeare, on the whole, does not use the villain as prominently as at first we might expect. The entanglement in the earlier plays is brought about by human perversity as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, by natural misunderstanding and incongruity of events as in the *Comedy of Errors*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Twelfth Night*, by supernatural beings as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by natural outgrowth of tendencies in mistakes, faults and thwarting purposes as in most of the historical plays, and by the working together of human fault and fate as in *Romeo and Juliet*. In the dramatic action of the later plays error holds almost as important a part as villainy.

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Brutus and Cassius, Timon of Athens and Cardinal Wolsey were victims of error, not of crime. And one feels inclined to place Mark Anthony here. He yielded to the joy of the moment, and his fault led him to his own ruin; but he was no villain. He sinned grandly not meanly; and though he injured others, treachery and wilful cruelty played no part in his character.

We have the first trace of the villain proper in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Demetrius is not a particularly active force in this drama as a whole, but he is important in one of the strands; he shows a willingness to plot and a capability both of treachery and cruelty; he is such stuff as villains grow from. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakespeare's transitional play from comedy toward tragedy, we have a fairly well developed villain in Proteus. After this the villain appears very frequently, until Shakespeare reaches the calm of his last period. "On the heights," the villain sinks almost out of sight, and the complication is the result of sudden impulse or past wrongs.

In attempting any classification of Shakespeare's villains we are met with many difficulties. In the first place it is not always easy to determine who is and who is not a villain, for we cannot class as such all who yield to the wrong. Sir John Falstaff was a prime rogue, and Richard II. was a weak, misguided king; these are not villains. It seems to me that in determining a villain we must ask, what are the motives for the evil action, are these motives habitual or accidental, and does the object of the action include cruelty toward others? Having formulated our test questions, the great difficulty comes in applying them. Can we discover the motives? Is it possible to know whether they are habitual or accidental? Is not all evil in a way cruel. In some cases the answers to our questions are plain, in others study can solve the problem; but in not a few instances mere personal opinion must determine the conclusion. However, on broad lines, we may form a correct classification.

In glancing over Shakespeare's characters we may separate from our villains the rogues. Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch and Autolycus represent this class. They are braggarts, topers, and of loose morals in general; but their wrong is rather against themselves than others. They are not actuated by cruelty or treachery.

Another class consists of more or less insignificant characters, bordering between the rogue and the villain. These are largely catspaws and accom-

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plices like Roderigo, Parolles, Trinculo. We may class Iachimo as half-way between a villain and an honest man; he entered villainy rather for the excitement of the chase than for any delight in cruelty, and his repentance shows he had better stuff in him. Here we may put as tinged with villainy but not altogether villains men of mixed motives like the Tribunes in *Coriolanus*, and those sinning from sudden weakness and repenting like Sebastian in *The Tempest;* and Leontes, Proteus and Bertram may be classed here on the ground that they acted from temporary motives, contrary to their natural characters. I, however, hold that they come very near the villain proper, and am strongly inclined to put them down as villains who repent in the end.

Turning now to the villains proper, we notice first a goodly number of the insignificant sort, such as Stephano and Caliban, the murderers in *Richard III.*, and *Macbeth*, Borachio and Conrade, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These all are low-minded, under-handed and cruel men. Shakespeare does not spend time over them and we will not, but will proceed at once to our study of the great villains.

I have chosen to present two classifications on different bases, but commensurate. The following scheme gives them:

a. Classification according to the moral and psychological view.

1. Self-deceiving villains.

King John.	Angelo.	Claudius of Denmark.
Shylock.	Lucio (?).	Cornwall.
Oliver.		Macbeth.
Duke Frederick.		Antonio.

2. Self-recognizing villains.

Richard III.	Iago.
Don John.	Edmund.

b. Classification according to the outcome in events.

1. Those turning from villainy.

Duke Frederick.	Shylock (?).	Edmund.
Oliver.	Angelo.	Antonio.

2. Those continuing in villainy to the end.

Richard III.	Lucio.	Iago.
King John.	Claudius of Denmark.	Macbeth.
Don John.	Cornwall.	

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These schemes are open to criticism and explanation.

We may question the place of Lucio. Little of his inward experience is given us; but he appears as an utter profligate, base and treacherous, lying for the sake of delight in slander, and, when discovered, without the grace of shame. Although in the main his vices ally him with the rogues rather than with the villains, yet his cruelty, suggested in his attitude toward his illegitimate child, and his delight in working evil, shown especially in the scenes with the Duke, justify our classifying him as a villain; and his fantastical, irresponsible character leads us to mark him as a self-deceiver, though on this point there is a question. Shakespeare's conception of Lucio is given in singling him out as the one irredeemable man of the play.

Claudius of Denmark did recognize the evil of his deed in killing his brother, but blinds himself against the utter villainy into which he has sunk. In the midst of his plottings he would pray. Oliver, Duke Frederick, Antonio and Cornwall are closely allied to Claudius in character and crime. We are given no hints that they recognized themselves as villains, and from general evidence we may conclude that they were men who ignored or largely justified to themselves their own crimes.

Shakespeare is true to life in giving us few self-recognized, deliberately determined villains. In the main a man slips into crime by small degrees, at each onward step seeking to make himself believe that he has gone no further. By what process Richard III., Don John and Iago have reached the point of deliberate villainy we are not told; they appear before us, full-grown in wickedness. In the case of Edmund the process is suggested in the wrongs of his birth and in his reckless foreign education. Edmund is the least black of the group, for he has more justifying causes for his crime, and he looks toward the object of his deeds rather than revels in the doing of them. He alone turns from evil when dying, "some good to do, despite of his own nature."

There is salvation, Shakespeare teaches, even for the villain, but it is not sure. One condition is some shrinking in the nature from crime, some vague hope for something better, and the other circumstance we may call fate, for want of deeper knowledge. Retribution overtakes Claudius in his sin, while an Oliver and Duke Frederick live to repent; a man may sin like Angelo and be forgiven, but Macbeth finds no return. It seems to me

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Shakespeare would teach us that the course of sin is toward death; and, although there is mercy, life and opportunity are uncertain.

The classification of Shylock occasions some difficulty. One may be inclined not to call him a villain, another may hold that he did not turn from his villainy. I think we must call Shylock a villain. He is under the sway of low motives, avarice and revenge; his outbreak over the loss of his ducats rather than his daughter shows the hold the former vice had upon him, and the strength of his passion for revenge is seen in his being glad to lose so much money to satisfy it. He is also obstinately cruel and the evil force in the plot, yet we do not call Shylock a villain of the deepest dye. We feel that the circumstances of his life and his many wrongs have made him what he is; moreover he is kind to his own people and still cherishes a love for his dead wife. His heavy punishment excites our pity; no other of Shakespeare's characters suffers for his sin in so great a degree. We are not told the result of the punishment, but I cannot but feel that the broken old man did in a measure expiate his sin and find a better life.

Having classified the villains in general, I wish to give some particular exposition of villains from Shakespeare's first, second and third periods; in the fourth period, as has been said, the villains are too insignificant to need special study.

The two villains of the first period are Richard III. and King John. Both are actuated by ambition, are able, crafty and cruel. The marked difference between them is that Richard has no secrets from himself, he knows that he is "subtle, false and treacherous," but John deceives everybody, himself included.

Richard III. is a monstrosity and approaches near the stock villain. Shakespeare took him as he found him, and has failed to make him a completely rounded man by lightening at times the shadows of his villainy. Instead, crime follows crime, the basest and most cruel imaginable, until the effect of wickedness is lessened by its very preponderance. This study of unmitigated evil is, nevertheless, very powerful. In Richard's opening soliloquy we are given his motive force — ambition his method — treachery and some explanation for his course in his deformity and its embittering effect in his life. Here Richard openly announces his determination to be a villain. This is an artistic defect, for it would be more forcible as a con-

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clusion than as a premise, and it is difficult to imagine a man frankly acknowledging and planning for such wholesale crime at the very start. Richard is the poet's youthful conception of villainy; he is characterized by fearlessness and lawlessness, he knows "no law of God nor man," but he believes in himself and trusts his own power to any length. Having his purpose clear, seeing the steps necessary to its accomplishment, Richard then proceeds to hide his intentions and his character, and "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." And, finally, Richard is cruel, cruel without limit and delighting in his crime. He earns at length the curse of the living and the dead, and worse than all, he himself condemns himself.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

King John's distinguishing characteristic is his power of ignoring his unscrupulous deeds or shifting their blame on others. Even in the face of his mother, he dare say against Arthur's claim, "One right for us." He tries to put the blame of Arthur's murder upon Hubert, saying:

"Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind."

And again he deceives himself regarding his base yielding to the Pope, claiming it was done "but voluntary." The mask of his life, however grows thin on his death-bed; truth, at length, forces recognition, and he says, "Within me is a hell," and then again, "The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt"; here lies a "module of confounded royalty."

Turning now to Shakespeare's second period, we will study briefly Don John and Angelo; the former reminds us of the unmitigated evil of Richard III., and the latter anticipates the subtle delineations of the third period, The villainy of these men is suggested by their outward traits. They are not popular, but cold, silent men, hiding away their lives and inclined to cruelty rather than to kindness.

Of the two, Don John is less fully depicted. We see him a dark shadow at the feast, apart from the joy or sorrow of those about him, given to bitter, revengeful thought. He has not the ability to originate plots of the daring and magnitude of those of Richard III.; but he is rather a supreme

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representative of the spiteful man. The joy of others rankles within him, and he is ready to stoop to the plans of low accomplices as "food for his displeasure." In his brooding, he has learned enough of himself to know that he is a villain; he glories in it before his accomplices, but when with others, he wraps about him the hypocrite's cloak. Like most spiteful men, he is a coward, and is ever willing to flee from the evil consequences of his deeds; but cruelty, treachery and cowardliness at length find their fitting reward. There seems little left in the man worthy of salvation. Shakespeare leaves him in punishment. If there was any return for Don John, we do not know it.

Angelo, although lacking in human sympathy and proving false to the highest trusts of life, differs widely from Don John. Angelo is a self deceived man. He does not know he is mean, he does not dream he is capable of gross sin. He prides himself on being upright, just and irreproachable, and for the rest of the world he has no charity. But we see him as a thoroughly selfish man, with motives consequently low. He would make his good name for the glory of it, and he would choose a wife for the money she would bring, and breaks faith with Mariana, when the money fails. This broken vow is but the beginning of his downward course. For a long time he still stands fair, but within are the seeds that at length bear fruit; he condemns unmercifully the hot-hearted Claudius, and then commits the same sin but with deeper dye, trading in life and honor to gratify his lust; and as a final act of treachery, when he thinks his victim is in his power, he goes back on his part of the contract.

But he cannot do all this and hear no voice of conscience. He *is* not completely bad. Do what he will to forget it, his "deed unshapes him quite," and he must say,

> "Would yet he had lived!
> Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
> Nothing goes right; we would and we would not."

And out of the depths Angelo is saved, for he truly repents his sin, while bravely facing its consequences. Shamed in the eyes of the world and worthy of death, Angelo gains life, because he finds his own place, sees himself as he is, and turns in horror and penitence from his crime. The devil flees when we face him.

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In his third period Shakespeare makes his great studies in evil. Before this the workings of villainy in character have inclined to external presentation; and where analysis has been subtle, it has not been carried to the extreme limit; we now find that the poet knows evil in all its depth and breadth, that, as he sees the bright possibilities open to men, he realizes the black depths into which the same men may sink.

I have chosen, as Shakespeare's supreme representatives of villainy, Macbeth and Iago. In these two characters Shakespeare presents the conditions, the workings, and the outcome of evil choice in men of rare gifts and noble opportunity; and the great interest lies not so much in the outward sequence of events as in the inward experience of the soul.

Macbeth possesses a fascinating personality. He is gifted and gracious; a soldier brave and able, a prince beloved and trusted, a friend worthy of Banquo's love, and a husband exciting devotion almost past belief. He is a man of nerves and fire, versatile, commanding, and keenly alive, imaginative to the extreme, and fascinating even in his moods. This is Macbeth at the opening of the drama. The tragedy of the play lies here; this intense personality comes under the sway of unlawful ambition, whose ends require outrage to the entire nature; ambition conquers, crime prevails, and the man is wrecked. Not the witches nor Lady Macbeth nor any external influence causes Macbeth's fall; he ruins himself and he does it irrevocably, mind, body, and soul. Macbeth possessed a passionate, imaginative, sensitive nature, but lacked firm principle. His nature shrank from an æsthetic or moral shock, but notwithstanding he "would be great." This became his strongest impulse; and Macbeth is a man ruled by impulse. Having thus given the rein to selfish ambition, his ruin becomes inevitable. Macbeth may waver before the start, but once on the field, he rides hot to the finish. He violated his nature and his whole being became disordered. His mind was a mad-house, and his very senses played him false. Sleepless nights and dread dreams and fantasies worked toward a physical wreck. He became less and less controlled, crime followed crime, he was mad with blood; and then there settled upon his soul a terrible apathy from which even the shriek of the women over the dead queen could not rouse him. Life had become to him but "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

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The drama of *Macbeth* is a subjective study of villainy; it shows us, humanly speaking, the losing of a soul. Turning now to *Othello*, we find in Iago a man who has already lost his soul. Here the study is of the baleful effects of one man's utter wickedness.

Iago gives us the keynote of his character in the first scene of the drama, when he says,

> "Not I for love and duty,
> But seeming so for my peculiar end."

Iago was nothing, if not politic; he kept his end in view and played his cards well. He wanted money and he made Roderigo his purse; he was jealous of Cassio and wanted his place, and he succeeded in disgracing and all but murdering him; and finally he hated the Moor and laid his plans for the ensnaring not merely of Othello's fortunes, but of his peace and happiness, and in this he did not miss his aim. Only when he sought to entrap Othello's very soul, did he overstep himself, and right triumph over wrong.

But why did Iago thus hate his general? He suspects, he says, that he has been deeply wronged by Othello, but he owns that it is a "mere suspicion." It is in fact a consequence rather than a cause of his hatred; for the prime reason lay in the fact that Iago was a villain and Othello an honest man. It is the antagonism between a low, treacherous, cruel nature and one, magnanimous, trustful, loving. Othello's large soul continually exasperated the mean Iago, and he sought to bring Othello down to his own level. Iago's was the complete villainy that believes in no lasting good, that gives the bitter sneer at the purest action, and finds or creates evil in all things. This is Iago's chief characteristic; but working towards this, we find that he is suspicious, utterly false, spiteful, cruel. He is as complete a compound of evil as is Richard III., and reminds us of that crafty, determined villain; but Iago, as a man, is more carefully rounded, and his villainy is more subtle and deeper hidden.

Iago is fully equipped for his purposes; his will never wavers and he has a keen sight and quick judgment. He reads character readily and knows how to attack it for his own ends; and he is an expert in hypocrisy, not even his own wife suspects the villain. He makes fools of everybody and aside smiles his smile at the making, until the fortunes of all are held fast in his ruinous toils.

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Shakespeare always shows the final overthrow of evil. Though the wicked may prosper, in the end they are plucked up by the roots. Iago works long for wretchedness and death and no one suspects it, till at length sin outsteps itself, and all know him then for a "viper," a "cursed slave," a "demi-devil," and a "damned villain." The discovery comes late, the tragedy is played out; but truth conquers at last and Iago falls in ignominy. We turn from him, and echo Ludovico's words,—

"O Spartan dog
More full than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
"To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it."

In conclusion we may note the fact that Shakespeare's general conception of villainy was always the same; it consisted in the dedicating of self to an unlawful purpose, involving treachery and cruelty. Shakespeare's attitude toward his villains is interesting. He hated Richard III. and King John and rejoiced in their overthrow; during the second period he showed more insight and his attitude was impersonal; in Iago we feel he took an intense intellectual interest, the study fascinated him; and Macbeth we know filled the poet's soul, claiming his deepest sympathy and sorrowful regret. He cannot give him up; at the end there is the flash of the old, heroic Macbeth,

"I will not yield, ... , lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough."

Notwithstanding that Shakespeare could thus enter into the attitude of his villains and sympathize with them as men, toward their evil he never wavers, but always brings it to condemnation. He rarely hints of punishment beyond the grave; but even here in this life "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

KATE MORGAN WARD.

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Editorial.

IS the short story on the wane? Is it too early to ask if, in the eras still to dawn, the short story, like the six-volume novel and the mastodon, is to become extinct? After the fashion of Alice in Wonderland, it is growing smaller and smaller. Is it a demonstration of the survival of the fittest in evolution which now appears to us in the form of the pastel, the prose poem?

It is the delight of the literary evolutionist of the present day to trace by means of minute laboratory work the evolution of fiction; to watch the six-volume novel dwindle to the short story. The six-volume novel is extinct to-day; no one has the time or the patience either to write or read six-volume novels. Why may not the short story meet a like fate? We have just as much time and just as much patience now as we had in the mastodon period of fiction, but to-day we do more "while you wait."

Before our very eyes the short story is shutting up like a conjuror's stick. The world is given over to the writing of prose poems. In the time that it took to produce one short story with its proper amount of continuity and polish, man can produce twenty prose poems; not good, all of them, to be sure, but infinitely better than a bad short story. A quirk of thought, a clever term of phrase, the ragged edges of an idea hastily torn from its fellows — away with continuity! This is the pastel.

The whole world writes pastels. The colleges cry for them. We will not say there is no such thing as a bad pastel; there are some extremely bad ones, especially among the college pastels — the Daily Themes. But there is a certain amount of excitement attendant upon the writing and reading of themes. In plain language, they would seem to depend rather upon luck than upon ability. Because a man gives you a poor theme to day it does not in the least follow that he will not give you a good one to-morrow. With the short story it was different; a man who wrote a poor short story once invariably did it again, and the short stories of the college student were for the most part pre-eminently bad. Not so his themes; these are the pride of his heart; he publishes them, he rejoices in himself as a literary star of lesser magnitude; the large literary lights beam upon him

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with encouragement and rejoicing; the "Rhetoric Departments" take unto themselves pride and satisfaction because of these evidences of their wisdom in methods of instruction.

What does it all mean? On the one hand, there occurs to us the encouraging hypothesis that the millennium of literature has arrived and that the whole world has suddenly developed a genius for writing fiction. On the other hand the same facts point to an alarming possibility. Remember that the short story is growing shorter and shorter; it is approaching more and more nearly the dimensions of a luminous point. Can this mean that fiction itself may in time become extinct?

Something is happening to our imaginations. The critics, the interpreters of to-day possess far more imagination, far more power than their weakling brothers in fiction. There is imagination enough in the world but it is turning down a new channel; it is more busy with judging of what was, than in dreaming of what might be.

We have done mighty works in this our nineteenth century. Friends, let us stop and think about them for a little while. It is fate. The hand of the critic is heavy upon us. See how the fire-fly fiction flickers in this, the dusk of our beautiful day.

AMONG the many great opportunities offered to the student during her five years of college life, not the least is that of making friendships. In a way we may say that this opportunity is the one of all the most appreciated, for few women leave college without having known at least one "friend indeed." But if we consider the opportunity as carrying with it also a great responsibility, we must acknowledge that it is not fully appreciated.

There is too often a failure to realize the responsibility of choosing a friend. Many friendships seem to be the result of mere juxtaposition in space. Room-mates, through no will of their own, are thrown together, and a certain intimacy perforce arises. The two, thus placed in a state of incipient friendship, may be harmful to each other, or only unhelpful; or, as happens oftentimes, truly helpful. But, in any case, the tendency is to accept what is at hand and to make the best of it.

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The cheerful spirit in which such friendships are undertaken is indeed laudable, and the effect in the rubbing off of corners highly desirable; but in forming deep and lasting friendships — real friendships — there should be a stronger element of deliberate choice. We all want the best we can get of everything, and we generally make some effort to possess it. Why, in making a friend, should we be content with any one who happens to be thrown in our way, instead of striving to attain the best possible human companionship within reach? Of course something can be learned from every living creature, but the fact remains that to be with some people is an inspiration, while to be with others is the reverse. Between the two extremes are all degrees of helpfulness, and it is the duty of every member of society to choose for her friends the highest possible.

Various obstacles may stand in the way of such a choice. There may be diffidence; it should be overcome as in the fulfilment of duty. There may be the sense of personal unworthiness; the desire to fit one's self for the best should be a resistless impulse towards self-improvement. These and other obstacles may hinder our choice, but, most common of all, "*laissez-faire.*" As we grow old it becomes more and more difficult to make new friends, or to adapt one's self to new surroundings. The tendency is to rest content with familiar faces and to grudge a change from an established position. Should not this impulse be resisted as an evidence of mental sloth? As our development progresses we should try to make new friends who can offer something valuable for our advancement in the intellectual or spiritual life, and not rest content with old ones, our equals or inferiors, who inspire in us no spirit of emulation. To make friends with the noblest and best people within the circle of our acquaintance is a duty involved in the determination of our environment. To refuse to take the best human society offered, through disinclination for the effort required, is a forfeiture of opportunity, and even a betrayal of trust.

IN a recent issue of *The Congregationalist* appears an article by Martha C. Rankin, bewailing the growing disposition among college-bred women to leave home and seek their fortunes in the outside world.

The article purports to be a dialogue between a physician, whose daugh-

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ter is soon to enter Wellesley, and a family friend. The physician laments the ingratitude and restlessness of young women who, after leaving college, refuse to give their lives to the work of inspiring and cheering their loving parents and regenerating their native towns, a sphere of action to which their duty obviously calls them. The friend, horror stricken at this melancholy effect of the higher education, is able to offer no solace. We, however, having reflected at length upon the trouble, feel prepared to make certain suggestions to the doctor. In the first place, if there is any such wide-spread tendency as he intimates, there must be an underlying and commensurate cause, and until we learn and remove that cause we may struggle in vain against the natural results. In the second place, there are in the home life certain circumstances over which the college woman has no control and which are sufficient to produce the stated effect.

But before entering into this discussion of causes, let us ask the doctor whether he is quite sure that there is any work for the college girl at home, any work beyond what is involved in rendering herself an agreeable and interesting member of society. Is it yet quite self-evident that the youthful bearer of the bachelor's degree is fully qualified for revolutionizing the intellectual and moral condition of her relatives and friends? We are told pretty often now-a-days of what we college women may accomplish at home; of how gladly our mothers will retire from active life and yield to us the household keys that we may put our notions of domestic science and æsthetics to the proof; of how gratefully our fathers will listen to our advice on business matters; of what models of all that is good our small brothers and sisters will become under our guidance; above all of how, under the general inspirations of our characters, the intellectual and spiritual waste in which our relatives have presumably been living will be made to blossom as the rose. Further, if our Samsonian powers do not find themselves fully employed within our own households, we may turn to the thirsting public of our native towns who are doubtless holding out their hands in piteous entreaty that we will come and save them. This, our advisers say, is sphere enough for any woman.

If we may be pardoned the plainness of the statement, these suggestions strike us as extremely funny. They would probably strike some of our friends at home as more than funny. To be brief, as college graduates, we

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of course shall have, or should have, acquired some most desirable qualities of character, and we may reasonably hope to be sooner or later of use in the world. But we are not prepared to start in immediately and regenerate anybody. Our native towns hold us in somewhat lofty scorn as rather unpractical and very inexperienced people. Our parents would for the most part be aghast at the idea of yielding any of their duties to us. Our small brothers and sisters may think us very good fun, but are quite confident in their own general superiority. What we want when we leave college is not opportunity for important work, we are not ready for it, but rather the chance to test our newly grown wings, and to strengthen our somewhat flaccid muscles.

College girls have lived a life of aspiration. As their mental horizon has broadened, the fresher, purer air has quickened their blood into new vigor. They do not necessarily devise philanthrophic schemes or literary projects, they simply feel a natural enjoyment in their new sense of self-reliance, of independence, of mental and moral strength. They long for the time when they may act alone, when they may think and plan for themselves. They have come to feel themselves independent, although insignificant, parts of the world. In short, these four years have wrought a natural, and surely if woman has a soul worth strengthening, a not wholly undesirable, change; they have developed children into women.

If, then, the college graduate is restive and discontented at home, it is natural to suppose some circumstance of the home-life in conflict with these aspirations. It is not that she wishes to assume a masculine role, it is not that she longs to carry out some big and unpractical scheme of reform, it is not that she has in any way ceased to regard life at home as in itself the most delightful after all. It is simply that she has gained a sense of her own individuality, that she has become a woman, and must live in an environment where her womanhood is recognized.

Now it is just this point that the majority of parents do not comprehend. The Doctor himself strikes the key-note when he says, "His wife and he felt that they had sacrificed a great deal in having her (their only daughter) away from them during four of the most attractive years of her life." Why, we ask, are, in the eyes of parents, the years from eighteen to twenty-two among the most attractive of a daughter's life? Are bright eyes and pink

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cheeks and merry, thoughtless childishness to them the summum bonum? Do they place nobility of character and strength of mind in the second rank? We can understand such an attitude in society, we cannot understand it in parents; and yet the answer is unavoidable, they do feel so, whether logically or not. Their daughter is to them a child still, and only in her childish lightheartedness can they take comfort.

But it is not even this that grates most roughly upon her. It is that return home means return into bondage — have we used a harsh word? the circumstances are harsher — the bondage of one whose powers are chained to the pocket-book of another. We do not mean in any way to detract from the kind and devoted character of the parent. The more loving he is, the more complete, frequently, is the bondage. "Why should my daughter do anything but amuse herself? Why should she not dress herself prettily and be happy? I can support her; I am glad to do it. I want her to have no cares, no troubles. I want her to be a light and joy in my home and to pay no attention to serious matters." This is the brighter side of the picture. Of the other side, of penuriousness and unkindness, we need not speak. Whether the money comes as a monthly allowance or irregularly as it is needed, the effect is much the same. It comes as a gift and necessarily entails upon the recipient certain responsibilities — not the responsibility of devotion and love to her parents, that is a privilege, but of leading a conventional life, of leading the life planned out by another, of making no plans except with the consent, spoken or tacit, of some one else, of being something less than a free agent. This, we take it, is the reason why college women prefer not to return to their own homes, this is the effect of the higher education. And we appeal to a reasoning public, we appeal to the Doctor himself to tell us whether the blame should rest with college graduates, with the college curriculum, or with those who determine the conditions of home life.

The Fere Press.

CENSUS OF CLASS OF '93,

On the privilege of wearing the cap and gown during the senior year.

Total number heard from	. . . . .	.	94
" "	in favor	.	65
" "	opposed	.	29

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I.

The adoption of the Oxford cap and gown by the Wellesley seniors seems to me desirable. I shall not state directly the reasons for my position, but I hope to make them understood by means of an immediate consideration of the arguments advanced by those who hold the custom in disfavor.

First, we are told that if we should assume such a dress we should be guilty of imitation. We would be imitating, but would we be guilty? Is imitation in itself an evil? We who have taken one of our national hymns direct from England should not be afraid to follow her in other things, if we find them, after earnest thought, to be good. We should not hesitate to share in a good thing when we find it, even if some one else has been bright enough to discover it sooner than we.

But, on the other hand, let us not rush into a mad copying of the whole when only a part is really good. Imitation is not in itself reprehensible, but it must be judicious to be of real value. It would appear that in a failure to distinguish between such a following of the custom as should preserve the best of its spirit and a slavish copying of its letter, the origin of many objections to the adoption of the dress at Wellesley may be found. Certainly none of us would care to go about clothed in the likeness of an abbreviated "Mother Hubbard" dressing-gown, nor would we under such conditions imagine that an increase of dignity was apparent. By the adoption of such a style one of the arguments in favor of the gown as we really wish it, would be without weight, namely, that the gown is in itself beautiful and lends an air of grace and dignity to its wearer. But if we should attempt to preserve the custom in its more artistic form and in its truest spirit, imitating judiciously, I cannot see that there would be fair ground for reproach.

Just here it may be well to consider the spirit of the custom. We know that it originated in the desire of university authorities to identify students engaging in unwarrantable proceedings. But this origin has, to a great extent, been lost to view; certainly there is no association of this kind in connection with the custom in our American colleges. It is a significant fact that many of our own students were long in ignorance of this origin. Bryn Mawr and the University of Chicago do not seem to have been materially hampered by such considerations. Then what we may call the influential, working spirit of the garb is found in its suggestion of scholarliness; the evil has been rooted out to give place to the good.

I believe, then, that we need not, in this case, be ashamed of imitation; we need think only of the beauty and suggestion of scholarliness, since these are

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what first occur to every mind, since they are the most essential in appearance and significance.

But we are further told that the adoption of any uniform by a particular class would render more marked the already pronounced class distinction. I believe that we are all so loyal to our college in itself that much more than the adoption of a particular dress by any class would be necessary to make class distinction obnoxious.

And now I approach, with some trepidation, lest my remarks be misunderstood, a third important question, that concerning the faculty, in case the students should adopt the academic dress. I shall not discuss this question at length, but suggest merely that the principle of judicious imitation could be practised by the powers that be with as much success as by those that be not. If the faculty should choose to wear the scholar's regalia, judicious imitation would obviate all necessity for any appearance in the gallery even remotely suggestive of a New Orleans Mardi Gras.

CAROLINE NEWCOMBE NEWMAN, '93.

II.

A new objection to the cap and gown was brought forward in last month's discussion of the subject. It is claimed that the proposed adoption would be a poor imitation of a foreign custom. The charge of aping the English is by no means pleasing, and the advocates of the cap and gown should carefully consider this phase of the question.

The objection does not seem to me valid. We have no more thought of imitating Oxford and Cambridge in adopting the cap and gown than in forming boat crews. The custom as desired by Wellesley girls differs so materially in motive and form from the English usage as to be an imitation in little more than in name. The English uniform was compulsory and distasteful to the wearers; the discussion of its adoption here is an outcome of the wishes of the students. Instead of a protective habiliament, as it was originally designed at Oxford to be, it is intended as a garb of honor and distinction, and for the senior class. The English universities gown the faculty as well as the students; no such arrangement has yet been suggested for this college, as has already been noticed. Again, the Wellesley students do not desire the abbreviated under-graduate gown of Oxford and Cambridge, but the full-length robe which was worn here last Tree Day, and which has been recently adopted by the University of Chicago; and that, not for use throughout the course, but to indicate that stage of college life which looks toward the end.

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After considering all these departures from the English custom, I cannot feel that the charge of "aping the foreigners," as Dryden puts it, would be justified. The mere fact of its origin in England amounts to little, for, had it not been invented there some American college surely would have discovered the dignity and appropriateness of such a garb. The added dignity, whether a matter of sentiment or not, is by no means a bad thing for a senior class. Uniformity in outward appearance would be likely to strengthen the desirable democratic spirit, and would tend to stimulate both individual and class endeavor. And the honorable distinction of the scholar's dress should certainly belong to those who have reached the last year of the college course.

The proposal that advocates of the gown don it at once, irrespective of class or rank, is scarcely pertinent. The costume is not desired as an individual addition, and no senior, I venture to say, would be willing to wear it as such. The whole point lies in its being adopted by the seniors *as a class*. It will then have a significance and distinction of its own, without which the gown is valueless. If it be true that there is no reason why the senior class should not assume this garb, then let the caps and gowns be ordered at once, and another "senior privilege" will soon be handed down to '94 and her younger sisters.

GRACE E. GRENELL, '93.

III.

WERE THEY JUSTIFIED?

Were the men of Homestead justified in resisting the landing of the Pinkertons? or, to make the question more general, are striking workmen ever justified in an organized resistance to the introduction of non-union labor? Of course it must be conceded that legally the Homestead men were utterly and absolutely wrong, but how was it morally? Were they a mob of wild rioters, fighting against all law and order, or were they, blindly, only half consciously perhaps, risking their lives for a principle? Were the men who fell that day murderers or martyrs?

In these days the majority of thoughtful people admit that it is right and necessary for workmen to band themselves together in trades unions; they admit that under certain conditions a strike may be productive of much good; but there they stop. "A man has a perfect right to strike, if he chooses," they say, "but he has no right to forcibly keep another man from taking the place he has left. To do so is to interfere at once with the liberty of the employer and of the man thus discriminated against." Let us see how far this argument is valid.

When a strike occurs, the position of the two parties is very unequal. The employer has capital and needs labor, the workman has the power to labor and

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needs money. They are equal in that each needs what the other has, but whereas the workman has nothing to fall back on but his own scanty savings or the funds of his union, the capitalist can draw at will upon a vast reserve store of labor. Had the trades unions as complete a control of labor as the employer has of massed capital the strife might be fought out on equal terms, but the laws which carefully protect the manufacturer against foreign competitors leave the laborer exposed to the competition of every foreigner who chooses to seek our shores, and so keen is the pressure of want that, regardless of honor, regardless of their own ultimate good and the good of their class, a dozen men rush forward to take the place of one who is out on a strike. Such being the case, a strike is foredoomed to failure, unless this rush of non-union labor can be kept back in some way. If the striking workmen belong to a trade requiring peculiar skill or training they may succeed in controlling all the labor of their particular kind in the country, as the Pilots' Association did before the war, or as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers does now. In that case, there is no need of force, and probably no need of strikes; the men can protect themselves by simpler means.

But when, as at Homestead, a large number of the strikers are common workmen whose places can be easily filled, how are they to make their strike of any effect at all if they must sit by with folded hands and see their work taken by men whose only thought is to gain a temporary relief from want? Shall we say to them, "My friends, you have struck for a principle and it is just and right that you should do so. Now, either give up your principle and go back on whatever terms your employer chooses to offer, or else stand by and see your places filled by men who will yield without question every point for which you have been struggling, who will render your strike nugatory and your efforts at self-protection a farce." True, we do not find in most other relations of life so lofty a standard maintained, and the doctrine of non-resistance practised when so much is at stake, but since we have long been accustomed to demand from the working-classes far more moderation and self-control than we possess ourselves, let us not insist on this point, but let us rather consider the morality of such advice. Of course if the strike is an unjust one all efforts to make it succeed must be condemned; but if, as in this case, the men are striking because they believe their rights as workmen are in danger, then it is their duty, both to themselves and to their class, to protect those rights by every honorable means in their power, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary; and among honorable means must be classed, I think, open warfare.

"But," it is said, "strikers have no right to debar embloyers from the full use

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and enjoyment of their own property in the form of machinery, buildings, etc." Certainly not, and neither had the Quakers of forty years ago the slightest right to interfere with the Southern planter's use and enjoyment of his property. Legally, every one who aided in any degree the Underground Railway was either a thief or a receiver of stolen goods, yet we do not honor its promoters the less on that account.

"But violence is uncalled for," it is urged, "force of public opinion is far more effective than force of arms." True, but how is public opinion to be aroused? "If," says Mr. Shaw, "Mr. Frick had refused to arbitrate, or to discuss, or to negotiate, or to be anything else than imperative and arbitrary, the men should have made their protest in a dignified way, appealed to the enlightened and humane opinion of the country, and gone peaceably back to work." Now, it is a sad fact that the enlightened and humane opinion of the country cares remarkably little for the rights or wrongs of any body of workers unless it realizes that these workers are likely to become dangerous to itself. A year and a half ago the Tennessee miners tried an appeal to it with absolutely no effect. Ever since the days of Kingsley a few great-hearted men and women have been trying to rouse it to the evils of the sweating system, yet to-day the sweaters' dens of New York equal almost any scene of horror described in "Alton Locke." Public opinion, like heaven, helps those who are able and ready to help themselves, and there is a grim sarcasm in the advice to workers to defend their rights by an "appeal," accompanied by no stronger demonstration.

"But," it is objected, "the unions admit only a certain number. Suppose they are successful in keeping out other workers, what is to become of these unfortunates who are willing and anxious to work under conditions which the union men will not endure?" Well, what is to become of them? That is one of the serious problems of our problematic age, but it hardly seems fair to throw the responsibility of its solution upon the trades unions, rather than on any other class of men, say, for instance, clergymen or capitalists. How did they fare before the strike began, and what will become of them when it is over? Moreover, it is difficult to see how, in the long run, the condition of unorganized labor will be improved by lowering the condition of organized labor. Eventually, whatever benefits one class of workers benefits all.

To sum up, then, the organized resistance of union men to the introduction of non-union labor is justifiable in principle, since it is a means, and almost the only means, of self-protection for the workers. Moreover it is a natural corollary of the right, now almost universally admitted, of workmen to unite in trades unions.

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To admit the one right while denying the other is to be as consistent as the old rulers who proclaimed liberty of conscience, but explained that this meant only liberty to think as one chose, not to speak or act in opposition to established doctrines. Also, such organized resistance is justified by its results, since it is the surest way of calling public attention to the subject of dispute, and forcing the rights and wrongs of laborers and capitalists upon the public mind.

M. K. CONYNGTON, '94

IV.

As "Far and Near," the organ of the Working Girls' Clubs, enters upon its third year those specially interested in its welfare wish to make a new effort to increase its circulation and to place it upon a firm basis as a business enterprise. They appeal, therefore, to all who believe in the club principles of "co-operation, self-government and self-reliance" to give the paper their support. Trusting to the warm sympathy which exists naturally between college women and the clubs, they ask the favor of the "Wellesley Magazine" and its readers, and urge upon them all to subscribe to this periodical, which, though young, has already a place of its own which no other paper could fill. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Calkins. The magazine is published monthly, and the subcription price is one dollar. A sample copy may be found on the table of the reading-room.

Exchanges.

Lack of space, not of appreciation, makes it necessary for us to omit our Exchange Department this month.

Alumnae Notes.

Marion L. Gurney, '88, has become Sister Marion, Novice of St. Margaret. At present her work is at St. Margaret's Sisterhood, 17 Louisburg Square, Boston.

Anna Palen, '88, is taking cooking lessons at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Harriet Stone, '88, has been re-elected to the position of secretary of the Chicago branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

Mary Howe, '88, has returned from abroad and is at home. Her address is 444 Chestnut St, Chicago, Ill.

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Catherine Burrowes, '89, is teaching in Monticelli Seminary, Godfrey, Illinois.

Edith Wilkinson is teaching in the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, as for the past two years.

The address of Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fiske, formerly of '89, is 376 Dayton street, Chicago, Illinois.

Sara H. Groff, '89, is teaching in Greenwich, Conn.

The post-nuptial receptions of Mrs. Sophie Bogue Huff occurred at her home, 5 Washington Place, Chicago, Illinois, in October.

Alice M. Libby, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Hardy School, Duluth, Minnesota.

Florence L. Ellery, '89, is teaching in Miss Crittenden's school in Rochester, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Hattie Weaver Krohn, '89, is 205 University avenue, Champaign, Illinois.

Miss Ethel Paten, '89, is spending a second winter in Berlin.

Mary Stinson, '89, will be with Miss Paten through November and December.

Florence Soule, '89, has resumed her last year's position in Minnesota.

Julia Ferris, '89, is teaching in Riverside, a suburb of Chicago.

Mary Taylor Blauvelt, B. A., '89, M. A., '92, has an article entitled "The Religious Teachings of Æschylus" in the August and September numbers of "Poet Lore."

May Fine, '89, is spending the fall and a portion of the winter in Nevada and California.

Bessie Mackey, '89, is assistant librarian in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Eleanor Gamble, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Plattsburg High School.

Mary Osborne Hoyt, '89, is studying at the Hohnemann Medical College, Chicago.

Katharine M. Quint, '89, is preceptress in a High School in Woodstock, Vt.

Jeannette Welch, '89, is a student of biology in the University of Chicago.

Elsie Thalheimer, '89, is with the American Book Company in New York.

Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eakin, 89, is at her home in Elgin, Ill, as her husband is pursuing advanced work at the University of Chicago.

Mary Louise Pearsons, '89, is teaching mathematics in the Preparatory School of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

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Sadie Robson, '89, is still abroad.

The correct post-office address of Mrs. Mark J. Patterson—Mary Ellen Traversee, '89,—is 210 Fay street, Denver, Colorado.

Annie Lord, '90, is teaching German in the Denver College, Colorado.

Grace M. Brackett, '90, is teaching the Sciences in the High School, Holyoke, Mass. Her address is 328 Maple street.

Helen Clarke, '90, is spending the winter on the Pacific coast.

Sarah McNary, '90, is teaching in the Normal School in Newark, and studying history under Professor Salmon of Vassar.

Elizabeth Wiggin, '90, is teaching in Newark, New Jersey.

Mary Orton, '90, is teaching in the Wellesley School in Louisville.

Margaret Ingalls, '88-'90, is also in Louisville in the Wellesley School.

Rose Sears, '90, is in Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, teacher of Greek and higher mathematics in Huguenort Seminary.

Alice Jackson, '91, is at Victor Hugo avenue, Paris, studying history and literature.

Amy Morris Mothershead, '91, is teaching in Miss Braun's private school, 431 West 13th street, Kansas City.

The address of Mrs. William Pierpont Edwards, Mae Louise Alden, '91, is Essex street, Longwood, Mass.

Marguerita Spaulding, '91, is visiting in Chicago.

Eva Ewing, formerly of '91, has recently visited May D. Newcomb, '91, while en route to Washington.

Lucy White, '91, is spending the year in Evanston, Illinois, with her brother, who is professor of mathematics in the Northwestern University.

May D. Newcombe, formerly of '91, is teaching English literature in the Columbia School of Oratory, Chicago, Illinois.

Ada Woolfolk, '91, is teaching in the Mary School, St. Louis, Missouri.

Anna Wilkinson, '92, is studying art, both studio work and history of art, at her home, 92 Bowen street, Providence, R. I.

Gertrude Spalding, '92, is teaching for a short time in Albany.

The address of Mrs. Edward M. Bassett—Annie Preston, '83-'85,—is 178 Macon street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Antoinette Cary, formerly of the class of '93, Wellesley, is president of the University Organization in Chicago University.

Miss Alice Dow, formerly of '93, Wellesley, will spend the winter in California.

Miss Mary Marot, formerly of the class of '94, Wellesley, is a student at Chicago University this year.

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Marriages.

HAYFORD—KNOWLTON. Nov. 15, at Woburn, Mass., Mary L. Knowlton, '88, to Dr. Ernest L. Hayford. At home, 2741 Paulina street, Ravenswood, Chicago, Ill.

KELLY—BOWERS. Tuesday, Nov. 22, married in St. Peter's Church, Delaware, Ohio, Grace L. Bowers, student at Wellesley, '88-'89, and William J. Kelly of New Orleans.

CRANDALL—HART. In Racine, Wis., Dec. 8, '92, Nellie Hart, '86, to Mr. L. A. Crandall. At home, 4443 Berkeley avenue, Chicago.

BROWN—HICKS. In Lansingburg, N. Y., Nov. 24, '92, Emma Kate Hicks, '89, to Mott D. Brown. At home, 155 Palisade avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Births.

In Dover, N. J., Sept. 5, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mrs. Abbie Condict Singleton, Wellesley, '85-'87.

In Denver, Colorado, September, a second son to Mrs. Mary Ellen Traversee Patterson, '89.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20, '92, a son, Preston Rogers, to Mrs. Annie Preston Bassett, '83-'85.

College Notes.

On Thanksgiving Day, entertainments were, as usual, given by parties of the students at the Women's Prisons at Sherburne and Dedham.

The entertainment at Sherburne consisted of music, vocal and instrumental, the acting of scenes from Lord Fauntleroy and humaniphone.

At Dedham, college songs, the reading of "The Courtin'" and "The Ballad of the Oyster Man," accompanied by Shadow pictures and the acting of "Three Old Maids of Lee" in pantomime made up the programme.

The night before Thanksgiving a candy pull was held at Freeman.

On Thanksgiving Day, as usual, those students who remained at The Eliot during the recess were pleasantly entertained at Freeman.

The Freshman Class will not organize this year until after the semester examinations.

On November 14, a delightful Piano Recital was given in the chapel by Carl Faelten. The programme included selections from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Chopin.

The second concert in the series of entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund was given in the Chapel, Monday evening, November 21, by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist, assisted by Mr. J. J. Hayes, reader, and Miss Minnie A. Stowell, pianist and accompanist.

The Beethoven Quartette of Boston, assisted by Mr. Jacques Benavente, Viola, gave a Chamber Concert on Monday evening, November 28, in the chapel.

The following friends have been welcomed back to Wellesley during the month:

Miss Alice Campbell; Miss Josephine Emerson, '92; Miss Marion Emerson,

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Miss Anna Knapp, Miss Theresa Stanton, '92; Miss Cornelia Green, '92; Miss Eleanor Green, '92; Miss Alice Pierce, '92; Miss Margaret Lauder, '92; Miss Esther Bailey, '91; Miss Harriet Towne; Mrs. Mae Alden Edwards, '91; Miss Carol Dresser, '90; Miss Helen Jones Miss; Mabel Curtis, '90; Miss Alice Clement, '91; Miss Esther Pruden, Miss Rachel Hartwell, '91.

Society Notes.

The programme of the last regular meeting of the Agora was as follows:

Functions and Powers of the Supreme Court	Miss MacPherson.
Influence and Practical Working of Supreme Court	Miss Hawley.
Composition and Method of Election of House of Representatives	Miss Hibbard.
Composition and Method of Election of Senate	Miss Lilian Jones.
Comparison of Congress with English Parliament	Miss May Young, '95.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held Dec. 3, 1892.

The following programme was presented:

Georgian Tragedy.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss C. Emerson.

II. The Parallel Development of Greek and English Tragedy . . . . . Miss Campbell.

III. Dramatic Representation.

Henry III. Act III. Scene I.

Queen Katharine	Miss Lincoln.
Wolsey	Miss Shuttlewort'.
Campeins	Miss Mudgett.
Waiting Woman	Miss A. Bonney.

IV. A Comparison of the Storm and Stress of the Georgian Dramatists with that of Shakespeare's Contemporaries . . . . Miss Lucas.

V. Talk: The Lyric in Georgian Tragedy . . Miss Crapo.

VI. Dramatic Representation.

King Lear. Act IV. Scene VII.

King Lear	Miss Hordon.
Cordelia	Miss White.
Kent	Miss Stahr.
Doctor	Miss Blake.

VII. Beatrice: A Study from "The Cenci" . . Miss Randolph.

The following programme was presented at the regular meeting of Phi Sigma held November 26:

Morris, the Apostle of Beauty.

1. The Spirit of the Pre-raphælite School . . . . Miss Ruddle.
2. Pictures from the Pre-raphælites.
3. William Morris as an Artist . . . . . Miss Simrall.

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4. Pictures from William Morris.

At the regular meeting of the Art Society, held in the Art Gallery November 19, Miss Hoopes and Miss Winton of '93, and Miss Strong of the Special Organization were initiated. The following programme was presented:

Shakespearean Drama.

Shakespeare and his Predecessors . . . Miss Rogers.
Tableaux:
a. Tragedy.
1. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta."
2. Shakespeare's "King Lear."
b. Romantic Comedy.
1. Lyly's "Lore or Metamorphosis."
2. Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

Z. A. has held its regular programme meetings on November 19th and December 10th.

The general subject of the meetings was "Forecasts in Literature, of the Twentieth Century" The following are the programmes:

November 19th. Poetry and the Drama.

I.	Harbingers of a new school of poetry .	Marion Canfield
II.	Democracy of Walt Whitman . . .	Frances Pinkham
III.	The Future of the Drama	Adah Hasbrook
IV.	Elements of Permanence in Browning's Dramas	Clara Helmer
V.	Forecasts of the Future in "Paracelsus" and "In Memoriam.".	Grace Grenell

December 10th. Criticism and Fiction.

I.	The "New Criticism"	Isabelle Sims
II.	Matthew Arnold as a Critic . . .	Lydia Pennington
III.	Origin, Aim and Character of the Short Story	Helen Bennett
IV.	Comparison of the English and American Short Story	Florence Forbes
V.	The Future of the Novel	Alice Kellogg

College Bulletin.

Jan. 5. Term opens. Dr. Lyman Abbott speaks in the evening.
Jan. 6. Prayer meeting.
Jan. 7. Prayer meeting.
Jan. 8. Dean Huntington of Boston University preaches.
Jan. 9. Reading by Geo. W. Cable.
Jan. 12. Bishop Brooks speaks.
Jan. 15. Dr. McCullough of Worcester preaches.
Jan. 16. Concert.
Jan. 26. Day of prayer for colleges.

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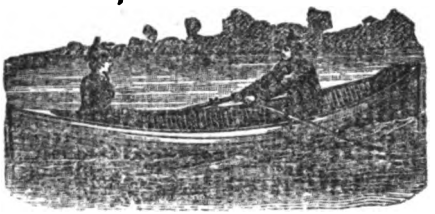

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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TRANSITION IN THE INDUSTRIAL STATUS OF WOMAN.

ONE hundred years ago America was still in what is known to industrial history as the "domestic epoch." England's industries had entered fully upon the factory stage; but machinery and the secrets of the trade were jealously guarded as the peculiar perquisites of the British capitalist. Not until 1820 did we overtake the mother country in the realm of invention.

Under the domestic system of industry, the house is the work-shop. Wife and daughters and younger sons are the operatives, while the capitalist, the employer of labor, is the head of the house. This family group produces for its own consumption. There may be some neighborhood exchange of goods, but there is little surplus product for sale. While the domestic system prevailed, there was slight differentiation of employments or division of labor. The family was an industrial community, and the farmhouse a centre of numerous trades. Every farmer expected to live of his own, and

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was as self-sustaining as a feudal baron. Farm and garden yielded food-stuffs, the wood-lot furnished fuel and timber, even the family clothing was in good part clipped from the backs of home-bred sheep. Saw-mill, grist-mill, sugar-camp, slaughter-house and tannery were not unusual appurtenances of the well-equipped farm. Seldom had the farmer recourse to the world's market. The needs of his household were few and simple, and were met by home production. Mother and daughters contributed their full share toward supplying the family wants. The baking, the brewing, the butter-making, the care of garden, of cows and of poultry were relegated to them. It was their duty and pride to "put up" the summer fruits, and they concocted jams and jellies and marmalades whose very memory is an appetizer. When in the autumn the products of the summer's labor were being harvested and stored for winter use, the women's hands were busy. There were apples and peaches to be gathered and dried, or made up into delicious fruit butters. There were pumpkins to be brought in from the corn-field and stored against Thanksgiving Day. The fall slaughtering required the active assistance of the women of the house. Meat must be smoked, or salted down in pickle, fat must be tried into lard and the refuse made into soap. Great brass kettles hung for weeks on the crane over the open-air fire, and to the farm-bred child form as inseparable a part of the autumn memory-picture as the cider-mill or the fruit-laden chestnut-tree. When the work of the autumn was accomplished and the cellar well stocked with food, the winter tasks began. Spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing kept the women's fingers busy through the short days and long evenings. Like the virtuous women of old, they sought wool and flax and wrought willingly with their hands. Bed-linen, blankets, gay patch-work quilts, rugs and carpets, garments for men as well as for women and children, for outer as well as for underwear — all these things, which we to-day buy at the dry-goods store, our grandmothers expected to make as part of their contribution to the family comfort and welfare. The wide, roomy kitchen was a workshop whose many industries absorbed the time and talent of the mother and daughters of the house and often required the services of the daughters of poorer neighbors. Here was an unfailing field of usefulness for the maiden aunts and spinster cousins whose skilful aid more than compensated for their "keep."

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The industrial events of the past hundred years have wrought a complete transformation here. The numerous industries of the farmhouse have been assumed by as many trades and translated to the city, to the factory, to the sweater's shop. In 1790 Samuel Slater, having imported adequate knowledge of English methods and inventions in a very capacious brain, put up the first spinning-mill in America at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. It proved an immediate success. The housewife's wheel was easily distanced and domestic spinning became a lost art. For twenty-five years longer cloth was woven on hand-looms, the warp being provided by the mill. In 1814 Francis C. Lowell constructed a power-loom and built a complete factory at Waltham, Mass. Weaving as a domestic craft was doomed from that moment. Factory cloth was cheaper than the home-made goods. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom disappeared from the farmhouse except in inaccessible districts where cost of transportation neutralized the advantage of the factory product.

As for the farmer's daughters, they followed the spinning-wheel to the factory. Until 1850 they made up the majority of the employees in the mills. Thus the work taken out of the home was performed by the same hands under new conditions.

It would seem that the province of the needle would not be so easily invaded, and yet this peculiarly domestic industry has been to a great extent transferred to the factory. Until 1825 all but the most elegant clothing was made up at home — the lighter garments by the women of the family, the heavier and more elaborate by the itinerant tailor who came, spring and fall, with shears, press-board and irons, and was lodged and fed until the season's outfit was complete. In the second quarter of the century, tailors' shops came into vogue, and soon ready-made clothing for men and boys was put upon the market. The invention of the sewing-machine in 1850 revolutionized the methods of the trade. Something analogous to factory conditions was introduced. Great shops were established, employing many machines and hundreds of men, women and children. Tailoring has some time since passed from the home to the contractor's shop, and it is safe to predict that dressmaking will soon follow. By a similar process knitting has been taken out of the hands of the housewife, together with tatting, hemstitching and embroidery. One by one the household crafts have become trades,

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and the articles that were once made in a hundred thousand homes are now manufactured in a few great factories. We have surrendered the preserving of fruit and the curing of meat to the canning establishment and the abattoir. The creamery makes better butter than the farmer's wife. The laundry and the bakery are bidding for two onerous tasks that can well be done out of the house, while the advocates of co-operative housekeeping would have us make over even the preparation of the daily meals to a public kitchen.

And yet the women of the present day are busy — too often overworked. What labors have they substituted for the household employments of the last century? The answer is not far to seek. Women of leisure devote the time that their grandmothers spent at the spinning-wheel or over the needle to enjoyment of the larger intellectual and social life of to-day. Their contribution to the national well-being is less tangible, but need be no less real and beneficent. As for the women who are obliged to aid in the support of the family, they have, for the greater part, sought work in the factories. It is their best means of assisting father or husband or brother to keep the house and provide for its dependent members.

Opportunities for wage-earning employment have multiplied with each succeeding decade of the nineteenth century. An historical review of wages and prices published by the Massachusetts Labor Bureau in 1885 affords some interesting suggestions as to the widening of woman's industrial sphere. The first record of woman's wages appears in 1815, "Domestic servants, fifty cents a week with board." In 1825, three new employments appear, nursing, fitting hand-made shoes and sorting in the paper-mills. In 1837, we find women employed in the bookbinderies as folders and sewers. Harriet Martineau's "Society in America" appeared in 1837; she protests bitterly against the subjection of women as a consequence of their industrial dependence. She found but seven employments open to women — teaching, needle-work, household service, keeping boarders, and employment in printing-offices, in book-binderies and in the cotton-mills. The factories of Lowell and Lawrence were by this time fully established and were paying expert spinners $1.36 a day. Hundreds of young women came from the farms to the factory towns to earn the price of a winter's schooling or a wedding outfit. Lucy Larcom and Harriet Robinson, themselves factory

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girls, have given us cheery pictures of the self-reliant, self-respecting working women of that day. The factory girls established literary clubs and circulating libraries and published a monthly magazine, "The Lowell Offering." They led happy, wholesome lives, put by money, and felt themselves in no way degraded by their work. Many of them married into the families of their employers.

The industrial opportunities of women have multiplied with the extension of the factory system; but woman's labor was not recognized as an industrial factor demanding the attention of the economist and statistician until after the war. The United States census of 1850 reports only the "professions, occupations and trades of the male population." That of 1860 reports occupations without distinction of sex. The census of 1870 reports 338 occupations open to women and 1,836,288 women employees. Of these, nearly one-half were engaged in domestic service. 1,836,288 is about 13 per cent. of the total female population over ten years of age. According to the census of 1880 there were in that year 2,647,157 working women in the United States. This is about 15 per cent. of the total female population of working age. Only one-third were engaged in domestic service. The figures for 1890 are not yet published, but there is little reason to doubt that they will give evidence that a still larger percentage of American women are working for wages and that a smaller fraction of these are household servants.

Are we to congratulate ourselves upon this industrial achievement of the nineteenth century? The housewife has been relieved of much exhausting drudgery. The price of almost every article of domestic use has fallen. This reduction in prices, coupled with the concurrent rise in wages has doubled the purchasing power of labor. The standard of living, that most important factor in social progress, has steadily risen. Moreover, the new industrial order affords opportunity for profitable employment to the so-called "superfluous women." Their services are no longer required in the household, but they have found a means of self-support in the many vocations now open to them. In a recent number of the Forum Commissioner Carroll D. Wright states his conviction that the growing industrial independence of woman is slowly but surely working out her social and political equality. This is the brighter side of the picture, but there is much to de-

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plore in the new conditions of woman's labor. The personal element that ennobled and dignified her former task is eliminated. The work under her fingers is not her own. It is not fashioned for husband or child. It contributes only indirectly in the form of wages to the comfort of her home. Moreover, the new conditions are far less human than the old. The crowded factory with its foul air, its deafening machinery, its ceaseless tax on muscles and nerves, stands in marked contrast to the old-time living-room where mother and daughters gathered about the family tasks. There is no room for the exercise of ingenuity and mother-wit in an occupation where the worker is merely assistant to a machine; the monotonous employment of the same muscles, often in an unnatural posture, is a serious menace to health; the instinct of womanly reserve is imperilled in the miscellaneous companionship of the shop. American women employed in the tailoring trade protest not so much against low wages and unwholesome work-rooms as against the foul and profane talk of the brutal foreigner who supervises the work or stitches at the same table.

Reviewing the good and evil results of this industrial revolution, we must conclude that they are unequally distributed. The housewives of the country have been emancipated from the heavier domestic tasks, but these same tasks are being performed under less wholesome conditions by three million women and girls. Women who have no responsibility for the bread and butter problem are set free from many of the household cares that engrossed the lives of our grandmothers. On the other hand, the women who must support themselves and their families have become the bond slaves of the factory or the sweater's shop.

The new conditions must be accepted as inevitable. The transition from the domestic to the factory system is not to be resisted. It is a phase of industrial evolution. Our part is to learn how to adjust ourselves to the situation, to minimize the evil results and to reap the full benefit of the good.

How shall we free ourselves from domestic fret and enjoy to the full the larger life to which we are called in this last decade of the nineteenth century? How shall we procure for the factory operatives something of the sweet and wholesome conditions that belonged to the household task?

The domestic service problem seems of chief importance to many women,

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but what is the perplexity of the harassed mistress compared to that of the house-mother who spends her days in the factory? She leaves her home between six and seven in the morning, not to return to it until six at night. Breakfast is to be made ready, children dressed for the day, and luncheon provided before setting off to work. On her return the weary woman must prepare supper, get the children to bed, wash, and iron and mend. The family life is sordid and miserable. Baby is put out to nurse, the older children run in the street, husband and sons find home forlorn and spend their evenings in the saloon. Small wonder that the mother loses heart and hope, and gives over the attempt to "keep things tidy." Small wonder that the children born to such mothers are puny and underfed and die in infancy or enter upon life handicapped by weakness and disease.

Statistics show that this is no imaginary evil. The proportion of married women among the factory girls in New England is nearly twenty per cent. The infant mortality of factory towns in Massachusetts is three times as high as that of agricultural towns in the same state. If we add to the number of married women in factories the thousands of washwomen, and charwomen, saleswomen and dressmakers whose working hours are given at the expense of home comfort, we have such a sum of human misery as leads us to question the advantage of the industrial emancipation of women.

For the single woman who must earn her own living, the large industrial opportunities of to-day are an unmixed good, but to the married woman whose "men-folks" are thriftless or incompetent they are a real source of danger. They make it too easy for a man to fall back upon his wife when temporarily thrown out of work. If the occasional necessity becomes a habit, the home life is poisoned at its source. We may do something to mitigate this evil. Babies may be tended in day-nurseries and kindergartens, the out-of-school hours of the older children may be provided for in play-grounds and children's clubs. The mothers' club may do something to make up for neglected girlhood. Legislation may abridge working hours and improve the conditions of labor. But when all is done, we have not met the fundamental lack. We have not restored the home. We cannot do this till we have restored the mother to the home. Here is a problem that is not to be solved in a day. It is the saddest, darkest charge against the present industrial system.

KATHARINE COMAN.

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THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

WE have been taught that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and yet we tiptoe up to that strange window which we call the future, boldly pull aside the mystic curtain, and peer long and earnestly, with poor dim eyes, into the clouds and darkness, to see what trace may there exist of the novel that is to be.

The epic may have the birthright of the eldest born, the drama may point proudly back to a royal ancestry, but the novel too has a pedigree right honorable, and an antiquity of which it need not be ashamed.

Away back in the fourth century A. D., Heliodorus penned his Greek romances, and in those weak and flabby things there lay imprisoned germs which sprang to life at the warm touch of the Renaissance, and stood forth in the shape of Boccaccio's polished tales; tales so new to the astonished world that they received the name of novels. So sturdy was this new form of literary life that it survived its hot-house nurture in the realms of fabulous adventure and sickly sentimentalism, and emerged a real friend in need to the satire of "Don Quixote," and "Gil Blas." Then it bided its time while the great drama ran a brilliant course, receiving at the end this drama's ebbing life-blood in veins which throbbed and tingled with the rich new gift. Fielding, Smollett — through them, indeed, the novel gained fire, reality, and quick onward movement — in brief, dramatic power, its life-element forever after. And yet with all its strength of limb and brain the novel was at best a crude, ungainly thing. Then stood forth the mighty Wizard of the North, touched it with his magic wand, and, presto, change! Behold agility and grace, a beauty of the present with a lustre of past radiance, and now at last we have the novel on the very threshold of real life.

Setting metaphors aside, let us make an earnest effort to discover something of the work accomplished in this century, and the tendencies which still survive, believing that in this way only can its future possibilities be determined.

The rapid onrush of the fiction which our nineteenth century has produced, though so apparently chaotic, has been quite steadily confined to certain lines, several of which have already reached a terminus, while for the others there remains a future to be more or less prolonged.

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For clearness' sake we will divide our brief survey into the Nature and the Purpose of the Future Novel.

According to the first classification, the vast majority of novels find a comfortable resting-place in one of five divisions: —The Romantic Novel, The Novel of Manners, The Supernatural Novel, The Psychological Novel, and The Novel Realistic.

The Romantic Novel — delight of certain imaginative and susceptible young people — died with Kingsley, and was buried with Bulwer. Life had grown too intensely practical for the existence of Romance for Romance's sake.

The Novel of Manners had indeed illustrious supporters in Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Trollope, while upon George Meredith to-day the largest portion of their mantle has descended. Though we have "society novels" in cheap abundance, we still feel the critic's statement true, "That the generalizing eye, the penetrative humor, and the genial breadth of sympathy which is needed to portray the social pageant as a whole, appear to be gifts which are becoming rarer and rarer among us every day." It may be because these qualities are no longer present in a combination, or that their thrice blessed owners have betaken themselves to other portions of the field of labor.

The Supernatural Novel, which by introducing the mysterious appeals to the imagination, and thereby enthralls the reader, points proudly back to Scott and Charlotte Bronte, but its glory belongs only with the past, and the Psychological Novel has slipped into the vacant place.

This style of fiction appeals to the understanding, and its ambition is to perplex and enforce rather than to enthrall. What the critic said of George Eliot is in a measure true of all the novelist psychologists: "She creates character, she devises incident and situation, chiefly that she may have occasion for indulging that almost superhuman faculty which is hers, of laying bare to its ultimate microscopic secret, the anatomy of the living human consciousness in play." Hawthorne, too, was intensely psychological. Who can ever forget his vivid studies of heredity, the depths of anguish from some hidden guilt, or the soul development of such as Donatello? In Stevenson's weird story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in the wild, passionate Lyndall in Olive Schreiner's "African Farm," are manifested yet other

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phases of this same tendency, and as we have no reason to believe the mines have been exhausted, we may safely leave their further exploration to the Novel of the Future.

Of all the varied styles of novel at the present day, the Realistic is the most in vogue. But there is Realism and Realism, and a chasm between. There is realism, that, in angry reaction from unreal, romantic fiction, promised to devote itself to writing rigidly just what it saw, and men "felt thankful to the novelist who had the courage to approach some of the great problems of existence, and to show human creatures as we know them around us, tried by the old passions, and quivering with the old pains." The world was glad indeed to welcome Balzac, Hugo, Daudet, Tolstoi, Tourgueneff, Ibsen — men not blind to her perplexities and open social sores. But how grievously her confidence was abused. It is not Realism to utterly ignore the noblest elements of humanity. It is not truth, it is not art, when life is shown all poor, all commonplace; when human existence is nothing but "a momentous sense of bafflement and pain"; when men and women are entirely of the earth earthy; when all ideals, nay, possibility of ideals have vanished in thin smoke; when, as in Tourgueneff's pictures, "the truth seems to deny beauty, and incites to despair." This is not art, it is not truth, and those who study indications say that when Zola and the members of his school resign their places, there will be no great minds as theirs to continue on such narrow lines.

And then there is a Realism that keeps its word, that, as Mr. Hardy phrases it, "portrays what is in terms of what should be instead of what cannot and should not be." This ideal realism, by no means as yet a much tilled soil, offers measureless opportunities to the Novel of the Future. Howell and James, the representatives of realism in American fiction, are really working toward this point, it would seem, but faintly do they shadow forth the glorious possibilities, when an English critic declares, and in so declaring voices quite a common sentiment, that he "would in either equinox, cross the Atlantic, to escape from some of their American heroines."

"Purpose" is a broad word, and to define the purpose of the Future Novel, we shall content ourselves with three broad classes, of that delightfully inclusive sort, which so facilitate amateur scientific investigation.

First, there is the Didactic Novel. Including many an anomaly judi-

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ciously diluted for the juvenile comprehension, it carries the idea of sugar-coated pills into higher planes of intelligence, and transmits a varied assortment of knowledge botanical, zoological, geological, archæological, sociological, economical, political and religious, under thin disguise of the adventures of a pair of lovers, their enemies and friends. As might perhaps be imagined, this class of fiction, with a few exceptions where the lovers prove superior to their scientific environment, does not increase in popularity, and the didactic method is not pursued by the most artistic authors of to-day.

Second, there is the Novel of the Social Problem. When one considers the mighty wrongs of suffering humanity on the one hand, and on the other the "tremendous engine of influence" afforded by the popular novel, one reverences the wisdom of those who created "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Romona," "Looking Backward," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." True it is, that the magazine essay and newspaper paragraph offer ample opportunity for eager advocates of most new theories, and likewise we frankly admit that many of our sorely needed reforms, such as Biennial Legislature, The Fee and Salary System, Codification, Copyright, Civil Service Reform, Woman's Suffrage, and Restricted Immigration, would be troublesome to use in fiction. Nevertheless, so long as a great wrong exists to claim redress, so long as men's interest must be awakened, attention concentrated, and reflection forced, so long shall we receive The Novel of Reform, and even a rabid optimist must admit that at present showing The Novel of the Future has quite a chance along this line.

That the great majority of novels are written for the simple purpose of supplying the human craving for recreation and amusement is most true, essential and desirable. Men "thirst for a life scene and story not worn threadbare like their own." It is not strange, then, that four-fifths of the books taken from the shelves of public libraries, and nine-tenths of all books sold are fiction. "Thanks to the book," wrote Charles Dudley Warner, in a discussion of fiction, "which amuses, consoles, or inspires; which furnishes substance for thought and for conversation; which dispels the care and lightens the burdens of life; which is a friend when other friends fail, a companion when other intercourse wearies or is impossible, for a year, for a decade, for a generation, perhaps." Right glad we are that there is no pos-

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sibility for decline along this line, for true it is that we cannot "follow the story of a great domineering passion, of an involved, hard beset life, of the growth of some fine moral trait," without being broader, stronger and better for the journey.

There are some intense pessimists who claim with a persistence that is really amusing, that the stock of all possible incidents and characters is well nigh exhausted, and that the Novel of the Future will perish by starvation. We would reply to all such croakers, that the coming novel will be, as the novel has always been, a representative of its age, which we should be grieved to consider a pale copy of the past; and that the endlessly varied beauty of human character is a field that has been as yet but superficially plowed, for "How few among cotemporary English and American novelists deign to charm us by a picture of a man or woman toward whom our hearts go out in a glow of admiring love?" "The momentous spiritual impulse" received from Maggie Tulliver, the solid comfort taken in John Ridd and Lorna Doone, the quiet confidence reposed in Draxy Miller and Armorel of Lyonesse, make us long for friendships to be made in the world of future fiction, "as real and true as many a visible connection in the world of fact."

These, then, we see in shadowy outline, the several lines along which the future novel promises development. Little, indeed, there lies in range of dim eyesight. Yet of one object we are certain — The Great American Novel, no longer a will-o'-the-wisp of literary endeavor. What Bret Harte did for California, Cable in Louisiana, Miss Murfree in Tennessee, Miss Wilkins in New England, Mark Twain on the Mississippi, and Mr. Howells for that "more highly civilized American at large," all this is united by one master effort, the ambition of American fiction is attained, and the Novel of the Future will not have lived in vain.

ALICE W. KELLOGG.

A NIGHT IN THE CATHEDRAL.

THE sweet-voiced choristers of heaven had long since sung the vespers; the nightingale and whip-poor-will had sadly made their confessions; and the humble willows had crossed themselves with holy water until they had fallen asleep. The crescent censer was swinging low; all voices were

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hushed; roses and lilies exhaled a fragrance like unto the prayers of saints; overhead, in solemn beauty, gleamed countless starry tapers; before the altar of the great cathedral silence knelt alone.

Down a winding stair, at the end of a narrow corridor, was an isolated cell. A single flickering candle lighted the rude apartment and disclosed its meagre furnishings. On one side of the room was a pallet of straw. On a hearth of brick glowed the embers of a once bright fire. On the bare table stood an hour-glass, a crucifix and a well-burnt candle. The walls of the room were lined with shelves filled with parchments, many of them stained with age and all of them securely sealed. Beside the table sat the sole occupant of this curious chamber — an old, old man. He wore a cloak of sombre gray; over his stooping shoulders fell long white locks; his snowy beard reached to his knees. With one trembling hand he supported his head, and in the other hand he held an open roll of parchment. He sat gazing fixedly at the roll, and as he gazed, he muttered, "Late, late, so late, but I have tried ever to do faithfully the work committed to me, and here is a strict account. Mine not to command but only to record. Entering my labors with smiles, hoping to write naught but pleasant tales of happiness and prosperity, the spread of truth and the growth of the kingdom of righteousness, I have met with many disappointments. "Men have drunk the very dregs of wickedness. Poverty has feasted on the souls of women. Princes have stooped their crowned heads to grovel in the dust of degradation. Here are wars and rumors of wars. Disease and famine have devastated the land. Death, ha! Death has gathered the fair, the good, and the great with ruthless hand, — but the end is not yet.

"These are permitted to be reviewed; but here and here are portions sealed, — individual accounts with human hearts. Here are written the joys, sorrows, triumphs, defeats, victories of every one, not to be revealed until the judgment of God. "Yet not all is discouraging. Nay, there have been deeds worthy, pure and true, and generous hearts still live. And," he gasped, "it may be, who can tell, that by and by some shall look back and bless this year for bringing into existence strong and heroic lives. Ah me," he reeled, "God grant it is not all—in vain—that—I—have—"

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The hour-glass was run out; the embers were ashes; the candle was extinguished; the Old Year was dead. Night put on her sablest robes, with a sweep of her trailing garments extinguishing the lights of heaven. The sobbing winds sang dirges; the tall trees sighed and moaned; "and the hooded clouds like friars told their beads in drops of rain."

"The King is dead: long live the King." So it is ever. While all was mourning, darkness and grief, a new soul came into being; a new taper was lighted. But the flame of the candle was faint, and for a time made no apparent difference in the awful gloom of the universe, and the infant was asleep. At last Dawn, in her rosy beauty, came and softly touched the baby's hand. Sweet was the awakening. The child rose with a smile of glory, and while the feathered choir burst forth in joyous matins, received its baptism in the dew of morn, and kneeling awaited the blessed kiss of the sun. God bless thee, fair New Year; may it be thy happy task to record triumph of light and truth over the powers of darkness and sin.

MARY E. DILLINGHAM.

AT SUNSET.

The sun sinks down behind the firs,
The soft clouds hang beneath the sky,
All gray and pink, like fairest pearls,
That in far beds of Orient lie.

The distant hill-top glows with gold,
Within the valley shadows stray,
A sky all pink; a story told;
A blush where late a warm kiss lay.

EDITH E. TUXBURY.

THEMES.

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high."

One Sunday afternoon I spied it, on a clothes-line, at the back of a tenement-house, "dancing and fluttering in the breeze" of a cold November day.

It stood out from those common bricks almost like a bit of fine porcelain —this little, red gingham slip of some innocent child.

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It hung high, not so high but that you might see the patches, the rents, and the bit of torn lace about the neck.

Little Slip, I am glad I saw you!

"She."

Her head, shoulders, and hips made a right angle with her legs when she stood as erect as she could. Her neck and head made a right angle with her back, when she tried to look a body in the face.

Her mouth was a mere slit, and at long range made two right angles with a high, narrow nose.

A grin showed teeth that for evenness and color looked like an asparagus bed.

Over the eyes, wilted malaga grapes, set in skin,—dried orange peel; the hair fell like Florida moss.

"On the Heights."

We were monarchs of the peak that wild and stormy night. The tree-bending winds howled and moaned in the mountain-firs.

Great, undulating billows of mist rolled heavily along the valley below, driven fast and far by the whirlwinds.

In their troughs we saw the lights of the little village deep down, like reflections of stars in surging waters, now seen, now lost.

The moon, in a haze-nimbus like a great dove's eye, poured her gray fire upon peak and valley of mist.

My Hillside and My Tree.

It is a hillside covered with long, living, green grass, that waves, and sways softly and gently beneath the tender breeze; it is a hillside the yellow bees and golden butterflies love for its own dear freshness.

A spirit, rare, calm and stately, shades the heart of the hillside—a tall, heaven-reaching pine! The fallen needles pile themselves up, year after year, to be near, to nurture the great mother who bore them.

The tree stands there, a sage, the embodiment of a consciousness higher, grander than man's.

The pine would pity could it know

> "The weariness, the fever and the fret
> Here, where men sit and hear each other groan."

Emily Howard Foley.

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A Walnut Lady.

Miss Crump looks as shrivelled and dry as a nut, to those who do not know her; but to her friends her bright little ways and sparkling eyes suggest rather the squirrel. Her head is smooth and round, and shaped like a walnut. Her face is brown and covered with little wrinkles, so that it resembles the texture of a nut-shell. The thin, brown hair, lying flat on each side of the forehead, is like that painted on walnut dolls. All her face seems to be gathered together and to culminate in the small, sharp nose, from which the chin retreats, until quite indistinguishable from the throat. The muslin cap and kerchief, which Miss Crump always wears, are exact reproductions of those worn by my first walnut doll.

S. D. Huntington.

The Legend of Anita.

"Mother, may I not run out of doors in this brisk wind to dry my hair?"

"Certainly not, my daughter. Is it possible that you have not heard of the fate of the fair Anita? She was a beautiful maiden with long golden hair. One day, after washing it, she ran out on the sunny hill-tops, saying that she would come back when the sun and wind had kissed the tears from her tresses. But she never returned, my daughter. She wandered up and down, farther and farther from home, till her body vanished from exhaustion, and nothing but her fine, silky hair was left. And even to-day, when the wind blows strong, you see her hair floating over the fields of grass, but the maiden herself has never been seen. So mothers never let their daughters run in the open air to dry their hair."

Migdu had sinned, and the punishment was determined. Far down in a cave was he placed, and past his head whirred constantly a leathern belt, which ran over great pulleys. Here he was left quite alone, and his only possession was a pin. Absentmindedly he pinned it to his coat, and cared not what became of it. But in the early dawn a vision came to him, and he was bidden make his own release by pricking a way through the leathern belt.

"Of what use is a little pin?" and Migdu curled his lip scornfully at his only tool.

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"How can I stay here, and yet how can I perform the task?" and Migdu bowed his head hopelessly.

"What care and patience I should need!" and Migdu sighed sorrowfully.

"It will be joy to be free!" and Migdu seized the despised pin.

Patiently he sat by the whirring belt; earnestly he attended to each revolution; and carefully he placed the pricks each time in the same line.

Faster and faster speeds the belt over the great pulleys till — crack, the leather has parted, and Migdu is free. He dwells no more in the darksome cave, over open fields he wanders; and near his heart he cherishes the now prized pin.

GRACE E. GRENELL.

FULNESS OF LIFE.

The orange tree that shades my window is glorious in fulness of life. It stands tall and straight with its slender branches, symmetrically grouped, reaching upward and outward in strong and graceful curves. Among the dark leaves are clusters of ripened fruit, burning in intensity of being. Almost hidden in the mass of foliage, hangs fruit not long since separated from the fostering flower-petals. Although it is time of fruitage, many blossoms yet remain — fair princesses that at the whisper of the wooing wind fling down their maiden crowns of gold and, sighing fragrance, speed away. Above them, where the young leaves glisten in the summer sun, are buds — frail prophets, baby seers of progress infinite.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"At last, at last I can leave the old tree and go out into the world as far as the wind may carry me. But what then? No one will notice me among the myriad leaves that blow. Can I thus serve the good of the universe? Ah, no, I will not ask the wind to bear me away. I will cease to preserve my individuality. I will consecrate myself to the good of the whole. What a little thing it is to be a leaf! Let me rather yield myself to the elements and become part of air, of earth, of plant, of man."

Thus spoke the oak leaf as it sprang from the hold of the tree. The warm earth opened her bosom to welcome it; the sun smiled approval.

The wind hastening out to sea murmured, "Commonplace."

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The early winter dusk was fast settling down on the field. As I hastened homeward, I met two little people, probably six and eight years of age.

"Isn't it rather cold and dark for you to be out alone?" I asked.

"No," was the hesitant reply of the little girl. She gathered her brown circular closer about her, however, and gave me a timid look from under her broad-brimmed hat.

"Yes," in the same instant promptly answered her brother. With an apparent pride of life he shoved his small hands into his smaller pockets, drew in his chin, and quickened his boyish strides.

MARY E. DILLINGHAM.

NORSE FICTION.

THE extent to which literary activity has spread in the Norseland is even greater than we at first suppose, and in prose fiction, especially, is the list of prominent names a long one.

Although I am not quite ready to agree with the people who think the world a very small place, I am willing to admit that it is small enough to make us ashamed of our ignorance of some intensely fascinating portions of it. Scandinavia has long been a sealed book to the rest of the world, because so few people have had the curiosity to look within the cover and see the wonders contained in its pages. This far away land, almost surrounded by the waters of a northern ocean, with scanty resources and an inhospitable climate, is the fatherland of a people that has been too long unknown to contemporary nations. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is almost entirely the fault of circumstance — that enormous factor in all life. Geographical circumstance, commercial circumstance, linguistic circumstance, have hitherto restricted the relations of Scandinavia with her sister nations. Shut in by the waters of that northern ocean whose tempests only Norsemen dared withstand; hindered from international commerce because of scanty resources; lacking the moneyed wealth that can overbalance these deficiencies; Scandinavia has offered little to satisfy the curiosity of the world around her. Add to these difficulties the almost insurmountable one of language — unlike any other, and spoken by so few people that it has absolutely no marketable value — and you can easily

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understand how the world has calmly passed by on the other side of all things Scandinavian.

Men decry the modern craving for things new and strange, and cast reproach, perhaps justly, upon the unnatural curiosity of our age. Fortunately, there is never an evil without its accompanying good, and the present instance is a case in point. To-day, certain men, endowed with this, so-called, fatal curiosity, are turning their minds and pens toward the land of the midnight sun, and finding that the attempt to show Scandinavian literature to the world is a most profitable occupation, for, in qualities of thought and of style, Scandinavian literature merits a place among the best literatures that the ages have produced.

Fiction, in the sense here used, includes only the latest developments in literature, namely, the novel and the short story. We shall see that Scandinavia's sons and daughters have done well in both. Amid the galaxy of names from which we may choose representatives, we are impressed with the wonderful versatility of the Norseman. In one man are developed to a remarkable degree not only the qualities which make the successful novelist, but also those attributes which belong to poet, philosopher, essayist, historian, scientist and statesman — rarely do we find a name whose owner is only poet or only essayist.

The Scandinavian novel first appeared in Sweden about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the writer's name was Jacob Henrik Mörk. His work is compared with that of Richardson, the father of the English novel. The fact that each is the pioneer in his own country has perhaps done more to establish the resemblance than any essential likeness in the works. Each man wrote long novels, slow in evolution and full of homilies on morality; but, when this has been said, all points of similarity have been enumerated: the points of difference are far more numerous. In literary style the two men are extremely dissimilar. Richardson's style is commendable in that it was the first of its kind, and not because it has inherent merit. Mörk's, on the contrary, sustains comparison with later writings, and possesses the qualities of clearness and exquisite delicacy. Richardson enjoys the unenviable distinction of being called the anatomist of vice. Mörk did not emphasize the darker side of life, although his novels show that he had thorough knowledge of all phases of human nature.

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Such were the beginnings of the Scandinavian novel; its continuance was almost a matter of course, and although the number of novelists at any one time has not been large, each one writes many books and preserves a high literary standard.

As in English fiction, so in Scandinavian, a woman's name stands high among the earliest novelists. The Countess Gyllembourg in Denmark and Jane Austen in England offer many points of similarity. Each one excelled in keenness of wit, in knowledge of life; each possessed an almost faultless style — and these qualities make the novels of both women masterpieces of their kind. The Countess Gyllembourg, unlike Miss Austen, went beyond her own immediate neighborhood for the material of her stories, and, as a result, was enabled, in common with almost all Scandinavian writers, to endow her writings with an interest which is not distinctively Scandinavian, but distinctly human, and therefore universal.

One man, however, a Jutlander, and a novelist of decided merit, Steen Steenson Blicher, stands out as markedly Scandinavian in all his work. Everything he wrote is tinged with the sombreness, sternness and coldness of his native land. He was a rigid realist at a time when all others were romanticists, — but his harsher qualities are mellowed and made additionally effective by the beauty of his style and the elegance of his diction. Nature and popular life are his favorite themes, and he has used the brush of the great master-painter in picturing what he best knows and loves.

During this earlier time several women, most of them noble dames, wrote novels, but their works have not been translated, and report, not knowledge at first hand, tells us all that we know of them.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann is the next great name in fiction. To him Denmark owes her first knowledge of the historical novel. He had fallen under the spell of Sir Walter Scott, and the author of Waverly certainly influenced his style. "Waldemar, the Conqueror," is, perhaps, his finest novel. The greater part of the plot follows the course of history, but the climax is very romantic, and resembles the fairy stories we read in childhood, where all rings merry as a marriage bell, and historical accuracy is unknown. The opening chapter of this novel gives a description of Saxo Grammaticus in his study, and is so like many of Scott's first pages that if it were not for occasional Norse names we might ascribe its authorship to

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Scott. (Extract.) This representative novel may serve in one respect to illustrate a characteristic of all of Ingemann's novels — in parts it is extremely monotonous, and, often, where we expect a climax we meet with disappointment — all is at a level. This is directly attributable to Ingemann's temperament. The man was so mild and unimpassioned that violent expression of any sort was extremely distasteful to him.

Gustaf Vilhelm Gumælius, a name familiar to many of us, also followed the pattern set by Scott, but his work was so patently imitative that his nickname of "The Swedish Walter Scott" may be said, in passing, to suit his aim rather than his attainment. His activity was prolific, but his reputation is that of the imitator — not of the creative genius.

Another name in the list of Sweden's great novelists demands notice. Karl Jason Ludvig Almqvist is perhaps the most remarkable man in all literature. His personal character was extraordinary, and his career embraced every sort of experience. He was pre-eminently a novelist, although his talent dealt with every variety of literature: the subject mattered little — whatever his theme, it was presented faultlessly, and with a delicacy of treatment that has never been surpassed. His romances are undoubtedly the best in Swedish literature, and it is to be regretted that there is as yet no English translation of them. Almqvist's first novel, the "Book of the Thorn-Rose," made him suddenly famous, and, like most men exposed to popular enthusiasm, he could not withstand the flattery of his admirers — his downward course soon became evident. He was convicted of forgery and murder and fled the country, escaping to America, where, for a time, he was secretary to Abraham Lincoln. Sought out by American justice, he again escaped punishment, and fled to Europe, where in a remote and lonely corner of that continent he died as an outcast and an exile.

Johannes Carsten Hauch is a very prominent name in Danish literature. Hauch possessed those graces of style that are the property of all Norsemen, but, in addition, he excelled in the psychological delineation of character — thus approaching the extremely modern spirit in novel-writing. Hauch was a poet in spirit, and his prose is full of music. He is avowedly a member of the romantic school of fiction; the general character of his writing is earnest and moral and the dark side of life is wholly ignored.

With the foregoing inadequate treatment of an immense subject, we leave

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the men who belong to the generation that has passed away and draw near to the men of to-day. The change is from unfamiliar to familiar ground: Björnsen, Boyesen, Jansen, Kielland, Strindberg, and Rydberg are the greatest names we meet. Ibsen's lack of success in novel-writing excludes him from the present discussion, although in the consideration of dramatic literature his name of course stands pre-eminent.

Of the six great names presented, I shall consider but three — Björnsen, Boyesen, and Kielland. All of these men have been translated into English, and, although all are charming, they have their degrees of fascination, and possess distinct individuality, Boyesen, as an American, is well-known to us all, and his novels, written entirely in English, are accessible to readers everywhere. As a rule, Boyesen's prefaces have more in them than his novels — they are full of penetration, sympathy, and, when he touches upon character, philosophical insight. The charm of his novels lies in the matter rather than in the treatment. They lack climax, and are extremely inartistic. It is to be regretted that this Scandinavian graft upon American civilization does so much less credit to the parent stock than those wholly Norwegian contemporaries, Björnsen and Kielland.

Bjornsen far surpasses Boyesen in artistic power. He is a master of chaste and elegant diction, and the prominent characteristic of his style is simplicity. Even French art can claim no greater perfection than is found in "Arne," and "Synnöve Solbakken." These tales of peasant life first drew Björnsen within the circle of fame, and his popularity has steadily increased. Without going into any detailed analysis, for which there is neither time nor space, the prominent literary qualities in Björnsen's writing are: unerring sympathy in the interpretation of nature and human character, and the artistic expression of it through the channels indicated above.

Kielland takes us into still another atmosphere. He is the youngest Norwegian writer of prominence, and his place is among the greatest men of his time. He brings the note of questioning and doubt into the literature of his country; he deals with great problems — social, religious, psychical — and his field of action is, in consequence, more extended than that of the preceding novelists. Kielland has perfected the Scandinavian short-story; he has impressed its nationality upon it, but with a sympathy that is world wide and deep as humanity.

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Can any race lay claim to greater genius than the people of Scandinavia? A nation less in number than the dwellers in London has given birth to literary artists whom the world delights to honor. The fertilizing thought of other lands has nourished the seed that so long lay dormant in the intellectual soil of Scandinavia, and the world to-day gazes in wonder and admiration upon the sturdy growth that has resulted. All honor to Scandinavia's great army of thinkers and writers; and, above all, to those whose privilege it is to hold the mirror up to human nature and help earth's sons and daughters to higher planes of thought and action! All hail to the makers of Northern Fiction!

M. G. McCAULLEY.

THE DARK.

Without, in the dark of the night,
There's a murmur and whisper of leaves
That rustle and jostle;
A murmur and whisper of leaves;
Soft sounds sighing out in the night.
I look out through the dark, and see — nothing.

Within, in the dark of my soul,
There's a murmur and whisper of thoughts
That rustle and jostle;
A murmur and whisper of thoughts;
Soft sighs sobbing out in my soul.
I look in through the dark, and see — nothing.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

SKETCHES INVOLVING PROBLEMS. — A SETTLEMENT STUDY.

APOLOGIA.

THESE sketches do not claim to be philosophical nor scientific. They are neither literary nor artistic. They have neither form nor polish. Their only excuse for being is that they are "studies from life." Perhaps the rags and lack of manners of the originals may in part account and atone for the form and manner in which they are presented.

INTRODUCTORY.

A long room. At either end windows reaching to the floor, through which struggle as many "gleams of departing day" as can pierce the outer smoky atmosphere. Three kindergarten tables and some fifty small chairs

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decorate the floor. Pictures which show refinement, taste, travel, culture, look down from the walls upon a swarm of eager, active, vehement children, whose more or less ragged and extremely dirty garments are supplemented by still grimier hands and faces. Before one has had time to analyze the rich complexions, the flashing black eyes, the vivacity of movement and expression, the fact becomes self-evident that here is a portion of that lesser Italy which bids fair, in some of our cities, to make a greater Italy. They are supposed to be sewing on aprons — *once* white — "aprons for their mothers for Christmas." At this moment they are comparatively quiet. The four or five "assistant workers" are trying in vain to supply all the demands incident to the frequent cries of "Teacher, teacher." There is actually no child banging upon the piano in the alcove, while a teacher's back is turned. The majority who have not been persuaded to put their outside wraps on the hooks in the hall provided for that purpose are sitting on them, or else, like Theresa, whose wrap consists of a shawl tied over her head, with firm decision continue to wear them. (The reason why will appear later.)

Yes, quiet reigns after the introductory pandemonium. Only Graziella, the irrepressible and the irresistible, is sliding up and down the floor. To be sure, they are all singing, but — the Muses be thanked — this time it is not Annie Rooney, but a Christmas song learned at Public School. One of the children has just cuffed another girl off her seat. Another is swearing at a teacher, because — it would be a little hard for one of cooler Northern blood to say. One wonders a little about "the good-will to men," but in view of the ten minutes just preceding, "the peace on earth" is more manifest.

ROCCA.

Rocca — pronounced Rockie — but, oh, the scorn for it and you if spelled that way, Rocca is Naples personified. Sturdy always, sullen and sulky in tempestuous bursts, with an atmosphere which is suggestive of a slumbering volcano. Brilliantly beautiful. Coal black hair; reddest of cheeks and lips; richest of complexions. Lustrous black eyes — such eyes — with a flash as of a stiletto, when her wish is frustrated. Will not by any device or persuasion be induced to say "please." The general position assumed is analagous to that sometimes displayed by one of those most diminutive

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beasts of burden seen in southern Italy, which occasionally refuses — absolutely and unmistakably — to go. You don't much blame him when you remember that his burden is often so great that only the tips of his long ears and the end of his tail are visible. In consideration of the intolerable burdens under which the majority of the diminutive animal's neighboring fellow-creatures are sunk, it is a relief to the spirit of humanity to find the spirit of revolt in this small American representative. Picture rebellious, beautiful Rocca, with gleaming eye and darkened brow, putting on her things to go home, because "My ma wouldn't wear such an apron — it's too small." "Teacher" gazes meditatively at the unusually big apron before her and wonders if Rocca's mother is the "fat lady" at the Dime Museum down the street, and then remembers that it is on exactly the same principle that the Neapolitan cab driver flings upon the pavement the unusually large fee you have given him and swears he will have none of it. As you walk off he picks it up and drives away complacently. That is what happened to Rocca. Yes, beyond a doubt, viewed in whatever aspect, Rocca is Naples personified.

Cudjie Ewing.

Cudjie her name probably is; Ewing you know it is not, but she does live on Ewing street. Her age is four or thereabouts. Her size, diminutive as to height, as to width inclined to rotundity. Her clothing too small for her size, so that when attired for the street her arms maintain a position of rigidity at an angle of forty-five degrees from her body. Her face is bright, not with soap and water, but with good-nature. Her answer is always a smile. The other girls have told you that she "can't speak any English." It has taken her half an hour to place four stitches with great painstaking and pride. She wishes each stitch to be approved. You approve the stitches, but gaze with dismay at the black spot all round about. You consult the other children and learn how to say in Italian, "You must wash your hands." Cudjie smiles and nods, while "the girl who lives in the same house" volunteers the information that "the pump in the back yard is frozen up and there ain't no water to wash wid." "Teacher" reflects some more. Her reflections are interrupted by a loud and distinct "Teacher, please tib me some t'read." Marvel of marvels! It is Cudjie's voice. Cudjie, who "can't speak any English." Her roguish look of delight at your surprise

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makes you long to take her up in your arms. She is one of the babes who "was made to be cuddled." Some way her name suggests it — wee Cudjie!

MAGDALENA.

Magdalena isn't round at all. In fact, she is very thin. Her arms don't maintain angles when her outside garments are put on, for the very good and simple reason that she hasn't any to put on. She isn't pretty, or bright looking. Her eyes are small, and if put on the witness stand you would not venture to give their color. She *looks* stupid, supremely stupid. You wouldn't think she had an idea in her head, but what her small head cannot conceive in the way of mischief is not worth speaking of, and what time her small tongue ceases to wag must be only when she is in the land of dreams. It is Magdalena who has the especial affinity for pounding on the piano, for shoving a line of chairs up and down the room at the rate of Nancy Hanks. But chief of all her delights is when comes "Children, it is time to go home." None of them have an inclination in that direction. It takes much persuasion — nay, decision — to effect the "Good-night." You no sooner see them safely out of one door than they walk back through another. It is a more elaborate process than the game of a few years ago, "Pigs in Clover." Magdalena surpasses them all in the ingenuities of reappearance. You heave a sigh of relief as the door closes on the last child, but an ominous rustle from behind a door leads to an investigation. There is a wild shout of triumph from Magdalena and she slips past your expectant fingers to race up and down the hall until, with a saucy look, she disappears into the cold and darkness without.

MARY.

Mary — one of the numerous Marys — Columbo, perhaps, is one of the comparatively quiet species, now that we have just discussed Magdalena. It gives your heart a pang to see that her cheeks are not as round and rosy as they once were. She used to know how she looked, for, once upon a time, she gazed long at a pretty assistant worker, and then burst out with, "Teacher, you look like me, don't you?" With the same ingenuousness, she informs you that "Ma says that I needn't bother to sew that apron nice, 'cause she'll rip it out and sew it on the machine when she gets it home." Mary is going to Italy to take care of her grandmother, and she can talk of

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little else. "The sun shines in Italy, doesn't it, teacher, and it's warm there, isn't it?" To which you give a hearty "Yes," with a lingering wonder as to how the Italian can live in this land so different from his sunny own, and with more than a wonder when you remember how the Italian lives in one of our great American cities. But Mary, in spite of pale cheeks and lack of warmth and sunshine, sings always. A sweet voice it is, as, on this afternoon, it tells of the angels and shepherds of the Christmas long ago. It somehow makes you remember that in that same land from which she came there was once a painter who bore the name Angelico, and who painted angels as never before or since. And with the memories of this one come others of "the lily of the Arno," the prophet reformer of San Marco, the exile poet who sang Paradiso.

A Frequent Occurrence.

I.

The time of home-going has come. The sound of loud lamentation is heard from the hall where the cloaks and hoods are hung. A disconsolate little figure is sobbing with all the abandonment of her passionate nature that "Some one has stolen my hat." All the children except two or three "special friends," who form a sympathetic Greek chorus, are ushered out of the door, while the "assistant workers" ransack the premises. Inevitably no missing hat appears. They offer consolation in various ways. The sobs grow louder and more violent and cease not for one minute.

II.

The "Head Lady" appears upon the scene. She takes the disconsolate little mortal upon her lap. She folds her in her arms. A face always alight with human love and sympathy bends over the tear-stained one below her. The sobs cease. All is quiet. The "assistant workers," whose gloves, overshoes and mufflers, not to speak of thimbles, needles and thread, have vanished into the same limbo whence has gone the hat, stand about quiet too. Do you wonder? The door swings open with a bang. Giovanni, the big brother, aged nine, rushes in unceremoniously to take his sister home. The "Head Lady" explains the cause of the scene. A substitute for the hat is found, with the promise of a future call, and the woe-begone maiden departs comforted.

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In Conclusion.

A crowded cable car, in which the darkness is made visible through the medium of two smoky kerosene lamps. An "assistant worker" sits lost in thought — unmindful of all around her. Her morning's reading in Mr. Symonds' Renaissance of Italy, with Machiavelli, Alexander VI. and the Borgias forms a background not unsuitable, perhaps, to the foreground of the afternoon. No wonder they lie and steal, she says to herself. She meditates upon the perniciousness of free aprons, etc., and then wonders how otherwise the children can be reached and held. The mothers must see some gain in sending them or else it would be more profitable to keep them at home to pull bastings and sew buttons for sweaters. Query — are we doing more harm than good? The more the thought, the more the tangle. Municipal government, tenement house inspection and regulation, ready-made clothing, immigration, naturalization laws all swarm one upon another in seemingly hopeless confusion. There is a jerk, a sudden halt. Some one remarks that "the cable is stuck." An "assistant worker" looks at her watch, reflects that there is to be company to dinner, and performs mathematical problems as to the amount of time that will be necessary to indulge in the very necessary ablutions and to don another gown. The gentlemen go out to see "how things are getting on." A squeaky accordion sounds upon the air. A small maiden, stiff with cold, stumbles into the car. She sings a few lines in a cracked, hard voice, while, on the platform, the brother with the accordion keeps an eye out for the conductor. She tries to dance with her poor, numb feet, makes a dash around the car with her tambourine, with a pleading, "Please, give me sometin', and finally beats a hasty retreat as the cable comes to terms and the conductor and absent gentlemen appear. The problems are not lessened by this episode. Oh, why? Oh, how?

And yet, after all, as the street lamps flicker across the freshly fallen snow and the clear, cold air comes against her cheeks, the song of the child returns. It isn't such a hopeless tangle. There must be a way out. The "peace on earth, good will towards men" *is* growing larger as the years go on.

Caroline L. Williamson.

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Editorial.

CONSIDERED from a literary point of view the most noticeable characteristic of the Wellesley student is her placidness. We say from a literary point of view, since it is from this standpoint alone that we, as a literary magazine, may presume to assert legitimate opinions.

We are well aware that the Wellesley student is not accustomed to think of herself as placid. With regard to politics she can be most vigorous, and at political rallies she has been known to become positively rampant. In connection with her class her activity is almost alarming, for with Senior Day as an incentive, she is capable of doing without food or sleep in order to accomplish her ends. As a member of a society her capacity for keeping secrets and her ardor in attending committee meetings and working in between whiles is almost unlimited. But considered from a literary point of view she is placid; placid to heights of somnolence.

If anything could have been supposed to arouse the Wellesley student from her literary apathy it must have been the recent changes accomplished in the English Department of the college. New courses, new methods, new instructors! Wellesley cannot plead lack of efficient literary training for her students. The energy generated by the combined efforts of the departments of literature and English ought ere this to have kindled a bonfire of enthusiasm and activity; but the Wellesley student is evidently not good fuel for a literary bonfire, she doesn't burn well; she only smokes and hisses a little, and then goes out sleepily.

At the beginning of last term a gentle, lady-like enthusiasm might have been detected in the tone of the student as she told of her new courses. And when the day of reckoning came, in spite of the shock which must be inevitable when one discovers that one's literary efforts are, to say the least, ordinary, she said she liked it, and listened to criticism with an impersonal appreciation which on other occasions might have been most gratifying. In her keen enjoyment of the wit and sarcasm of her instructor the personal flavor of the discourse was for the most part lost upon her.

It is one thing to possess delicate appreciation of wit and sarcasm; it is one thing to possess a gentle and forgiving disposition; it would seem that it is quite another thing to possess a sensitiveness to literary criticism.

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When some one tells us that we appear to be totally lacking in originality, and that even when we have ideas our expression of them is commonplace, are we to remain unmoved. We work hard, no one attempts to deny that, but is it not humilitating to be told that we cram ourselves with facts to the verge of mental indigestion and then sit like Pickwick's fat boy, enveloped in a torpor of speech and of thought. The originality of the Wellesley student makes itself apparent day after day in action, why not in her written work. It is not true that we have no opinions of our own. But it remains yet to be proven in black and white.

AMONG incentives to activity, the good opinion of the community has always ranked high, and deservedly, since public sentiment represents the conscience and intellect of the age, and, being of too general a nature to involve personal interests, is also on the whole to be considered honest. It is true that philosophers profess to scorn public opinion, declaring it of necessity in the wrong; but even philosophers have not always been proof against its potency, and of common men we may safely affirm that no other influence, unless of individual conscience, has ever told upon them so forcibly. Statesmen and agitators long ago realized this immense power lodged in the general public, and while they bent their knees before crowned heads, they turned their wits to devising means for winning over popular sentiment. Reformers discharged their pistols at royalty, but their cannon they fired on society in general. Indeed, public opinion is so great a force that if it be turned in a wrong direction, Right may wring her hands in helpless impotence behind its back; if it be corrupt purity must perish; if it be gone over to flattery and servility, heroic endeavor is likely to die of suffocation.

Wherever a community of any kind exists, a general public sentiment follows as a matter of course. Here at Wellesley we are under the influence both of the views of general society, finding expression through our home friends and acquaintances, and of college sentiment, holding sway within the college fence. The latter, though narrower in its range, has probably a much stronger effect upon our daily actions and tendencies. This effect may last only during the period of our college course, or it may stretch out indefinitely over our future lives. In any case, it is important. Every

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student entering college feels its influence when she wishes more or less consciously for the good will and good opinion of her fellow students. She feels it when she adopts a principle or forms an opinion. She may not always think in harmony with it, but she is not likely to act strongly in opposition. Further, if she have any ambition, she will probably find no more powerful incentive to energetic work than the hope of gaining the admiration of the other college girls. Indeed, a healthy ambition often takes its rise from some favorable criticism on the part of the college at large. Young girls come to college with no definite purpose in life, and with little realization of their own powers. Their conscious self-development, their determination to make the most of themselves, begins when their fellow-students find them out and urge them on. All this shows the great strength vested in general college criticism, and the absolute necessity of keeping it pure and vigorous, if we would have college life produce its best results.

We believe that Wellesley students' criticism of one another is in tone and character something of which we may be proud. It is frank, generous, enthusiastic, totally free from jealousy, and devoid of selfishness. It is a direct contradiction of that foundationless old statement that women cannot think well of one another. But it has two important defects. It shows lack of discrimination and of energy. The first fault is the result of carrying a virtue too far, so that because we like to give pleasure and say complimentary things to one another, we fall into the mistake of invariably praising work whether it seems noticeably good or not, and of clothing what should be very moderate approval in extravagant language. Thus, of course, compliments defeat their own ends, and pleasant little words of admiration come to mean, here at college, no more than the courteous prevarications that of necessity pass current in general society. Now the Wellesley Magazine does not advocate the establishment of a mutual fault-finding association or anything of the kind; we believe that however wholesome adverse criticism may be, it is for the most part impracticable and undesirable between fellow-workers. But at the same time, there must be a possibility of so regulating our praises of one another by the standard of honesty that spoken admiration may truly give pleasure, carry weight and furnish a powerful incentive.

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The second defect—lack of energy—show sitself in our distribution of class and society offices and honors. When we happen upon a girl capable of doing well a certain kind of work, we hail her with delight, set her apart as the recipient of honors upon all future occasions, and do not so much as ask whether there may not be some one quite as worthy among those whom chance has never brought to our notice. In other words, we pile too many duties and privileges upon one individual. We narrow too much the executive circle. This shows want of vigor, want of keenness and alertness, want of breadth. It is in every way injurious. It prevents the advancement of those possibly entirely fitted, depriving them not only of pleasure, but also of profitable experience. It overburdens those whose hands are already full, and tends to lower the standard of their work. But, most serious of all, it narrows and so lowers the character of class and college, it blinds the body of students to their full aggregate powers, it interferes with the most complete individualization of work. A little more care in investigating each girl's capabilities, a little less leaving of the matter to chance and to the interest of friends would obviate the whole difficulty. We do not believe that the trouble comes through any conscious disposition to favoritism, cliques, or selfishness. Such a suggestion is totally at variance with the character of Wellesley students. We do think it is due to our hurried lives, to thoughtlessness, and to indolence, and that it calls for immediate remedy.

With the removal of these two defects, a criticism that in its friendliness tends toward flattery, and a disposition to confine college preferments within too narrow a circle, we believe that college sentiment, already powerful for good, would become one of the most beneficial influences of the course.

ON returning to college after the Christmas holidays we are confronted at once by the mid-year examinations. Alma Mater now offers her daughters an opportunity to show by their feats of prowess the strength and agility developed by months of mental training. The "mid-years" are the culmination of a semester's work, and, to a certain degree they exhibit the results of a semester's work. In general, the life of a student can be read in her examination papers. The studious and the frivolous; the thorough

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and the superficial; the conscientious and the careless; each answers the summons in her own way — the way she has been pursuing for four months past. Not only the way of her studies, but also the way of her recreations; not only the way of her life at college, but also the way of her life during the three weeks of vacation immediately preceding the examinations. The results of examinations depend almost as much on the physical as on the mental health of the student, only attainable by a just proportion of study and play through the whole year. Three weeks of rest are scarcely enough to repair the harm done by three months of close application to study without regard to proper exercise and fresh air, though when the mischief has not gone too far an evanescent freshness may be gained in that time somewhat in the manner in which knowledge, equally fleeting, is "crammed" at the last moment by the procrastinating student. On the other hand three weeks of injudicious gayety are enough to unfit almost any girl for the thoughtful and serious work expected before and during examination time, even if her life at college has been carefully regulated. The holidays should not make a complete break in the college life of the student; they should mean merely that, for a while, sensible, healthful pleasures are to usurp the place given at other times to healthful, stimulating work. But the student should hold her work in mind in so much that all her pleasures and recreations may tend to aid her in it, not to unfit her to return to it again after her resting time is over. The three weeks of vacation, as well as the three months of study, may be spent with the greatest profit, or they may be abused, with direful results. Examinations come like a day of judgment; miser and spendthrift are both convicted, if they have misused time, hoarding it as too precious to be spent in honest fun, or flinging it away carelessly, neglecting its golden opportunities.

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The Free Press.

I.

The article on "Student Self-Government" that appeared in a recent number of the Magazine raised two questions in the minds of Wellesley students: (1) Do we, as students, really desire self-government? and (2) What method of government is being evolved here in our midst?

Do the Wellesley students desire self-government? Put the question to any girl, to any number of girls. Those who answer impulsively will cry out "Yes," and wonder that you asked; those who are more conservative will still say glibly, "Yes, ultimately." But those who hesitate before they answer will give one of two replies, either it will be "Yes, and we are getting it slowly, by degrees"; or it will be "No, or we would have been governing ourselves long ago." What is the meaning of this difference of opinion? Which answer is the true one? Each, and yet not one. They indicate different stages of thought, and often it is the one who longs for it the most earnestly who feels that the students as a body care for it not at all.

Yet each girl believes that she individually desires self-government for the students of the college; do all combine in making progress in self-government? Each declares it to be her firm hope that such a government will eventually be established here by the *students*, — how many strive to bring that future state nearer by even one forward step? Each asserts her own interest in the question, — how many have an intelligent opinion on the subject? how many know the state of the case in other colleges? In short, how many have thought at all on the subject in a practical way?

I have heard editors of this Magazine complain because they could not persuade girls to write on this subject. What reasons did the girls give? This one reason: "I have nothing to say; *I have not thought about it.*" Yet these are the girls who compose our junior and senior classes; the girls who are ready to tell what were the legislative powers of the Peers of Charlemagne, and what the constitutional status of the yeoman in the time of Richard II., but when it comes to a question affecting their own privileges, affecting the interests of the college they so greatly love, they have neither words nor thoughts. Is this too severe on Wellesley's serious, earnest students? Because a girl is not willing to make public her thoughts, that does not prove she has none; and no doubt this silent unconscious thinking bears its own fruit. It certainly helps train the individual, it is good as far as it goes, but it fails utterly to meet the present need. It is not

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the thinkers who merely sit and think that help the world on, it is the thinkers who put their thoughts into words and deeds whom men remember with gratitude. In the face of their own statements to the contrary, I dare assert that the majority of Wellesley students do think on this subject in a desultory, indifferent fashion, that they do plan in a third-person-future style. But I assert, also, that a minority, call it small if you please, do nothing of the kind. And for this minority let us raise our *Te Deums* — for the girls who think earnestly, enthusiastically on this and all subjects of college interest, who stand ready with carefully considered opinions and plans almost matured, who work, with eyes fixed on the future, in and for the present. Few they are, I grant, who answer to this description; and yet on these few rests the task of arousing public opinion to a realization of the importance of this question, to a realization that the answer lies wholly with the students — *with the majority.*

And let us who compose this majority see to it that we are not long in taking the first forward step. That step has been lately pointed out to us,— the exercise by the students of "such powers as they already have." How many of us ever know what constitutes these powers? Let us not be slow in finding out. Above all let us remember that it rests with us of the majority to say when and how we are to exercise our powers; that a period of ultimate self-government by the students presupposes a period of transition and progress; that the future method of college government will be largely determined by present students, just as the college of the present is the outcome of past causes.

This leads us to the consideration of the second question: What method of student self-government is being evolved at Wellesley?

Unacquainted with the history of the college, except for the last three years, it would be presumption indeed for one of "the majority" to attempt a discussion of the subject. But one well-known feature that has been developed only lately seems so truly characteristic of Wellesley that it can but be deemed as significant of the direction of future development. I refer to the Committees of Conference which both faculty and students find so satisfactory. By this means the faculty are enabled the better to understand just what the students desire, and their reasons for the desire; while the students are made to realize more strongly that the faculty are ready to act with as well as for them. They are, in fact, a means of communication between the governed and the governing, by which reciprocal representation is effected; by which the wishes of the students are represented to the faculty and the reasons of the faculty to the students. So far their efforts have been attended with marked success. What significance may we attach to

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this fact? Simply that desired ends are best obtained by united efforts, by the efforts, in this case, of teacher and student acting together. That at Wellesley, it is the tendency for the students to gain a wider control over matters relating to their interests as college women, through association with the faculty — not as at Harvard and Bryn Mawr through separate associations entirely their own. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that what we as students desire is not control over certain matters as a separate organization, but a voice in the college legislature, representation in college legislation.

The success of these very committees is due to the fact that they did represent the faculty to the students, the students to the faculty. We feel them to be a step toward full representation, we feel also that the time has come for this fuller representation, when the students shall have a part in the making of laws by which they, and they alone, must abide. True, this means a mighty change in the principle of things, and yet can we doubt it would be a change for the better? Legislation without representation was once called tyranny; and if Harvard men, whose staid demeanor and self-control are surely no more proverbial than our own, if the students of Bryn Mawr — who are after all merely women like ourselves — if they are allowed councils of self-government and control over matters in which we have no voice, if such powers are given to others, surely Wellesley would be running no great risk in granting her students a part in the making of her laws. While we know that "the rules express no arbitrary will of the faculty, but the mature judgment of a body of thoughtful persons as to the conditions under which alone the student can obtain the very things for which he came," yet we feel that it would be good for the student to have the opportunity of expressing his opinion as to what these conditions shall be. While we glory in the wisdom and justice of the rules we obey, we feel that the college government is practically a government for the students by the faculty, whereas it should be a government in which the students have a recognized part, an influential voice. Thus, I repeat, by having a direct part in the existing order of things, not by establishing a new method, by representation and not by separation, will we as Wellesley students best govern ourselves.

If I am right in believing this to be the method toward which Wellesley is tending, it behooves us as students to think carefully about the matter, and to do our part toward bringing it to pass. If this is a mistaken view, let us get at the truth without further delay, and when we have found it, let us act by it. Instead of shirking our own responsibility by vaguely hoping for ultimate self-government, let us work for the future in the present.

FRANCES H. LUCAS.

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II.

A recent editorial on college friendships has attracted my attention and to my mind its position invites a challenge. Agreeing perfectly with the view there taken as to the responsibility involved in making friends, for surely true friendship like marriage is not to be entered into "lightly or unadvisedly," there seems to me another side of the question often disregarded.

Our inclination to seek the best in friendship, to rise toward those above us, is great according to the proportion of aspiration in us, and that aspiration in this college atmosphere, ever inspiring us toward that which is ideal, is generally an increasing factor. "To make friends with the noblest and best people in the circle of our acquaintance is a duty involved in the determination of our environment." This is an undeniable fact; but has all been said? Is there not another duty of friendship? There is a giving as well as a getting. In the desire to seek that which is animating and uplifting is there not sometimes a temptation to forget "the equals and inferiors, who inspire in us no spirit of emulation," a tendency to gather into our own garners the best about us, but a blindness to the needs of those who crave what we might give them? There are many whom we meet daily to whom our words or our friendship, just because we may happen to them to seem above their level in intellect or heart graces, would be perhaps the reviving touch, the life-giving influence which they unconsciously wait to receive in order to be their best selves.

In no attitude of condescension then, but with an insight born of love, looking for the best in every one, let us cultivate those friendships which are self-giving, as well as those in which we humbly feel ourselves the receivers. We may have both at the same time; we may rise toward the one friend as we bend toward the other; but let us not measure what we give by what we gain in this beautiful tie of friend with friend.

Yet no giving in a true friendship is utterly without return. We shall find something added to our own lives when we least expect it. It is worthy of the effort, this opening of new possibilities to others and to ourselves.

G. E. M.

III.

To the Editor of the Wellesley Magazine: — A recent editorial on friendship seems to me to have ascribed too sordid and mechanical a nature to the most mysterious and most beautiful of human relationships. Will you allow

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me a little space in which to explain my meaning? There are some things that, like happiness, do not come to him who seeks them. They are divine gifts, or rather they are the effect of great natural forces whose ultimate nature we cannot understand and whose workings we are as yet only beginning to investigate. I believe friendship to be of such a kind; not a thing which we make and unmake at will, not something over which we bargain and hesitate; but the result of powers mysterious and irresistible, as little within our control as chemical affinity, and which, once formed, can be destroyed only by violent chemical separation.

Granting, however, for the times that friendships might be created by conscious volition, let us consider the practical difficulties in the way of such a method of selection as you suggest. First, upon what basis is the choice to be made? You say that our friends should be our superiors, those from whom we may hope to derive benefit. It does not seem to me indisputable that we derive more benefit from association with superiors than inferiors, but admitting that, in what way are they to be our superiors? Intellectually, morally, in point of culture, principle, education, artistic taste or social position? Must we seek a combination of all these? If we attempt to choose, which quality should take precedence? If we decide on intellectual endowment, should we seek breadth or depth of thought, originality or receptivity, general information or the powers of a specialist? Should we seek a mind whose bent is like our own or opposite? Should we choose one whose development is well advanced, or one which gives promise of great future growth? Further, even when we have decided on the desirable quality, how, if our insight stops short of infallibility, can we know whether a person surely possesses it?

But, for the sake of argument, I grant again that the decision has been successfully made and the friendship begun. Next, you say we should constantly strive to pass from lower to higher friendships. In other words, we must all the time watch the circle of our acquaintances to see whether some one has not appeared on the horizon more desirable as a friend than the one with whom we are at present associated. Now will arise all the difficulties of comparison. No two minds, we are told, were ever formed after the same model, so that we cannot lay these two down side by side and measure them as one would two sticks. There would be differences of shape as well as size. Finally, suppose this remarkable feat to have been accomplished, and that we have proved ourselves possessed of the power, hitherto reckoned rare, of understanding human nature accurately and adapting it readily to one's own ends. What of the morality of all this? What of sentiment and loyalty, of unselfishness and devotion? In this age of scientific

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analysis, have we analyzed all affection out of friendship itself and left it but a dry husk of utilitarianism? Then let us say good-bye to the old word, around which some possibly unscientific but certainly pleasing memories cling, and admit that this new relationship is not friendship at all.

Indeed, in your editorial, it seems to me that you do not clearly distinguish between the terms friendship and acquaintanceship. Two people may be very thoroughly acquainted and yet feel no spark of affection. True friendship is quite a different thing from passing connection or even intimacy. We may sit reverently at the feet of a great man as we sit at the feet of a teacher, but that is not friendship. We may bow in gratitude before a benefactor, but that is not friendship. We may stand side by side with a fellow-workman all our days, but that is not necessarily friendship. Now, in choosing acquaintances, we might indeed proceed somewhat on the method you suggest, since here no affection and no especial loyalty is implied. Still even here there is a difficulty. If it be not too wild an assumption, suppose that some one who is my inferior should, in accordance with your rule, seek my acquaintance. How would it be possible for me, also in accordance with your rule, to permit the intimacy? In the same way, how could my superior agree to any sort of fellowship with me?

Indeed, I seem to see society in one mad rush — not altogether a fancy picture — each man fleeing desperately from the man behind and grasping frantically at the coat-tails of the one in front. It is a wearisome sight. Would it not be better, after all, to go back to the old way, where acquaintanceship comes because destiny has thrown us together and because we find something interesting in every human being, and where friendship springs up as poetry from the heart of a poet, not because of any reward it brings, but simply because it must?

'93.

Book Reviews.

FAR FROM TO-DAY. By Gertrude Hall.

Again the short story, but the short story with a difference. Somebody in this nineteenth century has been dreaming dreams in the midst of the mediæval forests.

What a surprise! what a relief! Here are no crisp sketches of the New England spinster; no latest reports from Red Man's Gulch; no rambling of Befo' de Wah; but voices from out the mists of Feudalism; dialect stories of the Middle

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Ages. Lazy little tales that do not hurry to the finish, modern fashion, but linger dreamily over a bit of sunset, or the shadows under a forest tree, or the end of a man's life, with a leisureliness most welcome, most refreshing.

There are six of these stories, and the good points in each have such a way of starting to the face that one again experiences relief upon discovering that it will be difficult to say for this once: "The most exquisite story in this collection is the first" or the last, or the next to the last, as the case may be. Perhaps the most prominent idea one has concerning them is that they are, as the title asserts, "far from to-day," very far; there is a haze over them. One of their peculiarities and one which tends artistically to account for this haze is the fact that the author never defines their geographical limits; she never plants her incident irrevocably in the north-west corner of Germany or on the left bank of the Seine; she talks about a city, or a river, or a kingdom and thereby preserves a sort of fairy tale perspective. And yet she has imparted a decided race distinction to the heroes and heroines of the different tales, and this, not by their names alone (although it were not easy to place Servirol and Aurore otherwhere than France, or Philotis and the sons of Philemon beyond the boundaries of Greece), but by a quaint change of dialect, which makes the speech of Ulf utterly different from that of the shepherd-king, and by an attention to time and custom, which makes the city of Hildgard and Lothrich other than the city of Sweyn.

In themes the stories are not strikingly new. "The Sons of Philemon" tells of the two brothers who loved the same woman, but loved their honor more, and of the mother who could not choose which one of them should die. In Servirol appears the man who steals away the wife of his friend; in "Shepherd," two who love each other remain forever parted; but the changes are rung in a different key. The modern short story is apt to be sounded upon a somewhat shrill note, and these come to us like the sigh of the wind through many trees. It is only because she lives in the nineteenth century, however, that Miss Hall has been able to make her men and women stand out so clearly in the midst of mist; she has entered into the thoughts of these mediæval dreamlings of hers as only a modern writer would.

It may be that sometimes she is a little tardy in bringing her tale to its close; Sylvanus, otherwise so exquisite, and perhaps more than all the others, original in conception, drags just a bit at the last page, the last sentence; we of the modern hour like best to cut away our moral, our selvidge edge from off the end of the warp and woof.

They are sad little tales, every one; but with the sadness of optimism, the grief of conquest.

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It is good to be able to shut one's self out from the nearness of the present sometimes, and it has been good to be able to hang the quaint old-world tapestry of thought in this little book before the door of the near to-day.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND BROWNING. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

Whether the motive be curiosity or love, it is certain that there is usually a desire, on the part of those who study the writings of a great man, to know something of his life and personality. Indeed, the relation between the book and the man back of it, between the teaching and the life through which it comes is one not to be disregarded in estimating the influence of any leader of thought. Too often the revelation of this inner life is painful and disappointing, but Mrs. Ritchie's records give an added reverence for these three great interpreters of our century's life.

Memories, personal impressions collected by a hand which is that of friend rather than critic,— this is all that the book claims to be; but the work is done with the touch of the artist. From the opening picture of the little Tennyson, in the Somersby garden, making his first line of poetry as the wind blew his waving hair, saying, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," to the closing scene of the volume in which the friends of Robert Browning, "the man of rock and sunshine," pay their last tribute at his grave, a fine sense of the fitness of things, of that which is harmonious in each recorded life, makes the work as a whole beautiful. We enter with the author the charmed atmosphere that lay about these great souls as she felt it from her own place in the circles of literature, as the daughter of Thackeray. With her we sit at the feast of high thoughts, sharing the genial hospitality which these men dispensed, "at the kind board where the salt has not lost its savor in the years that have passed, and where the guests can say their grace not for bread and wine alone."

The sketch of Tennyson, the poet who lived so close to nature that he caught her music, is especially delightful. His personality, recluse though he was, with life hidden from the curious world, becomes very real to us through the author's personal knowledge of him. Ruskin, as she herself says, she sketches not from the position of the art critic, but from her own point of view only, "as a light-bearer, as a writer of the English language, as a poet in his own measure." It is the man himself she gives us, the warm-hearted, sometimes impulsive, poetic yet often didactic, Ruskin; but his very departures from his sternly outlined theories, as shown in extracts from letters to his friends, draw us nearer to him. The treatment of his character and teaching is most sympathetic.

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Mr. and Mrs. Browning live again for us in the affection of Mrs Ritchie, for her pen seems here even more than elsewhere guided by loving and devoted reverence. The unusual character of these two poets and their beautiful union impress us more strongly than ever. The noble-souled man, a vivid illustration of Sir Philip Sydney's definition of a gentleman, "High thoughts erected in the heart of courtesy," with his patience under misunderstanding, his kindness and charity, wins us once again by his life as he has done by his words. The picture of their charming home life gives us glimpses of one who was at her best there. "Mrs. Browning was a great writer; but I think she was even greater as woman than as writer, and any account of her would be incomplete which did not put these facts first and foremost in her history," says Mrs. Ritchie.

Although the aim of these reminiscenses is distinctly to picture the men rather than criticise their work, yet we find here and there indications of the author's thoughtful estimates of it. Our attention is called to "the remarkable influence which Alfred Tennyson seems to have had from the very first upon his contemporaries even before his genius had been recognized by the rest of the world." She quotes a characteristic bit from Carlyle's words about him: "A man, solitary and sad as certain men are, dwelling in an atmosphere of gloom; carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into cosmos." Of Ruskin she gives us this appreciative comment of her own: "There is also all the extraordinary influence of personality in his teaching. Oracles like Mill and Spencer veil their faces when they utter. Poets and orators like Ruskin uncover their heads when they address their congregation."

To read these "appreciations," if such they may be called, is to dwell for a time in the company of those who interpret the world to us with a high spiritual insight; it is to share the ideal world of Tennyson, to see beauty in common things with Ruskin, and to look at men with Browning's optimism. This is uplifting and ennobling, therefore we cannot but be thankful for the privilege Mrs. Ritchie's work affords us.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

Exchanges.

We are glad to welcome among the fresh magazines that crown our table a new monthly, – The "College Fraternity," "issued in the interest of the American College Fraternity System." It satisfactorily meets a long felt want, and the first number is full of interest.

The November numbers of several of our exchanges divide their honors between "Columbus," "The World's Fair," and "Foot-ball."

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The "Southern Collegian" gives us among its *silhouettes* quite a strong sketch —"The Minister's Story."

The "Nassau Lit." opens with its prize essay, a well written article, having for its subject "India's Place in English Fiction." It excels the majority of essays on literary subjects printed in college magazines, in that it bears evidence of original work as well as of scholarly research. Through the editorial columns of the magazine is expressed the desire for an Inter-Collegiate Debate League to be formed between Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, the contest to take place in New York.

The Yale papers still keep up a vigorous protest against compulsory chapel, and seem to feel that the day of reform is at hand. They have our cordial sympathy in the struggle.

The leading number of the "Harvard Monthly" is an essay on "The Romantic Elements in Lord Tennyson's Poetry." The subject is handled in a scholarly fashion, and is the best of the Tennyson papers that have appeared in the recent exchanges.

The expectations aroused by the pretty cover of the "Mount Holyoke" find full justification in the contents of the November number, now before us. A large part of the magazine is this month devoted to a "Columbus Corner," containing several interesting sketches and bits of verse. "A Magazine Carnival" makes some sharp hits at the prominent periodicals of the day.

The "Harvard Monthly" for December adopts a charmingly generous tone in its leading article, "A Glimpse of Yale." The first of a series of papers on "Cardinal Newman" is sympathetic and keen.

The best part of the "Vassar Miscellany" is found this month under "Points of View." The subjects treated are anything but new — the college curriculum *vs.* class and committee work, recreation *vs.* study, Sunday rest, etc. The discussion, however, is well worth reading.

The leading article in "The Inlander," University of Michigan, on "The Sphere of the State" is thoughtful and interesting.

In the Yale Literary Magazine is a bright sketch entitled "Children of a Larger Growth." The cynicism in the first part is much better done than the attempt at pathos in the second.

"From the Book of Lives," an Italian story in the "Southern Collegian," is strongly worked up and holds the attention until the climax, which is, however, too horrible and purposeless to be artistic.

The holiday number of the "Nassau Lit." is full of bright and entertaining

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stories and sketches. An additional one, "False Originality," deals a necessary blow at a variety of literary style that is becoming painfully frequent in and out of college publications.

The November number of the "Harvard Advocate" has for its opening editorial a stirring article against the worship of brawn and muscle to the exclusion of all respect for body and soul. It is indeed refreshing to find among the huge pile of college magazines at least one that dares question the opinion that "body is better than soul and matter than mind."

From a great mass of verse, some of it good, some of it otherwise, we clip the following as fairly representative:

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

For a mighty thought and a purpose strong,
His age with fetters bound him;
For his matchless faith which gave us a world,
Four centuries have crowned him.

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

[WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.]

When the moon shines bright on the lonely beach,
And the sea is half-asleep,
Heaving, heaving evermore;
While the surf falls lazily along the shore,
And the gleaming ripples creep,

Then the wet little fairies come out of the wave,
And dance by the light of the moon,
In gossamer dresses of white sea-foam,
Brown sea-weed sash and coral comb,
With spotted shells for shoon.

Their little feet patter upon the sands
As round and round they go.
The moonlight silvers all their charms,
Their sea-green tresses, bare brown arms,
And pearly eyes aglow.

And three little fairies blow on shells,
Making low music sweet,
Like fairy surge on a fairy shore,
Tumbling, tumbling, with tiny roar,
In time to the pattering feet.

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The king of the fairies sits apart,
With a trident sceptre of gold.
He sits in kingly state alone:
A crystal pebble his splendid throne,
Carved by the waves of old.

But when the moon dips low in the west,
And sands and sea grow dim,
The fairies vanish with the light,
Leaving the surf, through the lonely night,
To chant its solemn hymn.

THE BRUNONIAN.

NOCTURNE.

I.

The other night two Beings passed before me as I slept—
I scarcely heard a single sound, so quietly they crept—
Except the rustling of their robes around them as they stept.

II.

Then straightway grew I curious, and half arose in bed,
And strained each trembling nerve to hear and ponder what they said—
To learn who these strange Shapes might be in garments of the dead.

III.

The one was clad in white, and wore a white rose in her hair—
I wondered why she wore the blossom thus, and then, and there—
I wondered who the One could be—so marvelously fair!

IV.

My answer came—a whisper such as ne'er was heard on earth—
A hollow, heartless whisper, full of mocking, maddening mirth—
"Once, long ago, I kissed him. I'm the Instant of his Birth!"

V.

The other, darkly robed, seemed an embodiment of woes—
An odor as if from the tomb was clinging to her clothes,
And fastened on her breast I saw she wore a withered rose.

VI.

Her voice was low and tender—scarcely heard above a breath—
As when a lovelorn angel to her lover whispereth—
And she said—"I soon shall kiss him—I'm the Instant of his Death!"

VII.

They spoke and vanished, but the dream will haunt me 'till I die—
The question burns within me—Why the White One's mockery?—
And why the Other's tenderness?—Ah, who can tell me why!

THE NASSAU LIT.

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TENNYSON.

To-night, when chill winds tear away
From shivering bough the pallid leaf,
I think of him who sang in grief,
"Our little systems have their day;

"They have their day and cease to be."
He is not dead, but aye shall give
Pure, tuneful solace; he shall live,
The beacon of a century.

THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

LETTERS.

"Lovingly yours," she used to write,
That was after our summer's fun:
Mark what the rocks and waves had done.
"Lovingly yours," she used to write
When college begun.

"Ever sincerely"— ah! a change,
Thus she forgets the lesson she taught;
Somebody else is paying court.
"Ever sincerely"— what a change!
She scarcely ought.

"Cordially"— this is very terse,
Such nonchalance will never do;
That summer's faded from her view.
"Cordially"— frigid — very terse.
I wonder — who?

"Yours," ah, well, I expected that,
That was after his winter's fun;
Mark what parties and hops had done,
"Yours in haste," I expected that
Ere college was done.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

EPITAPH FOR A POET.

The critics scorned to criticise,
The editors to analyze,
The poems I was wont to write;
And friends themselves showed no surprise
That men could be so impolite.

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One man there was, however, who
Possessed a most exalted view
  Of all I ever wrote or said;
Of all the men I ever knew
  He only had a level head.

He was a man intelligent,
Who from a better land was sent;
  A poet of a high degree
Of fancy and of sentiment,
  A perfect genius, namely, Me.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

College Notes.

The long-dreamed of post-office is at last to become a reality. It is to be in the hands of the college, and will probably be opened at the beginning of the new semester. Each student will possess a key to her own box, and be able to secure her own mail.

A delightful concert was given in the chapel on January 9th by the Germania Orchestra, assisted by Miss Rose Stewart as soloist.

Miss Bates and Miss Coman were prevented by illness from meeting their classes at the beginning of this term.

Miss Charlotte Roberts stopped for a short visit at Wellesley on her way back to Yale, where she is this year studying.

Miss Emily Fogg, formerly of '93, spent a part of the vacation at college with Miss Keith.

Dr. Lyman Abbott spoke in the chapel on Thursday evening, January 5th.

The snow continues to fall, and the sleighing and coasting are thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

All who wish to register with the New England Bureau of Education, whose advertisement may be found in another column, may obtain the necessary blanks of Miss Helen G. Eager, '93.

Society Notes.

The Art Society held its regular meeting in the Art Gallery, December 10th. The following programme was presented:

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Modern English Drama:

Paper: Characteristics of Modern English Drama . . Miss Howe
Talks: Comparison of Modern English Drama with
a. Greek Drama . . . . . Miss Irish
b. Shakespearian Drama . . . . . Miss Foster

Reading, with tableaux. Scenes from "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon."

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held January 7th. The programme was as follows:

Morris as "The Apostle of Brotherhood."

I. A Review of Some Prominent Utopians . . . . . Helen Foss
II. The Evolution of the Social Ideal . . . . . Edith White
III. Debate. Resolved, that Morris' Socialist Scheme is practicable.
Affirmative. Henrietta St. B. Brooks.
Negative. Helen G. Eager.

At her regular meeting, held January 14th, Zeta Alpha finished the semester's study of "Forecasts of the Twentieth Century." The programme was as follows:

Music and Art.

I. American Painting and Painters . . . . . Clara L. Willis
II. Songs of American Composers . . . . . Grace Grenell
III. Comparison of Modern French and English Art . Lydia O. Pennington
IV. Tendencies of Modern European Composers with piano illustrations . . . . . Helen Drake
V. The future of Music and Art . . . . . Winifred Augsbury

The following new members were initiated: Grace L. Addeman, '95, Kate W. Nelson, '95, Helen Dennis, '95, Mary E. Field, '95, Elizabeth M. Wood, '94, Clara M. Kruse, '94.

College Bulletin.

Jan. 12. Phillips Brooks speaks in the evening.
Jan. 15. Dr. Archibald McCullough of Worcester preaches.
Jan. 16. Reading by Geo. W. Cable.
Jan. 22. Rev. S. R. Fuller of Malden preaches.
Jan. 26. Day of Prayer for colleges.
Feb. 19. Rev. Chas. A. Dickinson preaches.

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Alumnae Notes.

THE WASHINGTON WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Washington Wellesley Association and their guests from the college, who are in Washington for the holidays, were entertained at the home of Miss Ethel Glover, '90, 1505 R street, Northwest, December 29. It was the occasion of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Association. The election of officers for the coming year was as follows: President, Miss Mabel Godfrey, '90; vice-president, Miss C. W. Orr, '89; secretary, Mrs. Laura Paul Dilber, '79-'80; treasurer, Miss Lewanna Wilkins, '91; chairman of business committee, Miss Maria Baldwin, '91.

The social meeting began with a violin solo by Miss Mattie Saxton of Mt. Pleasant. This was followed by addresses of welcome to the new members by the president of the association, Miss Emma Teller, '89; Miss Isabella Campbell, '94, then gave most entertainingly the annals of the college for the year '92. Miss Cummings of the Wellesley faculty gave an account of the changes recently made in the college curriculum.

Miss Florence Converse, so well known to the readers of the Wellesley Magazine, read one of her stories. College songs and a tea closed a most delightful reunion.

Among the guests from the college were: Miss Cummings, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Converse, Miss Laura Northey, Miss Grace Johnson, Miss Lila Tayler, Miss Louise Taylor, Miss Celia Mayse, Miss Lydia Wilkins, Miss Alice Parvis, Miss Agnes Cook, Miss Bartlett, Miss Warren. Miss E. A. Vinton, '84, of Norfolk College, Va., was also present.

The fall meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held November 19 at 1132 Gwaid St., Miss Anna Palen presiding. The short business meeting was preluded by music given by Miss Bird of the Walton (Wellesley) School and followed by an informal discussion as to the future of the club

A Wellesley Association has been formed in Washington State.

The Chicago Wellesley Club met November 19th at the home of Miss Anna Williams, Washington Boulevard, Miss Mary Howe in the chair. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Marion Ely; vice-president, Miss Alice Hinchcliffe Ray; corresponding secretary, Miss May Cook; recording secretary, Miss Edith Wilkinson.

Miss Laura Jones, '84, is *studying* Hebrew and history in Chicago University instead of teaching as was stated in the last number of the Magazine.

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Miss Harriet Stone, '88, is pursuing advanced work in chemistry at the Chicago University.

Miss May Cook, '83, Miss Isabella Stone and Miss Caroline Williams of '89 and Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, have formed a private class in German under Mlle. Heistermeister.

Miss Lucia Leffingwell, '89, is studying in the Art Students' League, N. Y.

Miss Bell Sherwin, '90, is teaching history in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Mary Stevens Ayres, '87-'91, is living in Wellesley and pursuing a normal course in physical culture with Miss Annie Payson Call of Boston.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, is taking a course in Constitutional Law at Chicago University.

The address of Miss Lillian Hunt is 1104 13th street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Marriages.

OSMER—LAROSE. At Logansport, Ind., Dec. 28, 1862, Anna V. LaRose, '84, to Walter A. Osmer. At home, 316 North street, after Jan. 11, 1893. Miss LaRose is the ex-superintendent of public schools in Logansport.

Births.

To Mrs. Helen Harris Dutcher, M. D., '86-'88, (?) December 5, 1892, a son, Frederick Harris Dutcher.

Deaths.

Jan. 5, Miss Annie Gilchrist Bell of McGregor, Iowa. Student at Wellesley '76-'78.

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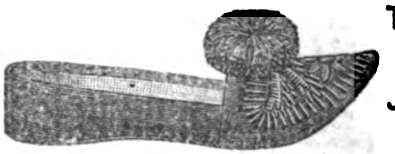

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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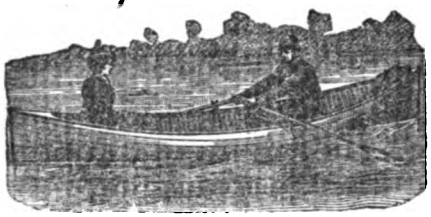

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Annie B. Tomlinson, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Florence Converse, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

A GLIMPSE INTO LIFE.

Will you come to St. Mary street with me? You can do so quite safely, now. Ten years ago you could not have gone at all unless you were a man; and then you would have been obliged to seek the company of a policeman.

It is not a pretty street, even to-day, in this year of grace, 1893. The houses are small and mean. Some of them are wooden and look as if they were rotting away. The street is only two blocks long, but several black courts, like snakes, lead off of it, towards—what? We won't explore them just now. It is not well to walk in St. Mary street without rubbers, unless, indeed—but that is another story. You will like to observe the curious little shops, with latticed windows; they seem full of strange and somewhat unpleasant-looking objects. Do you see the woman rubbing that apple before she sells it to the little boy? She is a picturesque woman. Would you like to eat that apple?

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Stop! What is this house? It stands by itself, near a tiny park. Its little white steps are clean, there are curtains at the windows, and here one lovely window smiles out into the street a gay smile of scarlet poinsettia and clustering ivy. We will go in! Inside it is prettier than out. See the warm coloring, the open fires, the little group of girls, evidently from St. Mary street, sitting in low chairs with story-books in their hands. And here are two or three young college women coming eagerly forward to give you sisterly welcome.

What! You say you don't care for it? It is too much like what you are used to? You would rather have more of the street? Very well; come up-stairs to my window. You shall look out of it for a few hours, and watch the drama as it unfolds.

It is entertaining enough for a little while to see the people going in and out of the little shop, and the children playing. Black children, olive-colored children, pink-and-white (mostly white) children, children in rags, children in plush coats, children in pretty much nothing at all—laughing, scampering, innocently enough, you think, unless you happen to open the window.

Hark! Another noise. A woman rushes out from one of the courts—a handsome woman, young, with flaming cheeks. She shouts, scolds, curses, sobs. In about thirty seconds a crowd gathers. The men, as they listen to her, all laugh; the women scowl, and some of them cry. Presently a policeman appears. He goes into the court, comes out, laughing too, and walks away. The woman has vanished. Shall we follow her? Be careful where you step in the court. Drainage of all kinds covers the ground. Here is the room where the noise centres. Two women. The one who scolded is scolding still; her head is bleeding, do you see? The other, silent, except now and then for a few high, rapid words, presses a child to her breast. She is beautiful, this woman, with a dark Hebrew beauty. Her eyes are desperate. An artist would see a Mater Dolorosa. There is an odd swelling on her forehead. They talk "Jew," the German lingo. We understand at last that the husband of the still woman has come in drunk, and struck the women with an empty beer-bottle—there are several bottles on the floor. She lost her baby a week ago. She has been married to him two years; he has never struck her before. Her eyes are glazed; she does

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not see you as you try to speak a word of comfort. Come away, you can do no good. A man passes us in the entry with a pitcher in his hand. "It vas only a little drunk," he says, with a snickering laugh.

Come back to the window.

It has grown dark; evening has come. Hark! There's a voice. Is it scolding this time? No. It is singing a hymn:—

> "Come where the living waters flow,
> Come where the living waters flow,
> Come where the living waters flow."

The voice is loud and cracked. It breaks into speech now:—

"The Lord's inside! Come in, come in and find Him! No need to stand in the cold when He's got a warm place inside for you to set in an' find Him. Where the living waters flow. I've kep' up this meetin' twenty years, an' it shall be kep' up after I'm gone. Some one'll provide a lamb. Some one'll be at the hellum. Some one'll work for General Jesus."

That is Blind Susan and her Gospel Meeting. Till late at night the meeting resounds through the street. At last all is quiet and dark. All? Not quite. In the small house opposite there is a light; you can see it, a kerosene lamp. A man's figure bends near it, rocking a little back and forth. The lamp will burn, the figure will rock, all night. It always does. The man is a Russian Jew. He is doing tailor-work, making a coat for some contractor. It is the companion house to that where we found the woman. I know the house. The garbage stands in heaps on the floor; the sinks are frozen stiff, and there is no way of disposing of the refuse water. Who will wear the coat? Your brother, perhaps, or your father. If you come to Church with me some morning, early, at half-past six, you will see the lamp still burning, the figure still bending and rocking. Sometimes I have dreamed that it was bending over a shroud.

Have you had enough of my window?

Perhaps all this has sounded a little grewsome; yet life in St. Mary street has essential beauty, power, and promise. In order that you may understand them, let me explain the location and work of the Philadelphia College Settlement for women.

Thirty years ago St. Mary street, like the old Five Points of New York, was a terrible region, a centre of crime and disorder. To-day it is safe for

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young women to live in the street, and to receive their friends there. The change has largely been brought about by a small company of devoted people, who have bought and controlled tenement-houses, have organized a circulating library of good books for the children and a carpenter's shop for the larger boys, and have forced the most unruly element to leave the street. Something over a year ago these people—the committee of the St. Mary Street Library—asked the College Settlements Association to help them; and when the Association agreed, they made ready for us a little house so charming and so cheery that it is a delight to live in it, and still more to offer its bright hospitality to the neighbors. It is strange to waken during the night in a dainty room, and to realize that one short year ago this room was the only home of a family of six. The house was opened as a Settlement last spring; and since then, a few women, sometimes more, sometimes fewer, have been living there and sharing the life of the neighborhood.

The people around are very poor. Indeed, one learns what poverty means for the first time in living among them through the bitter winter weather. They live huddled together, whole families, sometimes with lodgers thrown in, occupying a single room; they have few clothes to wear, little fuel, often nothing particular to eat for days at a time, seldom steady work. They belong to the "left-overs," the submerged tenth. One realizes that they have sunk to the region of the picturesque as one climbs the sharp curves of an outdoor staircase, steps past the red washtubs on the balcony into a room whose blue plastering has largely fallen down, showing the timbers above, and interviews the occupants—an antique woman, Sphinx-faced, inscrutable, and a group of half-breed children of strange, startling, uncanny beauty. Negroes, Jews, Italians, live together indiscriminately in the neighborhood. When they have a job and are paid for it, they eat; when they have none, they go without. Are they not very shiftless, you ask? Very. Are they not unstable? In the extreme. Might they not get work if they wished? Some could not, but some could. Is not their misery their own fault? The answer to this question would carry us far afield. These are the Idle Poor at the bottom of society; they correspond, point by point, to the Idle Rich at the top. Between the two comes the great body of the productive class, from professional men down through all the ranks of skilled and unskilled labor. Separated by this mighty class, come the two ex-

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tremes of society, singularly akin in character and industrial value. Idle rich and idle poor alike subsist largely on charity; that is to say, on wealth which they have had no share in producing. The charity enjoyed by the rich is on a larger scale than that open to the poor. It is usually bequeathed to them by dead men, who worked for it; while that of the poor is less pleasantly bestowed. Idle rich and idle poor alike are completely unskilled in any productive labor. Both are indolent, shiftless, pleasure-loving; both lie abed very late in the morning, and for revenge turn night into day; both can work well "on a spurt," but are a little injured at the suggestion of steady, laborious employment; both, though lazy, have a hundred good qualities; are affectionate, good-natured, merry, charmingly companionable.

Shall we condemn the idle poor? Perhaps; only let us be sure that our justice is impartial. And perhaps it would be as well to begin at this end of the social scale to practise the maxim which we are fond of quoting at the other: "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again."

Perhaps a little story will make you know our neighbors better.

"Mrs. Meadow has taken a start," was the announcement made at the dinner table. "I found her washing her mattress because 'it looked that dirty.' What can we do to encourage her?" Consultation follows. It is not advisable to give anything to Mrs. Meadow; her possessions are already in the pawnbroker's hands; but a judicious loan, followed by repeated personal friendly visits, with frank advice on subjects of personal cleanliness, may do wonders. We are taken over and introduced to Mrs. Meadow—a young black woman, with a merry face, arrayed in one limp garment. The furniture of her one room is that which etiquette demands in St. Mary street—a range, a bed, a broken chair, and a baby. Mrs. Meadow is highly delighted with the offer of sheets; and when the coarse, unbleached cotton is spread over the wide bed, she regards the scene with a satisfied "Well, now, them's grand." Seeing that nothing is apparently to follow, I ask, with rather hesitating politeness, "Have you no bed-clothes, Mrs. Meadow?" "No, miss," smilingly. "And you have no coal?" "No, miss." "Aren't you pretty cold these winter nights?" "Well, miss, you see I've got the baby, and I hold her close, and she's good and warm," with

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which image of contentment and new suggestion as to the use of babies I withdraw, silent.

Constant visits, interspersed with severe and encouraging remarks, make Mrs. Meadow live up to her sheets like the bride to her teapot. The room, the baby, and Mrs. Meadow herself are in decent condition, at least half the time. To be sure, the father has no work and no visible means of subsistence; but he and the little woman—she is only nineteen—are as gay as the day is long, and life is one huge joke interspersed with moving prayer-meetings. Once I become aware that Mrs. Meadow's large black toes are protruding, plump and bare, under her one garment; inquiry elicits the fact that she had but one pair of stockings, which she has cut down "for him," and that all her shoes are in pawn. "Most of our things are in pawn," says Mr. Meadow, regretfully, and he brings out a large pile of dirty yellow tickets; he and she explain them to me, convulsed with laughter. "A table, a white spread, blankets, her dress, her flannel skirt, her hat, the baby's clothes, all but what she's got on; and"—mournful climax from Mr. Meadow—"Even all my pictures. I paid forty cents for the framing of 'em and I only got fifteen cents off 'em." The cloud is short-lived; amusement at my consternation gives them a delightful half-hour; and when I return with the shoes redeemed and a present of a pair of stockings, no words can describe the glee of the couple. I wish I were as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Meadow; I wish any other friends of mine were as happy.

Yet let me take care! I have seen them happy; I have also seen them plunged in deepest woe. I went there the other day. No fire; floor covered with dirty scraps; bed not made; Mrs. Meadow sitting disconsolate by an open window, the keen air blowing on her big bare arms. The baby —eighteen months—was scolding and flinging its bottle away. "What's the matter with the baby?" "I don't know, miss," in disconsolate tones;—"Baby, what do you want, anyway?" "What is in that bottle?" "Tea, miss." "Tea! Don't you know it's bad for a baby to drink tea?" "Yes, miss," submissively. "Why do you do it?" "There wasn't no money to buy milk." "How long since the baby had any milk?" "Day before yesterday, miss." "What has it had between then and now?" "Tea; only yesterday Miss' Hilton she give me a bit o' soup for it." "Mrs. Meadow, you sweep this room out clean as quick as ever you can, while I

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go and get some milk for the baby out of this money that I'll advance your husband on a job for me." Half an hour sees a greedy, happy baby, a clean little room, and a radiant young mother cuddling a sleeping child.

But the problem of the Meadows is not solved by redeeming a pair of shoes, heating a bottleful of milk for the baby, giving Mr. Meadow occasional jobs, and paying the wife fifteen cents a day to nurse a sick neighbor. What shall be done with them? They are not bad. It is not the slightest use to attribute their destitution to moral depravity. They are no lazier than many a fashionable young couple; they are no more incompetent to earn their living. Mrs. Meadow will keep herself and her house clean—if she has some one gently to remind her of it at stated intervals. Mr. Meadow will work—if he can find a job. He is not skilled; no one ever taught him anything. He is not stable; he does not inherit stability. He is not prudent; what force, of example or teaching, should have made him so? He is a child, with the childish virtues of docility, sweet temper, joyousness, readiness to work under direction. Has the world no place for him, and his foolish little wife? Seemingly not. Has the world a place for their numerous prototypes in polite society? Seemingly—yes.

What place, alas! for any of these people? Science seems to answer, None. There is a funeral in the street to-day; we know whose funeral. The hearse stands alone, waiting; the driver jokes with the keeper of the little shop opposite; a crowd of children gather about, curious, laughing, half-afraid. It is the funeral of Pleasant Poole, a young consumptive girl. She was very patient; she had no friends. One eye was blind, the other had a cataract. Her clothes were in pawn, and through the bitter weather she wore nothing underneath a thin dress. Her cough was cruel. She lived with a woman who "boarded" her for her work, but when she became too ill to work she was not happy. She came to us on the last day of her life and sat by our warm fire, and begged to be taken to the hospital. In the afternoon she was to go; but she went "home" instead, to die of sudden hemorrhage. We found her lying, naked, on a heap of rags. She is buried to-day, and there are no mourners, though since we are here there are friends who give thanks, and repeat under their breath the De Profundis. Science found no place on earth for Pleasant Poole. What place would Christ have found?

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Such are the people among whom is placed the Philadelphia Settlement.

What can the house mean to them? What can it do for them?

Little, and much. Little relatively; pitifully, tragically little, in proportion to their tragic and unbounded need. Much absolutely, when we consider that a Settlement means only half a dozen simple lives, lived sincerely in the spirit of love.

It means, first, the presenting to the people an ideal of life and a standard of morality which they would otherwise never see at first hand. It means showing them gentleness where they know violence, purity where they know profanity and obscenity, graceful order where they know chaos.

It means bringing them, in many cases, actual material help. Marvelously patient, pitifully ignorant, they lie and suffer speechless. There is help to be had, though they know it not; and in serving as a medium of communication between helpless need and remote supply, the Settlement finds one of its most practical functions.

It can, often, find employment for the men and women, and, by constant and moral suasion, keep them at it. Sometimes, from a small Employment Fund at its disposal, it can even furnish work.

It can give industrial training, which shall enable the people to get better work by and by. A carpenters' shop for the boys, cooking classes for the girls, a Sewing Industrial Society for the women. It can furnish all kinds of wholesome amusement and occupation, to keep the young people off the streets. A library, penny concerts, military drill for the boys; a hall open for games or for reading; a stamp savings bank, to encourage thrift; a hero club, a choral class. Better still, because less official and more human, it can hold open to the people constantly the hospitality of a real home, a centre of beauty and friendliness. That this is worth doing no one could doubt who should see a set of eager boys of eighteen—wild enough in the street—gathered around the piano singing hymns, or listening earnestly to some beautiful old story. Women come to spend an evening round our blazing fire; little children sit contentedly for hours, nursing a yellow kitten; stray callers, desiring advice, or simply hungry for a bit of friendly intercourse, drop in and out, sure of unfailing welcome. One cannot measure work like this; it is not work, it is life itself. But if life cordial, friendly, graceful, is worth living anywhere, surely it is worth living where cordiality,

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friendliness, and grace gain from their very rarity a tenfold value and a tenfold power. Surely, there was something worth while in our ten Christmas parties; in the soft and shining welcome of our beautiful Christmas tree; in the hushed and awed attention of our little guests as they sat before it in silent joy, or listened, rapt, for half an hour to the gentle playing of exquisite music. Sets of little street children, untrained and wild, would look with eager interest at photographs from the best pictures of the old, old Christmas Story; would listen, little Jews, Roman Catholic Italians, and all, to the Story told in the unapproachable words of the Gospels. One need not descend to reach the very poor. If a Settlement shows anything, it shows that the best of art, the best of life, they are ready to receive. Shall it not be given to them?

So much for the immediate practical meaning of a College Settlement to its neighborhood. What, now, does it mean to the residents themselves?

It means broadening of life; it means experience of life; it means sincerity of life.

Broadening of life. Not among the poor people only. "How you must feel your isolation from your own class!" said a sympathetic caller, one day, not realizing that she was the seventh visitor from up town who had been received that morning by the distracted resident.

They come, they come; all classes and conditions, ages and sexes, till the Settlement seems an epitome of modern life. Philanthropic ladies come. One of them says to you, with a sigh: "How do you manage to win the confidence of the poor so perfectly? I have tried all my life, and I've never succeeded, though I'm sure I have been as condescending as I could be." Clergymen come; sometimes fretful, despondent, questioning the Christianity of their fashionable churches, helplessly adrift as to the way of salvation; sometimes inclined to look a bit askance at this new movement; sometimes sources of inspiration, suggestion, and earnest help.

Students of social science come. They have been known to come twenty strong at a time. Their modesty is in inverse ratio to their age. When mature, they are our most valued visitors; when young, they assure us that their interest in these problems is purely scientific and untouched by sentiment. "Would you please play a game of checkers with that noisy boy?" asked a stern resident, at a critical moment, of a very young student. "I?

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oh, no!" gasped the answer. "My interest in these matters is entirely from the point of view of sociology."

The general public comes. It insists on discussing Woman Suffrage or the Elizabethan Drama with you while you are trying in vain to put thirty coats on thirty small children simultaneously, without getting mixed. It wonders at you; alas! it pays you compliments. But it gives you sympathy and generous faith, and, on the whole, its presence is sustaining.

Wise men and women come, and deepen the humility and strengthen the purpose of women who are trying to do a tiny bit of work in a very big world.

Yes, life at a Settlement is broadening, by virtue of the wide contact into which it brings the resident with all sorts and conditions of men.

Also, it enlarges experience. How, do you ask?—but I am at the end of my paper.

Will you take an instance? Here it is: Street-cleaning.

You remember that I said to you, long ago, that St. Mary street was not nice to walk in. Heaps of garbage cover the sidewalk, rivers of drainage flood the road. But once, for a little while, it was nice. The Settlement wrought the change. With Ruskinian ardor, and under compulsion of solemn inward vow, it devoted itself during an entire week to the problem of cleaning the street. First, came a personal attack. It was a beautiful sight to see one of our number, with bonnet and gloves, sweeping the road vigorously. The large boys gathered to help; one of our friends out of work was hired for the roughest part of the job; the woman from the shop emerged, stout and energetic, in apron and turban, and joined in the fray; the small girls, fired with emulation, clamored for hot water and scrubbed our white steps till they shone. In three hours, one could walk in the street without rubbers; the débris lay in tidy heaps of "nice, decent garbage," as a friend enthusiastically described it; and we and our neighbors viewed the scene with complacent congratulations. This was the first act of the great street-cleaning drama. But the drama is not at an end. What shall be done with the rubbish?

We allow it to lie unmolested for three days; we then make a raid upon the city. The city is courteous. Certainly; rubbish is to be removed three times a week. Only, just at present, appropriations for 1893 have not been

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made. Nothing can be done till a meeting of the City Fathers. How long will it be? Oh, not more than ten days.

What! wait ten days for that rubbish to be removed? Lose all the effect of our noble object-lesson? *Never!* A family consultation is held. "Put the dirt in barrels," it is suggested; then it will not deface the street, and we can wait serenely the movement of the city. Barrels it shall be! Nay, an ardent suggestion is made that we furnish permanent barrels for the entire street, green barrels, æsthetic barrels, uniform barrels, with a Morris frieze painted around the top. This last out of special deference to the resident, who has a hobby that high art can be brought to the masses.

But wait! a difficulty! Our enthusiasm must pause. This rubbish is technically known as garbage. If it is put in barrels the street-cleaning man will not remove it; it is not his business to remove anything in barrels. The ashman will not remove it; it is not his business to remove anything but ashes. Enchanted rubbish! sacred rubbish! what shall move thee from thy place? How shall our street be clean? In this conflict of functionaries some of us are reminded of a summer experience at Wellesley, when the rising-bell did not ring and no one came to breakfast till the middle of the morning, because the maiden to whose office bells belonged was ill, and no one else dared usurp her function.

Meanwhile, those little heaps remain; nay, they are becoming scattered broadcast over the street. Woe, woe, for Ruskinian ardor and the vow of cleanliness! Shall we give up and confess officialism too much for us? Or shall we put the dirt in barrels and carefully dump it out again when the longed-for dirt-man may be expected to appear? Or—happy but expensive thought!—shall we have the dirt carted away ourselves? This is the decision. A boy friend out of work is summoned with his cart—one of our own Sunday boys. Vigorously he goes to work, ardently he sweeps and chops and shovels. The street is clean, for to-day, and, while waiting new developments, we meditate on the substantial reality of dirt and the peculiar nature of city action.

Experience in various lines as unfamiliar as street-cleaning and sometimes not so disheartening may be gained at a Settlement. Yet, after all, the best thing that a Settlement offers its residents is not experience, but sincerity

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of life. Sincere lives may be lived elsewhere; but some of us are forced to the conviction that it is not easy to live them nowadays. In a Settlement one knows that, whether one achieves much or little, one has at least placed one's life at the point of greatest need in the modern world,—between those alienated classes which cry out for a mediator, for that which shall draw them together and interpret each to each. Life in a Settlement throws away convention and artificiality; at the same time it retains the charm of thought and beauty which makes the world worth while. It is a life which brings the new, strange sense of perfect freedom. It is a life which can realize perfectly, here and now, that social and Christian democracy wherein alone lies the hope of future salvation.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

WINTER NIGHT.

Is there a wizard who can tell
What fairy drops they use, what spell
To brew this air? And yet, oh well,
Such secrets are withholden.

Far floats the violet vault, far, far
Beyond the throne of farthest star.
Would I, through portal thrown ajar,
Might spy the dreamland golden!

ADA MAY KRECKER.

TO MAURICE DE GUERIN.

Pure soul, thou art thyself the Centaur-youth
That sought from forest sage the world's hid meaning!
Startled with life, thou fledst from men, and, leaning
Thy tired heart 'gainst Nature's, begged for truth;
And loving her throughout the sad-glad hours
Of thy spring-time, one day gently averred
Thy love: "I saw a swallow and I heard
The humming of the bees upon the flowers."
Then Nature, too, a new love-longing felt;
A soul who saw and heard her lightest sign
Of life was soul so delicately fine
It must within her own warm being melt.
Suddenly—thy life-desire was gained,
And life-enfolding love by thee attained.

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A SHADOW PICTURE.

A little child lived in a great lonely country house. A dark wood was near it, and the trees around the house seemed to have stepped out from the forest. As they grew, year after year, they came closer, until not only the shadows but the boughs themselves touched the eaves of the house. The child loved the trees. Sometimes she sat under them, watching the sunshine chase the shadows, and laughed gleefully. Sometimes she watched the shadows creep over the sunshine and slowly come towards the house, until she thought the darkness that lived in the wood by day had come out for a time into the fields; and when the shadows had all closed in, some one took her up the dark stairway of the old house, and she dreamed about the shadows until morning.

When the morning came she played with the shining myrtle that grew under a balsam tree, until she thought the little blue flowers were becoming wan and pale. Then she looked up and pulled down the brilliant trumpet vines that crept over the old stone house. But the myrtle vines were so dark, and the trumpet flowers always seemed to glare at her, and she was afraid, and ran into the sunshine to see if they and the shadows would follow.

When the dark house and the myrtle, the balsam tree and the forest cast their gloom all around the child, a look of deep sadness crept over her face, like one of the shadows that eat all the sunshine. But her cheek dimpled and her mouth laughed, as she chased the butterflies, or lay in the deep field grass, with the sunlight all about; only, the shadows would fall when there was sunshine. Even in the open field they came and went over her face, until they were gathered up into her eyes, and wonder and awe grew in her soul.

The violets in the field would not speak to her, and the daisies merely nodded; so the child was lonely and prayed the birds to sing with her. As she played with the flowers, or wondered about the darkness in the wood, little birds hopped about; they twittered overhead, until her longing for companionship with some real living thing almost made her sad, even when the birds were singing. Sometimes she lay in the deep grass, perfectly motionless, hoping the birds would think she was a fallen branch; then they would hop over her, perhaps peck her face, twittering all the while as they

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did when they flew among the branches of the walnut trees. But this never happened; and the little child grew among the flowers—tall Easter lilies, violets and daisies, myrtle and trumpet vines—into sweet young girlhood. She was so bright and cheerful that people loved to watch her. They never saw the shadow in her eyes.

The sun shone so brightly about her that her friends often called her Sunshine. Some one thanked her for the cheer and the gladness she always brought with her, and asked her to pray that she might keep her fountain of joyousness when the evil days should come,—some one who had seen the shadow in her eyes. She laughed; it was so impossible not to be happy, and the memory of nodding daisies and pure white lilies always chased the shadows.

The years passed, and the young girl's face grew more thoughtful. Some said it was whiter and purer.

A woman went back to the old house that seemed to have just escaped from the forest. But the dark myrtle vines, with their pale, pale flowers, had crept over the lilies; little bushes from the forest had crowded out the daisies and violets; the balsam tree had fallen and dragged down the trumpet vines. As the woman walked through the bushes, a shadow crept from her eyes all down her face. A little bird twittered in the branches, in the evening light, and the shadow that passed over her face left a brightness in her eyes.

The woman entered the house and walked up the dark old stairway to dream again of the shadows. When the morning came she was still dreaming. The sun shone upon her face and the shadows had crept down the stairway.

MAUDE KELLER.

THEMES.

A MEADOW STUDY.

A BUTTERFLY alighted on a spray of golden-rod, that bowed for a moment beneath his weight, then rose erect again as he sailed away. A robin hopped over the ground, his little head perked inquisitively on one side, his eyes on the sharp outlook for a stray worm. The would-be musical frog, weary of practising his "croak, croak, croak," jumped unceremoniously into the stream, which "Splash-ed" angrily and then was still again. From

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the branches of the oak tree a foraging squirrel dropped his nut, which fell through the spider's newly completed web, and demolished an ant-hill on the ground below. A lazy bumblebee flew by, his gossamer wings looking all too delicate to uphold his heavy weight. Somewhere in the green overhead a soft "Chee! chee!" was heard. A little breeze had lost itself in the air and was wandering aimlessly about, disturbing the quiet of the nervous leaves. A single white cloud floated in the sky, which bent blue and still and changeless over all.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

THE MESA.

ALL about me ripples the gray-green barley, stretching eastward to a rounding hill where lies a patch of fallen sunshine,—California's golden poppies. Far beyond Sierra Madre stands, a gray-blue ridge, snow-tipped, against the white-blue sky. To the south, the field lies flat, then ends abruptly, and I see 'twixt heaven and earth a narrow band of glistening water,—the Pacific.

THE MUSTARD.

SUMMER has come, bringing death to the wild, green world. There stands the ghost of the March mustard field, a mass of dry, white fretwork. Over its myriad fragile twigs the setting sun is darting threads of light, weaving a filmy web of rosy glow.

SARAH A. BIXBY.

ANOTHER LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.

ALL the sky rained down upon that meadow where the buttercup grew; and the goldfinch in the branches of the one elm looked down between the leaves, watching the buttercup as she shivered in the short grass. All the sky rained down, such heavy, cold spring rain; and the buttercup cowered and swayed and shook. And the goldfinch whisked a

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drop of water off of his bill and drew his head in under a leaf and meditated.

Then the clouds went away over other meadows, and the buttercup stood straight and miserable; her cup of sorrow was full to overflowing — there were three raindrops in it; but she was taller and straighter than before.

And down from the one elm the goldfinch flew, and drank the three raindrops up out of the yellow cup, and spread his wings, and flew away to other meadows.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

"*MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.*"

IT is not my purpose to attempt an explanation of the modern æsthetic movement. I wish, rather, to call the attention of the readers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to Mr. Pater's great work, *Marius the Epicurean*, and to the æstheticism there expressed. Many of you are already familiar with the book; I should like more to know it, for it is itself an expression of the beautiful, and it vitalizes a subject that even those most scientific and practical should know something about. Some of my readers may not agree with me in calling it a great book. There are degrees in greatness, determined largely by taste and temperament; we cannot draw the line exactly for one another, but probably we shall agree on general conditions; for instance, that a book to be great must touch some fundamental experience or idea in human life, must handle it with insight and appreciation, and express it in adequate and beautiful form. I believe Mr. Pater's book does this. The consideration of the beautiful touches life more or less deeply for us all; the subject is here treated vividly and poetically — there is historical imagination, philosophic learning, and sympathetic appreciation in the work; and, as Mr. Pater is a recognized master of English style, it will not be necessary for me to more than call attention to the accuracy and beauty of expression.

There are criticisms to be brought against the book. In this very matter of style we can praise it more for beauty than clearness. We do find at times long and somewhat involved sentences,—a surprise to those familiar with the essays of the author. Again, the philosophy and the thread of the story are inclined to interfere, and some may cry out that a philosophical

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treatise and a character-study ought to be kept separate. Others may say that, as far as character-drawing is attempted, it is a failure. Marius alone can claim to be a character; the others are shadows, or, at best, types, pictures flashed upon the pages, seen only in relation to Marius. Even Aurelius is brought in to personify a school of philosophy. And Marius himself partakes largely of the type; we feel at times that he stands apart from the actual man and expresses merely an idea. His personality illudes our grasp, and yet, as we go on, we become sure it is something real. We feel the beautiful reticence of the man, and we cannot be familiar; but, having lived through the last days with him, we are thrilled with the touch of friendship and kinship in the midst of the mystery. Marius does stand for a phase of human experience, a certain tendency in thought and life; but he is so vivid and consistent, answers so well to much in the men we know, that we claim him, not as a type, but as a typical character. Those who look for plot in the book mistake its idea. There is no attempt at the dramatic; it is lyric and philosophic, a study of "sensations and ideas." If it fails to conform to any distinct class of literature, we find in itself "its own excuse for being;" and objections creep to the background, when we come to know the book.

Æstheticism is Pagan in its essence. Its origin is a form of Pagan philosophy. It lives only for the present, and is an attempt to press into the pleasures of to-day all that life can give. The modern movement properly had its rise in Germany, and from Goethe and Schiller came over to us. It has passed through many phases. Ruskin valued beauty for what it revealed, and saw in the graceful sweep of a tree and in the sunset colors on an artist's canvas a deeper meaning. Rossetti mingled with his passion for emotional beauty the sense of mystery. Swinburne and Morris give us the beauty of sense with little or no suggestion of spiritual truth. Swinburne especially has the hot-house atmosphere suggesting decay. This æsthetic movement has affected all branches of art and bears upon the entire mode of life. In spite of its abuse it holds a truth, proved by the vitality which has caused it many a time to spring up anew.

Æstheticism was revived and elaborated in the second century very much as in our own time. Mr. Pater, in describing the epicurean of that day, has given us the modern disciple of the æsthetic school. To understand a phase of the nineteenth century you are turned back to Rome.

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In the rich farm country of northern Italy, some seventeen centuries ago, stood an old farmhouse, known by the half-mystical, picturesque name, *White-nights*. Our author, arguing from an old German mystic that white things are "after-thoughts, the doubles or seconds of real things, and themselves but half real," says that white nights are "nights, not of quite blank forgetfulness, but passed in continual dreaming, only half veiled by sleep." And the house was true to its name, — one of those ideal yet natural places, which, though impoverished, was "still deservedly dear, full of venerable memories, and with a living sweetness of its own for to-day." Here the young Marius lived. He was the representative of an ancient family, an only child, brought up in near companionship with his mother, a gentle mourner, keeping ever alive, as her white hands twisted the purple wool or touched her musical instrument, the memory of the elder Marius.

The strongest influence in this home was religious — the religion of Numa "staid, ideal, comely," abounding in form and carefully preserved tradition. The spell of this religion was from early times an intimate part of Marius' life — he had even thought of entering the priesthood; it was an influence with a deep undercurrent of gloom, amounting in his case, at times, to vague terror. This approach to morbid, religious idealism was counteracted by the intense delight which the young Marius took in outdoor life, his pleasure, as Mr. Pater says, "in the country and the open air: above all the ramble to the coast on the marsh with the dwarf roses and the wild lavender, and the delightful signs, one after another, — the abandoned boat, the ruined flood-gates, the flock of wild birds, — that one has approached the sea; the long summer day of idleness among its vague scents and sounds."

The æsthetic aim was first clearly presented to Marius in the temple-home of Æsculapius, whither in boyhood he had been brought to be cured of an illness. During his first night in that pure retreat, one of the brotherhood stood by his bedside, and in loving, musical tones spoke these words: "If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colors of some fresh picture, in a clear light, be temperate in thy religious motions, in love, in wine, in all things, and of peaceful heart with thy fellows." Then the teacher passed from the doctrine of temperance to the further duties and rights of the new life: — "to keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness, extending even to his dwelling-place; to discriminate, even

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more and more fastidiously, select form and color in things from what was less select; to meditate much on beautiful visible objects; to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal or sea-shell, as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously, in his way through the world, everything repugnant to the sight." This is the formula for the æsthetic life; this became the dominant rule for Marius.

The death of his mother turned Marius from his serious dreaming to face the reality of sorrow. It led also to his leaving White-nights, and going down to the old town of Pisa to study Rhetoric and Greek. The interest of Marius' school-days centres in his friendship for Flavian, that brilliant figure, the incarnation of physical beauty and exuberance of life. The friends studied, wrote, enjoyed together, and in Flavian Marius became alive to the golden excitement of real life.

Suddenly on this brightness fell the blight of Pagan death. Flavian was stricken with the plague. His intense life made a fierce struggle; he dictated a poem to Marius until delirium brought him to the threshold of death. After a sultry night of thunder-storm, in the gray dawn of a hot day, the end came.

This death brought Marius the assurance of the soul's extinction. "Flavian had gone out as utterly as the fire among those still beloved ashes." Nevertheless Marius felt a curiosity to know what philosophers have to say about that "strange, fluttering creature," the soul. He began his study with the school of Hereclitus, which corresponds largely to modern Agnosticism. It is a negative doctrine that the objects of ordinary experience, although seemingly fixed, are in perpetual change, and therefore any true conception of them is impossible. Following on from this is the school with Cyrene at the head, Epicureanism. If all things are ever swiftly changing and we can know only impressions, this philosophy says, let us make the present moment full to overflowing. The fleetingness of life becomes a "stimulus towards every kind of activity, and prompts a perpetual inextinguishable thirst after experience." We must remember that this philosophy does not aim at pleasure, as we often carelessly think, but, to quote our author again, it aims to attain "a general completeness of life." It seeks an "insight through culture into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we

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stand briefly in its presence." This philosophy Marius made his own, and joined with it the rule of life he had learned in the temple of Æsculapius.

Our hero's next step is toward Rome. His life henceforth lies in that greatest of cities at the height of its Pagan glory, where art, philosophy, and beautiful luxury touch the zenith.

In Rome Marius met Marcus Aurelius, and, through him and his teacher, Fronto, learned the doctrines and the practice of Stoicism. This philosophy had cast aside the grim garments it had sometimes worn and appeared cloaked almost as Epicureanism. The burden of its teaching was exhortation to noble deeds and high thoughts; it placed its stress on morality. The reason for this lay in the æsthetic principle; by giving duty and righteousness the highest place in the house of thought, life is made more lovely and something is attained in the swift flight of time.

The truth of this argument appealed to Marius, and he felt that to be true to his theory of fullness of life he must enlarge his tenets. He caught a glimpse of the mystery, when he that loseth his life shall save it. But he could not become a Stoic. The coldness and blindness of that philosophy placed an ice-bar between him and its courts. The emperor might sit before the sickening scenes of the arena, secure in the heights of his thought; but such indifference was impossible for Marius, who keenly felt the appeal of warm, quivering humanity.

Apart from Stoicism, a second great influence met Marius in Rome; this was Christianity. On his way to the city Marius had met a member of the emperor's guard, Cornelius by name. With this whole-soul, calmly happy Roman soldier he formed the second friendship of his life. There was a quietness, a hopefulness, and a reserve force in his friend that puzzled Marius. Cornelius passed through the hot, brilliant life of Rome and kept the air of the May morning.

The mystery about this man was partly solved for Marius in the experience of a memorable day. It was at a time when he had grown weary of Rome, philosophy, almost of life; the old feeling, a longing to escape, which he had known from boyhood, had come over him afresh. The friends were returning from the country one clear morning, when Cornelius halted at a villa and invited Marius to enter. There, amidst the old architecture and mosaics, the flowers and the olive-trees, sounded the happy voices of children

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in Christian hymns. The perfect peacefulness and sanctity of that home and the simple faith expressed by the worship in the Catacombs roused again in Marius that deep religious feeling, his strongest emotion when a boy. His philosophy might teach him that all things were fleeting and alike in value, but now he felt anew the instinct for something holier to abide forever.

Marius went often to this home of Cecilia and in that perfect woman found new depths of truth and beauty. She and her surroundings were poetry to him, — a poetry having its essence in a religion that lovingly regards all life and seeks in all the one supreme Love.

In the midst of these experiences Marius suddenly left Rome, obeying a desire to see once more the home of his fathers. For eight days he lived in mournful solitude at White-nights, feeling, as it were, dead hands stretched out to him from the old days. Then Cornelius joined him, and the hopefulness of his friend again touched Marius. Their hope might soon become one.

They journeyed much about the country, and one night chanced to lodge in a little town, consecrated by the blood of the young martyr, Hyacinthus. The friends walked out early in the morning; the air was still and heavy; an unnatural hush oppressed the earth. Suddenly came the earthquake shock. The populace, already stirred up against the Christians through the visitation of the plague, believed them the cause of this fresh disaster, and in a paroxysm of terror and passion rushed upon a little assembly at morning worship; the blood of new martyrs stained the soil. Among the prisoners taken were Cornelius and Marius. Because of their rank they were sent to Rome for trial.

It became rumored that one of the prisoners was not a Christian, and Marius knew the value of a bribe. He had met his supreme opportunity. "We wait for the great crisis which is to try what is in us; we can hardly bear the pressure of our hearts, as we think of it; the lonely wrestler, or the victim, which imagination foreshadows to us, can hardly be one's self; it seems an outrage of our destiny that we should be led along so gently and imperceptibly, to so terrible a leaping-place in the dark, for more, perhaps, than life or death. At last, the great act, the critical moment, comes, easily, almost unconsciously. Another motion of the clock, and our fatal line — the 'great climacteric point' — has been passed, which changes ourselves or

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our lives." A few quick moves and Marius had freed his friend. Cornelius, unconscious of any sacrifice, went on happily to Rome to prepare defence for his less fortunate comrade; Marius remained a prisoner, charged with crime. The exposure of the long marches soon broke the latter's health, and he was left behind in a rude Christian village to die.

" He awoke to consciousness after a severe attack of fever, lying alone on a rude bed, in a kind of hut. It seemed a remote, mysterious place, as he looked about in the silence; but so fresh (lying, in fact, in a high pasture-land among the mountains) that he felt he should recover, if only he might just lie still long enough. Even during those nights of delirium he had felt the scent of the new-mown hay pleasantly, with a dim sense for a moment that he was lying safe in his old home. The sunlight lay clear beyond the open door; the sounds of the cattle reached him softly from the green places around."

In spite of his suffering body his mind was vividly active. He lived over his life again; and when he came down to this last experience, and thought how it must end, unaided as he was, "and that the moment of taking final account was drawing near, a consciousness of waste would come, with half-angry tears of self-pity, in his great weakness, — a blind, outraged, angry feeling of wasted power, such as he would have himself experienced standing by the deathbed of another, in condition similar to his own." And then, amidst the "strange loneliness like physical darkness" that crept over him, he became conscious of an "amplier vision" toward which his education had been tending; he felt something of the rhythm of the universe and of the personal hope that holds us in it in our places.

As physical exhaustion increased, deep thought overburdened him, and he found comfort in calling up the faces he had loved in life, and "in the bare sense of having loved he seemed to find, even amid this foundering of the ship, that on which his soul might assuredly rest and depend." At length he woke one morning from sleep to find the peasant people kneeling about him. He saw the sun beyond the doorway lie "heavy and full;" he had always thought death would be less terrible in the sunshine. The sacred wafer was placed on his lips; he was helplessly weak. In the gray evening of that day the simple folk bore him away in secret and buried him with Christian prayers, believing that he too would be held a martyr by the Lord.

I have tried to outline Marius' life and character, and have quoted largely Mr. Pater's words as best expressing his own idea. The delicate shades of thought and feeling and many of the significant experiences have been

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beyond my power to introduce; but the beauty and purpose of the author's attempt, I trust, have been suggested for fuller study.

We turn from the written page to our own souls, and recognize that regard for the æsthetic is not a mere fashion of the day. Whatever the beautiful is, and however differently our connection with it is conceived, the fact of its influence upon human life remains. We acknowledge its power, whether the conceptions we hold of it come through the senses alone, or whether we go further and believe that the beautiful, broadly interpreted, is due to our instinctive recognition of the fitness of things, the harmony of the universe, our part in the thought of God. What we must guard against is the error that transforms the love of beauty into æstheticism, placing the delight of the senses above the dictates of conscience. However attractive this mode of life and its philosophy appear, the point of view is wrong, as is proved by the effect on character. Marius's life was weak in just the points where æstheticism fails. He lacked conviction, action; his existence was passive and self-centred. Instead of attaining the heaven which was the birthright of his nature, he wearied his spirit in attempts to satisfy his aspirations with a passing loveliness.

There are two tendencies in æstheticism, and one of the two courses must be followed: on the one side is the path tending towards mere animal pleasure, the sensuous which becomes sensual, the craving for experience which at length delights in disease and decay; on the other, that which leads to the world of spirit, rising far beyond æstheticism itself towards the life alone satisfied in the union of all goodness, truth, and beauty — in God. Marius followed this higher way, and reached the uttermost limit of his purely æsthetic ideal; he had at length touched the life-thought of the Christ.

KATE MORGAN WARD.

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AT an early meeting in January, the faculty of the college appointed a committee to prepare a letter to Professor Horsford's family, expressive of their grief at the loss of their great-hearted friend, and stating what they deeply felt in reference to his unique relation to their work.

The following letter, drafted by Professor Bates, was unanimously adopted as a just expression of their feeling, which is shared by Wellesley's students and friends. It is published by permission.

To Mrs. Horsford and Family.

Dear Friends: —

It is in the sympathy of a great grief and a great love that we venture to come to you in these early days of your bereavement with an attempt to express, what we know well can never be adequately expressed,— the graciousness of that brotherly relation maintained by Professor Horsford toward us, the Faculty of Wellesley College.

We feel that we can bring to you, for whose sorrow our hearts are moved to deepest tenderness, no truer comfort, under Heaven, than this assurance of the beauty we have seen, and the wisdom we have known, and the goodness we have experienced, in him whose Happy New Year is immortality. That tent of earthly being, which the ever-gallant spirit struck so suddenly, in a night and a day, as if eager for the new, divine adventure, has sheltered so many human interests, so many individual fortunes, that we would not assume too large a place for Wellesley in the generous heart; and yet so freely has Professor Horsford given to us of his wealth, his care, and his benignant presence, that, while we realize his life belonged to many, and most of all to his beloved home, we may be forgiven for feeling that it also belonged to us, and that our loss and mourning are second to none save yours.

It is not chiefly his beneficence toward the institution which we serve that this letter would commemorate, although we love our college so well that her prosperity is our own, and we bear a sense of personal gratitude toward those who extend her resources and enlarge her opportunity. Wellesley has known no friend, with the shining exception of her first two friends and founders, so liberal as Professor Horsford, whose name will be forever honored in her gates. He has richly endowed her library, he has provided a fund for scientific apparatus, he has established for thirteen professorial chairs and for the presidency the grant of the Sabbatical year, with a system of pensions for retired officers.

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These greater gifts are widely known; but few know and perhaps none could perfectly enumerate the many, many lesser gifts to which so much of the wholesomeness and joyfulness of Wellesley life is due. Electric lights in library and reading-room, fresh air in dining-hall and chapel, comforts and delicacies for the hospital, countless repairs and improvements throughout the college buildings, testify to his unwearied watchfulness and care. Norumbega Cottage celebrates in name the champion of the Vikings, her frequent and most welcome guest, whose ready hand contributed largely toward her erection, and whose chivalrous heart took delight in the luxurious furnishing of the presidential suite of rooms. The library of North American languages, a collection so unique as to be of inestimable value, and destined, as its founder earnestly hoped, to serve, when time shall be ripe, as basis for fresh researches into the origin of speech, stands as a memorial of the enthusiastic philologist, eager to promote this branch of learning in Wellesley, and warmly interested in seeing the manuscript treasures of the collection already taking shape for the press. Statues and pictures speak of the beauty-lover; gymnasium, as well as laboratories, rests under obligation to the man of science, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find any nook of Wellesley life or work into which his manifold sympathy has not entered with results of most efficient aid.

As president of the board of visitors, as chairman of the library council, Professor Horsford served the college ably in official capacities, and as honorary member of the class of '86 he became allied to the student-life of Wellesley in a way singularly close and beautiful. Throughout the undergraduate and graduate years, even in this recent Christmastide, he was still devising new and delicate surprises for his class. Some of his most valuable gifts to Wellesley were presented in the name of '86. And outside the favored Order of Marguerite, many were the students who knew the bounty not only of his purse, but of his golden sympathy and friendship.

Assuredly all this is ample reason why the faculty of Wellesley College should lament the loss of Wellesley's benefactor, but deeper than all this is our sense of personal bereavement. It is our friend whom we miss as we walk these halls so often brightened by his genial smile, so often echoing to his cordial greeting,—a friend who showed himself so friendly, the well-spring of a thousand courtesies and kindnesses, the source of an unfailing encouragement and inspiration to us all. He cared greatly for our work, studying it, fostering it, providing for it space and opportunity; but he cared yet more for the life upon which the work must rest.

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In establishing that wisest and most significant of his endowments, the grant of the Sabbatical year, he strove to secure for those whom this great privilege embraces the double blessing of mental enrichment and refreshment. Laying down the condition that the year be spent abroad, he would prompt us to the highest uses of our freedom. In his further condition, that the privileges of the grant be allowed only to women, he gave evidence of his faith in woman's intellectual sincerity and ability. We felt with profound gratitude that Professor Horsford recognized, as few recognize, our serious purpose as scholars,— that he understood, as few understand, how surely our lasting efficacy as teachers must depend upon the breadth and depth of our own culture. If the truest friend is he who feels the deepest need, quickens the highest aspiration, who points to the noblest goal, and cuts away the barriers that intervene, such a friend has the Wellesley faculty possessed in Professor Horsford. We know it now; but we shall know it better as the years go by,— the years in which, while we shall miss at every hand his word of counsel and of cheer, we shall be reaping more and more abundantly the harvest that he has sown for us,— harvest of intellectual opportunity which we would transform for Wellesley into the bread of intellectual life.

And yet this is not all. With his great tenderness of nature our friend realized that we were often weary, often conscious of the burden and heat of the day. We were living among our students, among our books, under the constant wear of academic routine. We needed, as other women need, rest and beauty and the sense of home. All these he gave us in the great surprise which he was so happy in planning and making ready, nothing concerning it being too magnificent for his liberality, nothing that related to our comfort or convenience too minute for his personal consideration. With characteristic munificence, and yet more characteristic comprehension of the want, he bestowed upon us the suite of rooms culminating in the exquisite Moorish parlor, where the benediction of his presence will linger long.

But even more than all this, he was our friend. He gave himself to us. He let us know the independent mind, the great and gentle heart, the onward-faring spirit. More than for all his gifts, we are thankful for his friendship,— for the vision that we had in him of gracious Christian life.

We would, then, beg that you, who knew him best and loved him most, will accept the deep and reverent sympathy of us who knew him well and loved him much. We pray that divine consolations may sustain you in this present distress.

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and desolation, and that your hearts so heavily bereaved may look beyond this separation, which endures but for a moment, to the sacred hope of heavenly reunion.

Signed in behalf of the Academic Council by

HELEN A. SHAFER, President,
JULIA J. IRVINE, Secretary,
SARAH F. WHITING,
KATHARINE LEE BATES,
HELEN A. WEBSTER.

Signed in behalf of the Faculty by

MAUDE GILCHRIST, Secretary,
EMILY JONES BARKER,
ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

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Editorial.

TO all readers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, whether subscribers or those who show their abundance of college spirit by borrowing their neighbor's copy for perusal—to all I would make an appeal with all possible urgency.

It has already been suggested in the MAGAZINE that patronage of our advertisers should be a matter of honor with every Wellesley student. But, ignoring, for the present, the higher question of honor, let us consider the lower but very practical one,—of the bearing of this matter on the success of our future publications. Simply stated it is this: Lack of recognition of present advertisers means that their names will not appear in future publications. The people who use our advertising columns are business men who will continue their patronage only as long as it pays. If they have spent money for that which has brought no return, we have no right to expect them to do it again. It has been discovered, during the past year, that as a college we do not inspire among Boston advertisers the confidence which we ought. A reform among us should be a matter of personal solicitude to every student who belongs to any class or organization which will sometime have the responsibility of any of our publications.

To show definitely what I mean as to the present state of affairs, I would like to ask how many girls who have purchased, during the college year, umbrellas, skates, art materials, gloves, veiling, stationery, jewelry, books, drugs, millinery, desks, tables, or chairs, have noticed in our pages the establishments where these articles could be obtained, in many cases, at a special reduction.

My request is, therefore, that we give, as far as is practicable, our exclusive patronage to our advertisers. By this I mean that we give them at least a chance to show us what they have to offer. If they have not at a reasonable price what we want, we are under no obligation to purchase of them. If we would but give them this chance, the whole problem would be solved; for the concerns represented are in every case standard and reliable, so that a beginning of patronage would mean a continuation of it.

So, then, as a summary of the practical suggestions on a very practical subject, may I request,—

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First: That every one intending to make a purchase of any kind whatever consult the business directory of the magazine for information as to where it may be obtained.

Second: That she go to the places mentioned, state that she is from Wellesley, so that it may be appreciated that the advertisement has been at least read; and, finally, that, if practicable, she there make her purchase.

MARION N. WILCOX.

SIDNEY LANIER.

(On reading the story of his life.)

When thou thy days to art didst consecrate,
And turned from all the world could offer thee,
To dwell in tents with pain and poverty,
That so thy life with lofty song might mate —
When thus thy soul did find its high estate,
From worldly fetters by thy will set free;
And thou didst tell the thoughts God whispered thee
To men who for thy message would not wait;
Didst see in vision sweet of future days,
What gave thee strength to struggle on, despite
That goal of death and dreary lack of praise,
And strike Life's chords in harmony aright?—
Didst see fame won and, dearer sight by far,
Men striving right, with thee for guiding star?

VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

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The Free Press.

I.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

It is with interest that some of us, who can take a retrospect of a few years since graduation, notice what attitude those who are about completing their college course take towards the various callings in life. Undoubtedly, no question in all the four years presents so difficult a solution as the one which confronts the woman on the day which bids her go forth and take her place in the work of the world. "How may I render a most fitting return to my parents for the sacrifices they have made for me? How may I use my attainments most wisely? How honor most my Alma Mater?"

We have been prompted to a more honest consideration of this first question after reading in the December number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE the reply to the article in the *Congregationalist* upon the growing tendency among college women to seek their fortunes elsewhere than in the home. We do not write in a controversial spirit, nor do we deny the force and truthfulness of many statements of the writer. Doubtless, to many of us, similar thoughts have come with less courage to utter them. But may we enter a plea for the home?

No girl who left a home to enter college can deny that her absence of four years cost her parents many a sacrifice. In many cases a sacrifice of money, in many cases a sacrifice of love, in more cases a sacrifice of both. These four years are among the most attractive years of their daughter's life, not for the vision of "bright eyes and pink cheeks," which she may offer each day, but years of business cares and unremitting household duties are leaving their traces upon the devoted parents who have for years been using careful thought and management to surround their children with comforts and advantages, and the buoyancy, cheerfulness, and keen interest in current matters, which are common to youth, are a healthful relaxation to over-wrought nerves of both father and mother. A sense of companionship, too, is daily more evident with the daughter; for she has left behind her childhood, and is fast gaining maturity of thought and feeling.

But we do not want to be misunderstood. We would use all reasonable influence in persuading parents to spare a daughter for these four years. But should not our relations with our home after that time receive our most careful consideration? If the home is in need of our financial aid, the problem is simplified. We must seek to do our share, even though it be for personal support alone, wherever the best opening can be found. But if it is a matter of personal

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independence, then we would urge that every means of gaining that independence be exhausted before widening further our relations with the home. It is indeed painful to find how four years can wean us away from the home interests. We feel our aspirations not understood, and we, in turn, are not in touch with what most concerns our family. Many adjustments have to be made, and it does not harm that our preconceived ideas of the duty to ourselves must be changed. But it is surprising with how much encouragement our ideals do meet when once we try to get into harmony and sympathy with our environment.

No ties on earth are so sacred as those of our home; no pain so keen or lasting as when the separations arise; no remorse so unrelenting as failure in doing our utmost for the parents who are the centre of our home. The fast-gathering gray hairs, the failing eyes, the weakening nerves, all are painful to observe; and it is to be devoutly hoped that our college training is not unfitting us to consider the changes which the years quickly bring in these days of strong competition and high pressure of life.

It is no easy decision to make, to return to what seem the uneventful routine days of home life rather than enter upon more conspicuous duties. But every daughter at home can testify to no lack of opportunity to use her every attainment and accomplishment, and often, not without its financial return if desired. Not to revolutionize but to sympathize with the life of her family and community will be her most helpful work, and through this medium most inviting fields will open.

How can we reflect more honor on our Alma Mater than in proving a source of strength in the home?

A DAUGHTER, '89.

II.

THINGS NOT MENTIONED IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

The graduate looks back to college life not merely "with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret,"—to quote the Valedictorian,—but with critical survey of opportunities used, misused, or neglected. The longing to live the years over again is less strong than the longing to help others use like opportunities.

In the life of the world most women need not so much intellect as *culture*—that American-Athenian term, which let us analyze to please ourselves. Does not the culture of our ideal woman include wide information, quick insight, true reasoning, taste in all matters, graceful manners, and a body well cared for and well clothed, and, most of all, a great loving, self-forgetful heart? There are in college life many helps to this culture waiting to be used.

The power to develop culture depends, not chiefly but primarily upon the

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body; and in the first place must the body be made an object of care. Such waste and such misuse of the higher faculties result from lack of vigorous health that to spend the time necessary for purifying blood and strengthening muscles is genuine economy for mind and morals. General health must depend not nearly so much upon a physician as upon one's own management.

A knowledge of anatomy and physiology, supplemented by a thorough acquaintance with the peculiar needs of one's particular body, forms a foundation for such a use of the body as may make it an efficient servant, no longer causing pain and hindrance. A year out of college, a study dropped, are not dear prices to pay for health. Surely one ought not to grudge care in clothing, exercise, and food, denial of injurious indulgence. Nor can the daily walk fail to give far more than mere bodily vigor. To Wellesley graduates, some of the most beautiful memories of life are of Wellesley woods and fields. The mind's gallery is filled with bits of lovely landscape worth more to us than all the paintings of Europe, because they are ours, and because we, in some degree, share their creation.

You Wellesley students will be glad in future years for the moments of attention you have given to the pictures and statues hourly passed. You will wish to have a clear remembrance of all famous men and women whom you saw and heard at college. You will wish that you had kept of such a written record, however brief.

Yet one goes to college chiefly in order to do the studying prescribed, and no other opportunities used can compensate for neglect in this line. The work cannot be too earnest. This you realize, and this the college constantly urges.

Will time be left for anything else? "The secret of success is concentration." To learn the best use of one's individual body is not more difficult nor more important than to learn the use of one's own mind. That mode of study which gleans most from the work is the same mode which leaves most time for leisure. The many lines of work offered tempt one to plan a year whose every moment has a duty waiting for it. But in after life one is not ashamed of not knowing; but of not knowing, with a grasp of the mind, both form and soul of the subjects one pretends to know.

But you will realize, if you have not already done so, that not beauty of nature, nor grandeur of knowledge, but *people*, make to you and always have made, the chief part of life. Times without number there will flash across your mind words and acts of college associates. You will begin to realize their influence over you. You will regret that you did not form more and firmer friendships with those to

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whom you were drawn. There will be memories of love, prompted words and trivial kind deeds in your behalf, which will wear a halo for you through eternity; and you will wonder if such thoughts of you can be enshrined in any heart that knew you.

LILIAN MINER, '88.

III.

The recent articles in the Free Press on college friendships have attracted our attention, not only because of the subject of which they treat, but because they suggested once more to our mind an evil which is prevalent in all colleges, — an evil which, we are glad to think, is not so great here in the Wellesley world as it is in many another, but which is yet serious enough to demand our attention for a few moments.

Whether the Wellesley girl believes in making the best and most of those friends whom circumstances throw in her way, or whether she believes in posing in the first floor centre, and, adorned with a large placard which reads, "Wanted, a friend, none but those having good recommendations need apply," awaiting the coming of her "eternal affinity," still, we must believe that her ideal friendship is high. Her friend is an inspiration, a help, and a blessing to her. Her dreams of true comradeship, of greatest congeniality, are realized in the friends in whom she finds and to whom she gives assistance and sympathy, and with whom she passes many of those hours which will stand out brightly in her little book of college remembrances.

Because the Wellesley girl has this high ideal of a friendship, and because she so often realizes it, is it not a disgrace to our students, to our college, that the sickly sentimentality of a boarding-school should be carried out in the use of the word, and in the fact that there are in college, "crushes"? A girl who makes a practice of encouraging such a weakness in a susceptible girl, who is proud of the fact that her crushes cannot be counted on her fingers, and who glories in leading an impressionable girl on, until Miss Impressionable tires her, when she unceremoniously casts Miss Impressionable aside to make room for the next victim, is not a girl who is an honor to Wellesley College. Though she be a girl of talent or even, as sometimes happens, of genius, still Wellesley does not need her, and she may expect from her Alma Mater little but contempt. Weak and superficial in her emotions, and frivolous, probably, in her ideas, she is weak morally; and the girls who fall under her influence, though little can be said in favor of them then, are, nevertheless, entitled to some pity.

Cannot these things be changed? Is foolish sentimentalism a necessary adjunct

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of a college woman? Can we not seek higher education and the friendship of others without falling a prey to a college "*crush*"? If these unwholesome attachments were constantly frowned upon, if the girls who encourage them could know the estimation in which they are held, and if those who have unfortunately contracted the disease were at once quarantined and all proper precautions taken to prevent the spread of the malady (and it could be done, for our college physicians are most skilful in the quarantine line),— if all these matters were so arranged, could "crushes" not be exterminated, or at least shipped to some preparatory school where the students could take them as they take whooping-cough and so be proof against them when they enter college?

There is, also, in connection with this, a lesser evil which springs from a fun-loving, joking disposition. Now we are glad to say that we believe we can take a joke. Still, there is a limit even to jokes; and when the objectionable word "crush" is applied indiscriminately to college friendships, we feel that the limit has been reached. Such a mistake might sometimes be forgiven, but when upper-class girls consider it "fun" to refer to friends as being mutually crushed, there is a good deal to forgive. There are, we firmly believe, as true, as noble, as disinterested and lasting friendships formed in college as in any place in the world. Why, then, degrade them? Why make friends uncomfortable and disgusted by referring to them in this childish way? If it is a joke it is a very poor one.

Let us not only drop the word, but let us discourage the idea. Then will we have eliminated even the shadows of sentimentality from our affections, and our friends will be, more than ever, those in whom our trust is unbounded, to whom we give the best of ourselves; those who make us better and nobler every day and who are to us, in truth, "gifts from God."

IV.

More than one Wellesley girl was filled with pride during the recent examinations because of the evident confidence placed in the students, and the spirit by which that confidence was met. Alas, that pride must so soon have a fall! The writer occupied one of the back seats in a moderately large class but a short time ago, and was shocked to see four different girls refer to the text-book during the recitation. In one case this was done repeatedly. There was evidently little, it any, care taken to keep this mode of procedure from the knowledge of the members of the class. What is the explanation? Wellesley girls may sometimes fail in attaining their own ideal of that perfect honor which they admire; but it must certainly be true that, as a class, they despise a departure from every instinct of

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honor, which would be condemned in a child. It scarcely seems possible that the feeling of the majority is so little known, that any girl should be willing to be seen taking such a course; and yet not the possibility alone, but the fact, is beyond question. Have we failed to make our position clear? Let us see that the future records no such failure.

M. A. S., '93.

Book Reviews.

I.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—Among the valuable books which eighteen hundred ninety-two has brought to the world, and more especially to the lovers of social questions, not the least valuable is "The Children of the Poor," by Jacob Riis. Mr. Riis's name has been familiar to all since the publication of "How the Other Half Lives," which brought many a revelation to members of "*The* Half."

In this new book, Mr. Riis is dealing, as he was in his earlier work, with those subjects with which he is thoroughly conversant. "The Children of the Poor" is written along the same line as was "How the Other Half Lives," but deals with the younger members of the Other Half,— the "little fractional superfluities," as Dr. Holmes might call them. The opening sentence in the book shows its object and importance: "The problem of the children is the problem of the State." Mr. Riis draws many an attractive picture of the little street Arab, whose generosity is often equaled only by his pugnacity, and whose "badness is as spontaneous as his goodness." He dwells at some length upon the factory and compulsory education laws, and is especially severe in denouncing those manufacturers who willfully employ children under fourteen. "Poverty and child-labor," says Mr. Riis, "are yoke-fellows everywhere." And again: "Factory law has had little effect in prohibiting child-labor in the manufactories of New York City, although it may have had some in stimulating attendance at night-schools."

"The immediate duty," says our author, "which the community has to perform for its own protection is to school the children, first of all, into good Americans, and next, into useful citizens." He shows the good which is being accomplished in these schools; how the cleanliness which is there taught the child has not only its immediate effects, but often helps to revolutionize the home. This is particularly true among the Italians. Many of the children are very fond of going to school. One little boy's mother had to whip him to keep him from

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starting at six o'clock in the morning to the kindergarten. "The kindergarten," according to Mr. Riis, "is the city's best truant officer."

Among other agencies working effectively for the good of the children are the Fresh Air Fund and the "Boys' Clubs," which latter Mr. Riis considers very potent factors. "It is by boys' clubs that the streets are hardest hit." Three of these have been started, he tells us, by the "Ladies of the College Settlement." The Pleasure Club, a local institution which had the enviable reputation of being the "toughest club" in the neighborhood, sent a delegation to the College Settlement to say that they would like to reorganize and form a club such as the ladies were starting.

One of the most pitiful chapters is that upon the children with no homes, and the following little story is told: A little newsboy fell in a fit by the Brooklyn bridge. He was carried into a waiting-room, but before the ambulance arrived he had regained consciousness and was off.

"Who was he?" was asked of the woman at the news-stand.

"Little Maher it was," was the answer.

"Who takes care of him?"

"Oh, no one but God, and he is too busy with other people to give him much attention."

You may close the book and lay it aside, but the childish figures will be ever before your eyes. Mr. Riis has given us, in his strong and forcible simplicity, the old, old call from Macedonia. There are many people now giving their lives to the children, but still the schools will not accommodate all, and then there is always room in the street, and, eventually, in the Potter's Field, or jail.

Still, it is a more hopeful picture than that presented by "How the Other Half Lives," for our heroes and heroines are children, and we feel that there may be a hope and a bright future for each one, if his chance come not too late.

HELEN MARIE BENNETT.

II.

JANE FIELD.— Miss Mary E. Wilkins has written her first novel, and its appearance from month to month in "Harper's Magazine" for eighteen hundred ninety-two has been watched with much interest. The author had proven herself capable of writing short stories which showed wonderful skill in character-drawing, in word-painting, and in the art of simplicity. It was but natural, therefore, that people should watch eagerly to see if she would meet with as much success in her novel as she had in her previous literary ventures.

"Jane Field" has been well received, but still it must be admitted that it is

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inferior to Miss Wilkins's short stories. Handled as Miss Wilkins handles it, there is hardly enough material for a novel; and it becomes a "short story elongated." The main incident, the amount of it and its character, is not that of the novel; and the minor incidents, such as Flora Maxwell's clandestine marriage, and Lois's love affairs, do not bear upon the thread of the story as they should. They seem a little clumsy. As always, we find Miss Wilkins at her best in character-drawing, and some of the characters in "Jane Field" will add to Miss Wilkins's reputation. The character of Jane Field herself is a most interesting study. Hers is a nature which hides all its feelings and emotions behind a hard exterior. She is sacrificing everything, her own conscience, for the great love she bears her daughter; and yet only once do we find an outward expression of that love. But her puritan sense of justice and right finally rebels against her actions; her mind gives way; and the rest of her life she repeats, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

Of the minor characters, Mrs. Henry Maxwell, Mrs. Babcock, and Amanda Pratt, one of Miss Wilkins's orthodox maiden ladies in whom she so delights, are the best drawn. Lois is not only the most uninteresting, but the most poorly drawn, of the characters. The book is well sustained, possesses a good deal of dramatic power, and, though inferior to her short stories, will doubtless make Miss Wilkins's name still more widely known.

HELEN MARIE BENNETT.

Bedford's Magazine will shortly add to its pages, under the editorship of Mr. John Hunt Morgan, of Lexington, Ky., a department devoted to light poetry, illustrated humor, anecdotes, humorous paragraphs, etc., etc. The magazine solicits contributions to its new department, and requests that all work be submitted direct to John Hunt Morgan, Lexington, Ky.

Accepted paragraphs, poems, anecdotes, etc., will be paid for at magazine rates.

It may not be amiss to notice in this column an article by Miss Mary Whiton Calkins in the November number of the "American Journal of Psychology" describing the work in experimental psychology at Wellesley College. The article contains much matter of general interest, especially in the latter part which gives some account of the results of last year's investigations in regard to "colored hearing" and number forms.

Exchanges.

"The Kalends" for January contains an animated discussion as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of examinations, in which the arguments *con* seem to preponderate.

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The February number devotes itself chiefly to rejoicing over the recent introduction of the cap and gown into the college.

"The Inlander" is one of the few college magazines that is conducted on the principle that variety is the spice as well of literature as of life. The balance is well preserved between long, weighty articles and light sketches.

The "Brown Magazine" commences the new year with an interesting number; its etchings especially are better than the majority of pen pictures which now fill college publications.

The "Nassua Lit." comes to us full of good things as usual, and is, perhaps, the best of the January magazines. It contains a thoughtful and comprehensive criticism of Sidney Lanier's "Theory of the English Novel," several bright stories, and a strong sketch by Paul Burrill Jenkins.

"The Harvard Monthly" is fortunate in having for its leading article an essay by Edward Everett Hale, "The Value of the Discovery made by Columbus."

In the "University Magazine" we find an eloquent address on "Manliness," by President Hastings of the N.Y. Union Theological Seminary. Among the magazine's other noticeable features are sketches of Oxford, Columbia, and the College of the City of New York, a careful study of Buddhism, and a well-written prose poem, "The Passing of Baeda."

Short stories abound in the "Yale Courant" for January, and are a welcome relief after the technical essays which college magazines are so fond of printing.

We quote from the Brown "Daily Herald": "The Class of '95 at Smith has voted to petition the faculty for permission to publish a college paper. No paper has been sanctioned by the faculty thus far in the history of the college." We wish all success to Smith in her undertaking, and congratulate '95 upon the attempt.

In all the magazines the verse is greater in quantity and better in quality than it has been for some months preceding. We clip the following: —

AT MIDNIGHT.

I stood in the vast cathedral,
  Which the night-shade pillars round,
With the stars and sky for ceiling,
  And its pavement the marble ground,

And over my trembling senses,
  A mighty music crept,
From the keys of the great world-organ,
  Which the year in passing swept. —

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The clash of faction and party,
In cadences loud and shrill;
And poverty's low, deep murmur —
The voice that will not be still;

The blending of balm and beauty;
The wailing of woe and pain;
The harmony mixed with disorder;
Life's beautiful, wild refrain.

So, with my spirit listening
To the old year's requiem roll,
And hearing its crashing echoes
Go thundering through my soul,

I stood in the world's cathedral,
As the year was passing out,
And the swell of the mournful music,
Filled me with fear and doubt.

But the stars of the vaulted ceiling,
And the marble earth below,
Strode on in their circling orbits,
Unanswered by its restless flow.

And the young year coming gently
Bade the rushing tumult cease,
And over the heart of the music
There stole the calm of peace.

— NASSUA LIT.

FRIENDSHIP.

It was a harp of olden time,
None knew the secret of its strings;
A world of melody divine
Men pass'd, intent on other things,—
Until there came a harper gray,
Whose soul was wrapt in mystery,
And 'neath whose sympathetic sway
All discord chang'd to harmony.

What power, my friend, is this, divine,
Which we but feel, that gently came
And link'd thy dissonant heart with mine,
In one inspiring, heavenly strain?
Who is that harper calmly stealing
Across our lives, harsh though they be,
And with a magic art revealing
New worlds and thoughts for you and me?

— YALE LIT.

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College Notes.

Miss Knox and Miss Sherwood received the members of the Shakespeare Society in the Art Building on the evening of January 21. The hours from seven to nine were delightfully spent by the guests in conversation, music, and dancing.

On the same evening Misses Bixby, Tobey, Brownell, and Vivian, of Norumbega cottage, entertained a number of their friends at a cobweb party. The entertainment of the evening included also a miniature yacht race.

On the afternoon of January 24, Miss Coman addressed the members of the College Settlement Association and others interested upon the subject of the Boston Settlement. She explained the significence of the name, "Dennison House," and spoke of those methods of work in which the Boston Settlement differs from others. The work is now well begun, and promises to be successfully carried on by the enthusiastic residents.

A memorial service for Prof. Eben Norton Horsford was held in the Chapel on the evening of January 26. Music was rendered by the Beethoven Society. Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., made the address. He said in substance: —

The three hundred men from Iceland, Norway, and Sweden, by their songs of lament in their mother-tongues, fittingly manifested their love and reverence for the one who had brought their countries to our shore, — the one upon whom the King of Denmark, at his own free will, bestowed the Order of the Banner of Denmark, now returned to the hands that gave it.

That laborous student, that faithful discoverer and teacher, was born in New York State, but of New England parentage. His father was a missionary among the Indians, — wild men in a wilderness. It was there he learned to speak with the Indians, mastering even the details of their articulation.

His was a home of books, almost a public library, a college, where books were not common. Beside his sympathy with Indians, with religion, with books, there came a sympathy with nature. He was a geologist as a child; a civil engineer as a boy.

For four years he taught in Albany. He loved the young; he loved to teach. He then studied in Europe, with Liebig, the chemist, and on his return occupied for sixteen years the Rumford Professorship of Applied Sciences at Harvard. That was a very diligent life. He took out more than thirty patents from the government, rights to which had to be frequently fiercely contested. His was the advice sought in regard to the Boston Water Works; it was he who supplied rations for the army needing bread.

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At last the brain grew weary; he gave up the arduous work, and turned aside to the leisure so nobly earned. Out of a close friendship with a Norwegian, Ole Bull, there grew a great love for Norway. He visited there, caught up the old Sagas and Icelandic songs, traced out their history upon the map, river by river, and peak by peak, until at last, as he believed and made so many believe, he discovered the site of the ancient city itself. He wrote out the story of his discovery, and awakened the sympathy of all Northmen.

Professional skill had brought him in contact with a professional man. On business they came out together, one summer's day, to the hills surrounding Waban Lake. The brilliant lawyer, the quiet Harvard professor, of about the same age, talked as they rested on the hill by Stone Hall,— talked of life's struggles, of the survival of the fittest, of the Infinite pity. Out of that talk came a friendship, which to them was but another name for helpfulness. Out of the friendship came an opportunity to give of his life for others. Next to the founder himself, is he a father of this college. It was to him as the child of a dear friend. He knew why he gave, and what was to be done with the gift. In founding the library, he planned that there should be books for students, books for professors, books for detailed consultation, and a place for the books of the students themselves,— "The Monographs of Wellesley College," he called them.

He believed that "time taken for rest is time taken for work." He provided that one year out of seven should be spent by the professors abroad.

The ozone machine, purifying the Chapel air, the electric lighting of the library, are likewise his thoughtful provision. He was made an honorary member of the Class of '86. He dropped the "honorary" and took most active interest in their welfare. Many a young man and woman he was wont to help by money or a friendly letter.

He was a man wise, generous, extremely kind and hospitable, deeply interested in life. Though so quiet, his was a bold Norse spirit, daring all things, patient, brave. He was religious, loving the church of God, regarding the spiritual sacraments as its very life.

There must be high employ beyond for men like him. Not mere rest, not harp play, but some great thing needed beyond the stars. A great workman is summoned for some great service, where the laws of earth are fulfilled in the laws of heaven; where life is completed in the countless ages of eternity.

The college post-office was opened for the use of the students and faculty on Saturday, January 28. Each box has three keys, and is used for the mail of three students. Expressions of satisfaction with the new order are mingled with

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lamentations over the loss of keys, or their non-appearance at critical moments.

Major Pond, with a courtesy that Wellesley has had opportunity to appreciate before, provided tickets for all who wished to attend Lieutenant Peary's lectures on the afternoons of February 4 and 11. Many of the students embraced the opportunity of hearing the history of the latest Arctic expedition from the lips of the leader himself.

Miss Charlotte H. Conant and Miss Florence Bigelow, of the Class of '84, have purchased a house on Walnut Hill, Natick, where they will open a preparatory school next September. Miss Shafer and the Misses Eastman have given the new enterprise their cordial support.

The Wellesley College Glee and Banjo Club will give, on the evening of March 4, in the Wellesley Town Hall, a concert for the benefit of St. Andrew's Parish and the Wellesley College Boat-House. Price of reserved seats 75 cents. Admission 50 cents.

The class in Constitutional History held a session of the House of Commons in the gymnasium Saturday evening, February 7. Owing to the prevalence of measles in the college, many of the invitations that had been sent out were withdrawn by order of the Board of Health. The audience was, therefore, smaller than it would otherwise have been, but it was not lacking in enthusiasm. The speakers were alternately cheered and hissed by the opposing factions, for every one present was supposed to take sides in the party strife. The costumes and "make-up" of the members were excellent and their speeches delivered with life-like fire and vigor. The following were the orators of the occasion in the order of their speaking: —

House of Commons.

(Extraordinary Session.)

Debate.	Notices of Bills.	Questions.	
Chamberlain,	(L. U.)	Birmingham,	Miss Young.
Collings,	(L. U.)	Bordesley,	" Ham.
Bryce,	(L.)	Aberdeen,	" White.
Lowther,	(C.)	Thanet,	" Barker.
Balfour,	(C.)	Manchester,	" Bigelow.
Morley,	(L.)	Newcastle,	" Brooks.
Harcourt,	(L.)	Derby,	" Damon.
O'Brien,	(A. P.)	Cork,	" Dewey.

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Redmond,	(P.)	Waterford,	Miss Lucas.
Hicks-Beach,	(C.)	Bristol,	" Scandlin.
Harrington,	(P.)	Dublin,	" Mason.
Macdermott,	(A. P.)	Kilkenny	" Count.

Motion of resolutions of want of confidence in the government.

Matthews,	(C.)	Birmingham,	" Frear.
Churchill,	(C.)	Paddington,	" Grenell.
Burns,	(Labor.)	Battersea,	" Freeman.
Labouchere,	(L.)	Northampton,	" Foley.
Temple,	(C.)	Surrey,	" Cleland.
McCarthy,	(A.P.)	Longford,	" Kendall.
Gladstone,	(L.)	Midlothian,	" Tomlinson.

Division.

House adjourned.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of the year was the song recital by Max Heinrich on Thursday evening, February 9. The program was a delightful one, including songs of both the German and English schools, and the audience had no fault to find with its rendering. Their enthusiasm increased with each number, being perhaps greatest after the last, — the "Erl-König," — sung as an encore for Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

Society Notes.

On the evening of February 1, Phi Sigma initiated four new members, — Misses Mary Chase, Louise Warren, Inez Hopkins, and Caroline Jacobus. After the initiation the following program was presented: —

Summary of the Life and Work of William Morris: —

I. Morris's Presonality . . . . . Susan E. Huntington
II. Morris's Development as a Literary Artist . . . Mary Dillingham
III. Morris's Relation to his Age . . . . . Lucy Hartwell
IV. Discussion: "Is the Soul Progress of Morris Typical of the Age?"
Opened by Mary A. Tooker.

Miss Caroline Dresser, Miss Marian Parker, and Miss Fanny Woodford were the guests of that society for the evening.

On Tuesday evening, February 7, the subject of the semester's study was concluded with a talk by Miss Scudder on "William Morris, and Socialism," delivered to Phi Sigma informally in Society Hall.

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The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of Saturday, February 11, when Miss Martha McCaulley and Miss Lena Brown were welcomed as the guests of the society.

The program was the first given on the present semester's subject of study, which is "The Outlook from the Three-Mountain City." The "outlook" is to be taken from the three hills as standpoints, beginning with Copp's Hill, from which the historical life of Boston is viewed. The following was the program:—

THE PURITAN TOWN.

I. Glimpses of Boston from the Standpoint of an Early Settler, Alethea Ledyard
II. Old Songs
Invitation
Cousin Jedidiah . Misses Wood, Dennis, Willis, and Wilcox
III. Boston's Indian Neighbors . . . . . M. Louise Boswell
IV. Growth of the Spirit of Independence . . . Mary P. Dennis
V. Music — Minuet, by Boccherini . . . . Gertrude Bigelow
VI. Social Life in Colonial Boston
Paper illustrated by tableaux . . . . Julia S. Buffington

The Art Society held a regular meeting in the Art Gallery, January 14, 1893. The following program was presented: —

Paper: Art of the Stage . . . . . Miss Reed
Paper: Art of the Actor . . . . . Miss Irish
Sketches of Some Famous Actors: —
a. Irving . . . . . Miss Whitlock
b. Booth . . . . . Miss Hippen
c. Bernhardt . . . . . Miss E. MacWilliams

THE AGORA.

Program of the regular meeting of January 14: —

The Functions of the Senate . . . . . Miss Tobey
Rules and Methods of Procedure of the Senate . . . Miss Weed
The President of the Senate . . . . . Miss Bisbee
The Functions of the House . . . . . Miss Brownell
Rules and Methods of Procedure of the House . . . . Miss Slater
The Speaker of the House . . . . . Miss Burgess

New Members:

Miss Grace Dewey, '93. Miss Caroline Field, '94.
Miss Helen Mason, '93. Miss Arline Smith, '95.

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College Bulletin.

Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. Concert by the Glee and Banjo Clubs in the College Chapel.
Feb. 26. Prof. Curtis of Boston University preaches in the Chapel.
Feb. 27. Lecture by the Rev. W. Hudson Shaw on "Wilburforce."
March 13. Lecture on "Whittier" by Mr. Horace Scudder.
March 19. Rev. Frederick Palmer of Andover preaches in the Chapel.
March 23. Term ends.

Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held with Miss Mary Lyman, Saturday, January 28. In spite of the very disagreeable weather, thirty members of the club were present. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who was the guest of the afternoon, spoke at some length of the great loss which the month of January had brought to the college, to the Board of Trustees, and to the classes of '86 and '89, in the death of Prof. Eben Horsford and Bishop Phillips Brooks. The members of the club were much interested in hearing of the many changes which had come to the college since the days when they were a part of its life. In response to a letter of request from Prof. Whiting, Miss Helen Hill, '92 was delegated by the club to confer with the committee at the college upon the Wellesley exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in social intercourse.

The last monthly meeting of the Washington State Wellesley Club was held on November 11 at the house of Mrs. Charlotte Miller Middlebrook, '91. Representatives of several of the different classes were present. The aim of the club thus far has not been for any definite line of study, but rather for mutual friendship and helpfulness.

A Wellesley party was held during the Christmas holidays at Northfield, Minn. The participants were Mrs. Soule Metcalf, '80, Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, Miss Florence Soule, '89, and Miss Alice Libby, '89.

Miss Edith Metcalf, '80, is at Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, 230 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

The friends of Miss Jessie Allen, '87, will be sorry to learn that she has been very seriously ill with typhoid fever. She has been taken from St. Louis home, and by latest reports was convalescent.

Miss Catharine Burrowes, '87, passed ten days of her Christmas vacation with Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89.

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Miss Adelaide Dennis, '87, is teaching in St. Louis.

Miss Clara M. Keefe, '87, is studying music in Boston. The address is 77 West Rutland Square.

Miss Edith True, '87, still has charge of the education of the Misses Hunnewell.

Miss Mary E. Parker, '87, has charge of the music in the public schools of Altoona, Pa. 4600 pupils come under her supervision. Her address is 1501 Seventh Avenue.

Miss Marion Ely, '88, has recently enjoyed a California trip.

Miss May Cook, '88, is studying under Miss Talbot and Professor Moulton at the University of Chicago.

Miss Louise Magone, '89, is teaching Greek and English literature at the High School in Marinette, Wis.

Miss Alice Libby, '89, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Hardy School, Duluth, Minn.

Miss Grace Lee, '89, is at home in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Louise Pearsons, '89, has charge of the Mathematics in the Preparatory Department of the Northwestern University, Evanston.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Dole, '89, is announced.

Miss May Margaret Fine, '89, has been visiting in Chicago and Louisville.

Miss Louise Pinney, '89, is teaching in a private school in Los Angeles.

Miss Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the High School in the same city.

Miss Anita Whitney, '89, has been traveling in the East since the class reunion in June.

Miss Jennie Dingley, spec. '85-'89, is teaching in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Miss May Banta, '89, who is living in the village of Wellesley, has nine lecture hours and sixteen laboratory hours a week in a chemistry course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Miss Ruth Abbott, '89, is occupying the position held by Miss Caro Drew, '89, in Brookfield, Conn.

Miss Katharine J. Lane, '89, is again at Freehole, N.J., as teacher in the Young Ladies' Seminary.

The address of Mrs. Mary Walker Porter, '89, for the winter, is 266 State Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

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Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '89, is still teaching in the Prospect High School, Greenfield, Conn.

Miss Katharine Horton, '89, is a teacher of Mathematics at the Connecticut Literary School, Suffield, Conn.

A series of articles on German life by Miss Ethel Paton, '89, have recently appeared in the "New York Herald."

Miss Abbee Carter Goodloe, '89, has a review of Agnes Repplier's latest book in the "Christian Union" for Dec. 24, '92.

Miss Alice Brewster, '89, retains her position in Trenton, N.J.

The members of the Class of '89 will be interested to know that Raymond Whiton Thompson, "the boy of the rattle," continues to do credit to his aunts. His home is 5 Pine Street, Concord, N.H.

Miss Jane Freeman, '90, on her way from Montana to New York, visited Mrs. Charlotte Allen Farnsworth in Colorado, Miss May E. Cook, '88, in Chicago, and Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, in Cleveland. In the spring she will return to her ranch life.

Miss Fannie Knapp, '90, is making a collection of Alaskan folk-lore in her home in Sitka.

Miss May West, '91, is visiting in Chicago and Minnesota. She will not return East until summer.

Miss Emma M. Squiers, '91, is teaching in Corning, N.Y. Her address for the remainder of the year will be 159 East 1st Street, Corning, N.Y.

Miss Emily Stewart, '92, is spending the winter in California.

Miss Agnes Holbrook, '92, entered upon residence at Hull House, Chicago, Feb. 1st.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has been visiting in Chicago.

Marriages.

CASTLE—WING. In Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, Dec. 25, 1892, Mabel R. Wing, '87, of Lexington, Mass., to Henry N. Castle of Honolulu.

APPLETON—FOLLETT. At St. Johnsbury, Vt., Dec., 1892, Lena Follett, '89, to Rev. Frank Appleton. Their home will be in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

PACKARD—HOWE. At Chicago, Jan. 23, 1893, Caroline Howe, '86–'88, to George Packard. At home after April 1st. 1922 Barry Avenue.

MITCHELSON—ELY. At Windsor, Conn., Dec. 31, 1892, May Violet Ely, '87, to Ariel Mitchelson, jr.

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Births.

To Mrs. Camille Gowans Sikes, '90, Jan. 7, 1893, a son, Frederick Gilbert, jr.

To Mrs. Mary Meriam Coman, '84, Nov. 20, 1892, a daughter, Harriett.

To Mrs. Sylvia Foote Gosnell, '89, Sept., 1892, a son, Frank Lemuel.

To Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fisk, '89, Dec. 23, 1892, a son.

To Mrs. Laura Lyon Williams, '87, Jan. 7, 1893, twin daughters.

Deaths.

In Philadelphia, Feb. 3, Dr. Spencer C. Devan, leaving two children and a widow, Harriet Beecher Scoville Devan, of '83.

June 26, 1892, in Harrisburg railroad accident, Mr. E. M. Whitlock, father of M. Blanche Whitlock, '92.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

IT is with feelings of reverence that, on behalf of '89, we accept the privilege of offering this tribute to the memory of Bishop Brooks. The wondrous strength of Dr. Brooks's life has been fully dwelt upon by men of power and eloquence all over our land, and yet we cannot refrain from giving additional expression to the honor we would join all men in paying his illustrious memory. It was ours to come into favored relations with Dr. Brooks in the early days of our college course, and, through his connection with us as an honorary member of our class, we enjoyed a personal relation with him which must prove one of the most valuable associations of our college life, and of which we would wish in some measure to express our appreciation.

The brave, loyal young life of her who first suggested this possible relation, more than three years ago, turned her eyes toward the "new light;"

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and, were she but here to speak for us, a tribute more worthy might fall from her gifted pen and sympathetic heart. The faith and earnestness of her life had been much enriched by her repeated readings of Dr. Brooks's writings; and, with that marked devotion to our class interests which she ever manifested, she sought to have us all brought into a closer knowledge of the man. The prompt and courteous reply which came to our secretary in response to our request was expressive of that sincerity and cordiality which marked all our later intercourse with him; and it was, perhaps, with pardonable pride that we welcomed his first coming among us. Under the pressure of his many engagements, we could not expect him to be with us frequently, and yet the warm interest he continually manifested, and the strong, inspiring messages he would leave to us, in common with all who gathered within the chapel walls, were repeated evidences of his willingness to give unselfishly of his time and of himself in bearing words of truth and courage to young hearts.

In the quiet which comes after the first shock of sad tidings is passed, it is perhaps, possible to realize more fully what it means to us as a class to have known Dr. Brooks as we have. Not to form an estimate of his influence, for with one accord we place no limits upon that. It must be as unending and as far-reaching as the truths he repeatedly uttered. Nor can we feel we would have his sanction in dwelling upon the force of his personality, inspiring and spiritual as his presence seemed. Rather, he would bind our hearts in closer loyalty and deeper earnestness through the universal truth and singleness of message which he never failed to convey. That message can go to every life, whether in private or public employments, whether in sorrow or joy, whether in doubt and perplexity, or whether seeing "the light in truth's clear sky." In the one it cannot fail to strengthen and succor; in the other, it is as unfailing to bless and stimulate to further activity. A life of action was his, the spiritual with the practical, the one the firm foundation of the other, but the former so continually widening and deepening that it could support a structure of continually growing proportions.

Men and women of all creeds, and men and women of no creed, equally held his respect and sympathy, and he theirs. Social reforms, public and private enterprises, all that would tend to lift humanity on to a higher plane, found in him a ready champion. And side by side with these inter-

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ests were those many private acts and ministries which are so beautiful to know about, and yet the half of which will never be told.

That a life which came among us with the simplicity of Dr. Brooks's should have revealed such deep and practical truths, should have shown how the earnest, steady pursuing of one line of truthful work could have accomplished so much for humanity, is no small factor in the lesson which his lifework has taught. The catholicity of his heart and the wide horizon of his thought, the sincerity of his purpose, and a spirit so continually in touch with the activities of the world,— are not these a part of the rich inheritance to which '89, in common with all humanity, may lay claim?

Possibly, the mystery of Dr. Brooks's death grows less when we dwell upon the wondrous power of his life. That power forbids analysis. It was given of God, and was directed with that single eye to His service that fitted him to be called to higher courses of service long before our limited vision would willingly see his active labors ended here.

In the grandeur of his strength he left our world. With him was the fountain of life, and in his light shall we see light.

Every '89 girl remembers her joyous thrill of pride and sense of kinship with the world outside our college walls when Dr. Brooks, in his great-hearted, whole-souled way, stepped into our little ranks and allied himself with the Class of '89.

It was a unique position for Dr. Brooks to sustain, and might easily have been laid aside by one whose life energies were claimed by the great world of suffering humanity. Hence it was with full hearts, as the years went on, that the Class of '89 recognized the ready interest and response of that inspired voice and life to the wish or need which was expressed.

I see again in Wellesley's halls an eager, happy group of girls surrounding that magnificent personality who, so often during those four years, gave to us the blessing of a life which sprang itself from the heart of God.

That was a charmed circle, of which Dr. Brooks made the centre, and, truly, the hearts of those girls burned within them as they talked with him! How full of questions those hours were! As if a group of college girls were the one element in which he found himself most at home, Dr.

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Brooks turned from one to another of his listeners, now sportively laying claim to some new class or college privilege, then joining a hearty laugh at the difficulties in his way. How many were the arrangements playfully made for his entrance to the "Five Years' Course"!

Again, the conversation would take a serious turn. The heart of a new book would be laid bare, the progress of some social movement revealed in all its vital relations to life. And always the fair, flushed face of one eager questioner is vividly before me,— she whose deep and earnest nature, in the loyal love of truth, held ever in its heart the ties of '89 with all that led into the higher planes of life.

Perhaps the question turned on the subject of a preceding talk or sermon, and then, in a simple way, the spiritual life of each was quickened and stirred by the pure fire of the soul which touched it in an answer.

And always with the thought of Dr. Brooks will rise to mind the evening chapel hour — a room crowded to overflowing — the swaying of that majestic form behind the desk — the full torrent of words — the breathless hush — and, last of all, the heart of the listener glowing from the warm touch of Divine love through God's inspired prophet!

Tree-day was an occasion which drew Dr. Brooks to the college several times during the four years. Those were days when the individualities of class life were made prominent, but over all was fostered that distinctive feeling of the college girl,— her love for "Alma Mater." Dr. Brooks never failed to catch and reflect, in the full sunshine of his great presence, the spirit of enthusiasm due the day. And how dear to the heart of every '89 girl was the merry pride with which he marked himself a junior or sophomore with '89!

Then came a tree-day when '89's peace of mind demanded the substitution of an aspiring sapling in place of her tiny tulip fledgling. The excitement of the day had been great. Of course, Dr. Brooks had been told of the real tree's obstinacy, and had heartily sympathized with our course of action. The end of the day had come, when the camera was doing its work, and the artist was busy arranging his groups. The light had left the little plot of ground about our tree, and a more remote spot had been selected by the artist for our picture. There was a disappointed chorus of voices. Then Dr. Brooks cheerily exclaimed, "Of course we must have

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our picture taken by the tree!" Immediately raising from its loose resting-place the tall young substitute, amid the amused smiles of many, he headed the procession of laughing girls to a place where tree and sun could unite in harmony with the class.

I see yet another tree-day, when a dark-gowned procession winds forth from the college doors. This day was no longer one of thoughtless, careless pleasure. It was the last of our tree-days, when the anticipation of new associations was superseded by the thought of separation from the old; and yet, pulsing through the pain of parting, was the joy of life to come, and the heart's out-reaching to the work of its maturer years.

Again Dr. Brooks was one of our company, dressed in the same dark gown, and still the sharer of our interests. And again our hearts burned within us! For he, whose relations to the great, wide world were so immediate, who had ministered to it from the deep courses of his own life, was by his very presence uplifting our hearts to a sense of their new undertaking, and bidding them be pure and strong.

For the Class of '89 will always remain the memory of a Sunday evening in our senior year, when we gathered for a last talk with Dr. Brooks before our graduation. How full that hour was with a sense of our peculiar privilege, and the reality of his fellowship with us! Simply, as if one of us, he sat in our midst and read from the first chapter of Philippians: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

In the strength of that trust, in the glory of that charge he left us, with the full outpouring of his great heart of courage, in a "God bless you, every one!" And still that message will ring in our hearts, borne to us on the wings of a risen soul.

For the Class of '89,

MARY L. B. JONES.
ALICE L. BREWSTER.

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THE LITTLE RAINBOW MAIDEN.

THIS is the story of the little rainbow maiden who lived long, long ago beside the great stone under the rainbow,— the beautiful rainbow standing in the midst of the four kingdoms, the four broad kingdoms, that make up together all the here and all the otherwhere of the world, save the borderland, the strip of grassy plain beneath the rainbow, where the little maiden dwelt beside the great stone. The bow stood like the arch of a wide portal between Fairyland and the Mortal Dominions; and the ends of it were locked deep down in the Dark Kingdom, and above, on the curve, rested the Kingdom of Light. But the grassy plain, being a borderland, belonged to no one, and no one dwelt there till the little maiden came to break the spell that was cast upon the great stone,— the great gray stone that the gnomes had hurled up out of the darkness long, long ago. For it was because of the gnomes that it all happened, all the story; and this was the beginning: —

Once there were some young light-spirits who set out to see the world, and in their journeying they went down into the Dark Kingdom. But, when they stood glistening amid all the blackness, the envious gnomes, enraged and half-blinded by the strange light, fell upon them and bound them with jeweled chains — poor young spirits! — and cast them into the middle of the great stone. And they sealed the stone with a spell, which was: —

Till there shall be born a mortal,
In the month of tears and smiling,
When the world-wide, rainbow portal,
Sun and show'r to shape beguiling,
Casts its shadow into heaven
On a shining, white-light morning,
On the holy-day in seven;
Till the fairies cease their scorning
Of the weakling mortal power;
Till they seek and find and care for,
Spite their doubting, this young mortal;
Till the mortal, knowing wherefore,
Wills beneath the rainbow portal
By the stone to dwell forever,—
May their spell be broken never.

Then the fairies set to work to do their part in breaking the spell; and year after year they kept watch in all the houses of all the mortals in the

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Mortal Kingdom, on all the Sundays in all the months of April. And there were babies born at these times, hundreds and hundreds of babies, but never when the rainbow-shadow hung in the sky. But because fairies are not easily discouraged they kept on watching and waiting, till at last one April Sunday it rained while the sun shone, and far, far from the borderland, in a remote part of the Mortal Kingdom, a baby came into the world, and the rainbow shadow quivered in the heavens.

But it was a girl-baby, a tiny mite of a girl-baby; and whereas fairies acknowledged that girl-fairies were quite powerful beings, they were rather contemptuous of girl-mortals long, long ago. Still, this was the only one who had been born under the shadow of the rainbow, and, much as they might doubt her power, they determined to try her, and meanwhile to keep watch for other babies.

So they went to the baby's mother, and they told her all about it; and they told her what a great future lay before the little child, and begged her for the baby. And the mother was grieved and troubled because she could not go with her baby to the borderland; and she wept, for this was all the baby she had; but she yielded for the baby's sake, and the fairies carried it away. And this is her story,— the story of the little rainbow maiden who lived long, long ago beside the great stone, under the rainbow.

They laid her in the shadow of the stone, and they fed her fairy food, and they wove her fairy gowns; and she lay there on the grass and cooed softly to herself and pressed her tiny hand against the great stone while she stared with baby wonder at the rainbow ribbon stretched above her head.

So time passed, and as she grew older she would roll over on the grass till she touched the stone, and then she would lie quiet, while her small hands strayed restlessly over its rugged sides. And when she could creep she crept round and round the stone, following its shadow as it moved with the sun; till one day she raised herself up upon her feet beside it, and toddled round it, grasping at its jagged points, and crowing little victorious, baby crows, with nobody by to listen. For the fairies knew she was safe, and as long as they fed her and clothed her and shielded her from harm they could not see what else they ought to do; they did not understand the ways of mortal babies.

So this baby grew up with no one to kiss her and say soft baby words to

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her, for the mortals near the borderland were too busy to notice her much, and when they did pass that way they only wondered curiously about her, and said it was a strange experiment and they doubted if it would succeed.

And on the whole she saw more of fairies than she did of mortals, though she saw but little of either. And when she learned to speak she spoke fairy words, but her thoughts were the thoughts of a mortal; and so it happened that the mortals who spoke with her said: —

"What a queer way she has of saying things!"

And the fairies who listened to her said: "What queer things she says!"

And neither understood her clearly.

And she was much alone as she grew up, but she was happy, for she knew no other life, and she lived in a beautiful world. On the one side the Mortal Dominions sloped gently downward from the grassy plain, and she could see green fields, and little villages, and trees and rivers, and a sparkling bit of the sea, and far, far away dim cloud-capped hills. And on the other side Fairyland sloped gently upward from the grassy plain; and there were orchards of golden apple trees, and strange plants, and queer-shaped rocks and caverns, and dragons, and all manner of odd creatures wandering about. And as the little maiden grew she loved all the beautiful things, and she sang little songs about them to herself; but she stayed always near the great stone, touching it often, and clambering over it, and playing happily in its shadow.

And at last one day, when she had grown old enough to understand some things, the fairies came to her and told her the story of the stone and of her own small life, and bade her choose to go or stay, for they had no power to keep her.

Then she clasped her small hands and laid them upon the stone and said: "I know now why I care about the stone, and why I touch it often. I could not go away and leave it here and know that there were spirits within that I might have set free. Why is it you say choose? I see no other way but this. My mother had not sent me far from her, had she not known 'twas well I stayed. Dear fairies, I will stay; it was meant so."

And they went away and left her beside the stone.

After this she began to work steadily,— to rub the stone with twigs and grass and bits of rock, and to stroke it with her hands. Even at night she

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pressed her cheek against it as she lay beside it on the grass, and it became smoother and smoother. Then as she grew people began to call her "the little rainbow maiden," for she was tiny; and she was pretty, with soft hair, and shining eyes, that still loved to gaze up wonderingly, as the baby eyes had done, at the rainbow ribbon. So she grew to be a young girl, almost a woman, and the stone was polished smooth on many sides.

And one day as she worked, singing softly, there was a flash of light, violet light, from the stone, and as she started away from it a tall youth leaped out of the glow. He was a beautiful spirit clad in royal garments, and from his ankle dangled an amethyst chain, which had bound him within the stone. He stood for an instant, and then, kneeling before her, he spoke, saying pompously: —

"Most mighty princess! Yonder in the fields of the sunset rise the amethyst walls of my royal city against the evening sky; go thither with me and I will clothe you in purple, and you shall rule over me and mine forever. Grant me the boon of your love!"

But the little maiden, standing beside the stone that glowed now with a violet light on one of its polished sides, turned her eyes upon the spirit and said: —

"Long have I watched the amethyst walls of your city shining against the evening sky, and I would that I might dwell therein, but there are other spirits within the stone, and my hand alone may set them free; so must I rest me content to dwell without the walls; it was meant so. And for that love of which you speak, before this time have I never heard thereof; how, then, can I give to you that which is not mine to give? Yet tell me what I may do to pleasure you, and that will I gladly."

Then the spirit unbound the fetter from his ankle and held it out to her, saying:

"Wear, then, this jewel to pleasure me; and it shall be, when you have found that which is called love, that you shall give to me that love, or you shall give again the fetter; and as you will to do, so shall I rest me content."

So the little maiden clasped the amethyst fetter as a collar around her throat, but it was heavy and choking, for the gnomes had forged it, and it tired her so that she worked more slowly. But she wore it, for she could

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not bear to grieve the violet spirit, who came often to tell her wonderful tales of the great city in the sunset.

And again, after many days, there was a flash of light from the stone,— a dark flash like the blue of the sea,— and again a spirit knelt before her; but this one besought her to hasten with him to the sparkling ocean, where she might float all night on the dark, dancing waves, with myriads of phosphor fairies ever ready to do her bidding. And he too begged for her love; but she sighed and said she had none to give him; and for his sake she wore for a bracelet the manacle of sapphires that had hung from his wrist. And it made her hand heavy and tired, and her work more slow, but she wore it for his sake.

So from time to time, and ever it was a longer time, the spirits came one by one from the stone: a pale-blue light, a green light, an orange light, and a yellow light; and each in turn begged that she might give him her love and dwell with him in his own best-loved dwelling,— 'mid the blue of the sky; deep down in an emerald pool; in the wonderful flicker of a flame; or, with the yellow light, where mortals danced all through the night and were happy. But the little maiden shook her head to all, and to the yellow light she answered that it must content her to watch the fairies dance on the hillside in the pale moonlight; it was meant so. And each in turn gave her jewels to wear,— turquoise, emerald, topaz, and creamy, yellow pearl; and they were such heavy jewels.

But when the yellow light had come the spirits pointed to the rainbow, saying:—

"When one more has been set free, our number will be complete, and then you may choose with whom to dwell."

And at last, in spite of the heavy fetters, one day the stone glowed with a deep crimson light, and out of the rosy flush a spirit stepped, clad in flowing, priest-like robes of scarlet.

"O noble maiden!" said the spirit, "far away in the Mortal Kingdom is a great cathedral, and one day I floated down through a stained window and lay on the marble floor and worshiped. Come, then, and worship with me, for your task is ended."

And the little maiden looked out wistfully upon the Mortal Kingdom, where a tall spire glistened in the sunlight, and she laid her hand upon the glittering stone and sighed, and shook her head, saying: —

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"I know not wherefore, but I must not leave the stone. All is not ended. Some power holds me here. Leave me; I cannot leave the stone. Go you and worship. It was meant so."

So she worked wearily day after day, while the sun shone on the stone and dazzled her eyes and made them ache. And one day when the spirits were standing by, a great white light spread from the heart of the stone to its outer edges; and up from the middle there arose a spirit whose fetters fell from him in glimmering showers and lay like dewdrops on the grass. And the other spirits gave a great shout and cast themselves upon the earth, crying:—

"All hail to the Prince of the White Light, the son of the King of the Light Kingdom!"

And he said: "Knew ye not I was imprisoned within the stone?"

But they answered: "Nay, Prince; we thought you wandered upon earth, having escaped the gnomes."

"Hasten, then," said he, "to give the news to all the world, and to the King, my father, who mourns for me."

And they hastened to do his bidding.

He was a tall, shining, glorious spirit, and standing beside the little rainbow maiden, he looked down at her, saying gently:—

"Child, what reward has been promised to you?"

Then something strange stirred within the heart of the little rainbow maiden, for none in all the world had spoken such words to her before, and she said:—

"Wonderful spirit, I have lived much alone and have been little taught, and for that word 'reward,' I know not of its meaning; but there has been no thing promised to me. It was to this end that I was born, that the spell might be broken."

Then the spirit smiled and passed his hand over her soft hair, and his voice was music as he said:—

"You are a dear child; but tell me, wherefore do you wear these jewels? Were they not given in recompense?"

Sadly the little maiden smiled, and wearily shook her head as she answered:—

"Nay, spirit; I wear these jewels for that I have no love to give the spirits

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who came from the stone, and it grieved them; but when that I shall find the love, then shall I give it to a spirit, and to the others the jeweled fetters again. Alas! they are heavy, heavy fetters!"

Then as they stood together there came back all the other spirits, and with them all the other people of all the other kingdoms, crowding around the borderland. And the little maiden looked at the seven spirits and then at the one spirit, and she said to him: —

"Will you lay the fetters upon the grass so that the other spirits may take them up?"

And he did so. After, he kissed her, saying no word; and he took her in his arms and carried her up to the land above the rainbow, while all the people shouted.

Then the fairies hung the great stone in the palace of the fairy queen, for a light.

And to the mortals nothing was given; but the mother of the little rainbow maiden said: —

"Let us rejoice that one among us has been considered worthy to dwell in the Light Kingdom forever."

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

FORECASTS OF THE FUTURE IN "PARACELSUS" AND "IN MEMORIAM."

IN the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey stand side by side the memorials of England's greatest musicians. Tennyson was not a composer; his art was interpreting with skilled touch and true musical insight the clear chords and beautiful melodies of this, our own, century. But Browning, with bold, prophetic vision, has gathered up the apparent discords as well as the harmonious passages of the Nineteenth Century symphony, and, mingling with them his own strong octaves, has, with marvelous modulations, woven a new, strange composition which bewilders and attracts, arouses and inspires — a foretaste of the music of the coming age.

Tennyson and Browning are associated as poets of the latter half of this century. But, though the work of both appeared through the same years, the message of each would seem to indicate that Browning belonged farther down the ages. Tennyson truly reflects the spirit of his own age, but

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Browning stands on the threshold of the next century, and in his words we find help and hope and revelation of the future.

In order that we may most justly estimate this distinction, let us compare the work of Tennyson's maturity, "In Memoriam," with Browning's "Paracelsus," published when the author was but twenty-three years of age.

"In Memoriam" is a grand funeral march; calm, solemn, and impressive; full of rich, deep minor chords, brightened by a thread of exquisite hopeful melody, which swells at the end into an unwavering chorus of faith and love; the whole forming a wonderful symphony of life. It is in composition a rosary of poems, individual and yet linked, revealing the growth of the poet's mind under a heavy sorrow. The sudden death of Tennyson's dearly beloved friend shattered the poet's faith and plunged him into a chaos of grief and doubt. But the sense of overwhelming desolation lasted only a short time, and, as his spiritual perceptions were quickened, he was enabled to find in the spiritual world what he had lost in the material one.

The poem is a personal confession of the process by which the doubts were conquered, and faith in God, immortality, and the future restored. Let us briefly follow the poet's experience. In the first realization of his loss he wraps his grief about him, chooses to dwell in the past, and goes over in his imagination the shock of the sudden death, and the friendship which "no lapse of moons" can take away, concluding that "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

As the poet turns from the past to the future, and accepts the hope of Christian revelation, he finds that reason confirms his faith in immortality.

> "My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forevermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> An dust and ashes all that is."

But this conviction cannot satisfy his heart; he desires to realize the immortal life, to see and know the friend again. Doubts come; his heart is vexed "with fancies dim." Finally, disclaiming any attempt to settle these difficulties, he turns to other problems. Evil, death, the conflict of Nature and Faith, confront him. Love bids him

> "Fret not, like an idle girl,
> That life is dashed with flecks of sin;

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Abide: thy wealth is gathered in
When time hath sundered shell from pearl."

* * * * * * *

"Oh yet we trust that somehow — good
Will be the final goal of ill;

* * * * * * *

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

The despairing mood does not last. The mourner accepts sorrow as a chastening and developing force. It has been the "bosom friend," a part of the poet's life. Through it the moral sense has been greatly strengthened, so that, upon the firm belief in immortality, he can find "the low beginnings of content."

Spring blossoms upon the poet's mood, and hope returns. The minor key is modulated to a gladdened major chorus as faith grows stronger, and love adds the final strain of spiritual assurance.

"And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

The last movement of the symphony ends with lines which, like the wonderful introductory stanzas, sum up the belief of the poet in

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

With this review of "In Memoriam," let us consider what views of moral reconstruction in general Tennyson seems to hold. We find in him a keen appreciation of the dignity and efficiency of law, — law not only in nature but in society, — law to which humanity must conform if it is to attain the best development.

"I curse not nature, no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law."

Faith is an essential possession, but it is "faith that comes of self-control," that prime virtue which is in perfect harmony with the idea of development according to fixed law.

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The progress of mankind is to Tennyson not a speedy regeneration, no sudden kindling of the soul, but the expression of a slow-working method, which includes mastery of self and faithful adhesion to the law of each one's highest life. Time, as well as reason, enters into moral reconstruction. Life in the best sense is to him not a struggle or trial, but a calm and contemplative growth. Not energy expending itself, but energy nobly controlled, is virtue; while violence, extravagance, immoderate force, are the worst manifestations of evil. He counts it crime "to mourn for any overmuch."

Knowledge is to him eminently scientific, gained by slow accumulation of details, but in his highest thought he recognizes a wisdom far above man's "knowledge of things we see;" and this wisdom takes its rise in the glorious Theism which is so beautifully identified with Infinite Love in the prelude to "In Memoriam."

In turning to "Paracelsus," we are more conscious of the great contrast than of the many similarities. The treatment is objective, not personal; the music is not played for us with Tennyson's technical skill, but is left in manuscript form for us to decipher and interpret. The greatest contrast, however, is given in the key-note, and the ever-recurring theme repeats that life should not be a calm, contemplative waiting for sorrow to chasten and experience to develop: it should, rather, be an ardent seeking, an endless struggle, necessitating, perchance, a bold disregard of law and custom.

Paracelsus was a renowned scientist of the Middle Ages. Browning has depicted his life in five scenes, each of which marks a critical moment in his experience. The purpose of the poem is to show how the development of soul may be assisted by the use which the individual makes of the circumstances of his life.

Let us trace the melody of each movement of this composition, and find from the songs of Paracelsus himself the revelation of his soul's progress. We have at first the youthful spirit and high endeavor of the ardent "seeker after knowledge" as he is about to take leave of his friends. He sings: —

> "I profess no other share
> In the selection of my lot, than this:
> A ready answer to the will of God,
> Who summons me to be his organ."

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He tells his friend of the heavenly vision, the call to new endeavor.

"Festus, from childhood I have been possessed
By a fire — by a true fire, or faint, or fierce,
As from without some Master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current.
As I sat revolving it and more
A still voice from without said — 'Seest thou not,
Desponding child, whence came defeat and loss?
Even from thy own strength, waste not thy gifts
In profitless waiting for the gods' descent.
Know, not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star to men forever.'"

Learn his purpose as he chants: —

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way —
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time — His good time — I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time."

Harken to the grand choral recognition of the divinity in man, and see "how great a spirit *he* hid."

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness.
Hence, may not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest?"

Nine years pass away. The movement changes. Paracelsus has not found what he sought, and the opening recitative is full of the despairing notes of failure. As he mourns and wonders at his ill-success a new friend appears, Aprilé, a young Italian poet — another soul which has aspired and failed. From him Paracelsus learns his own mistake: he has sought knowledge by sacrificing love. In the true life love and knowledge should be united. Aprilé too has sinned. His aspiration has been to "love infinitely and be loved." In the passion for beauty and love he has "refused knowledge," and now passion's warmth is burning his life away, and Aprilé is dying. A quick longing to rectify this error comes to Paracelsus: —

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"Love me henceforth, Aprilé, while I learn
To love; and, merciful God, forgive us both!
We wake at length from weary dreams; but both
Have slept in fairy-land; though dark and drear
Appears the world before us, we no less
Wake with our wrists and ankles jeweled still.
* * * * * * *
Die not, Aprilé; we must never part.
Are we not halves of one dissevered world
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part? Never!
Till thou, the lover, know, and I, the knower,
Love — until both are saved."

But Aprilé's reply is a beautiful swan-song, as he passes away.

Human attainment — honor and fame — has been granted when the third movement opens, but Paracelsus is still struggling for the soul-satisaction which he feels is ever eluding his grasp.

"You know that truth is just as far from me as ever;
That I have thrown my life away; that sorrow
On that account is vain, and further effort
To mend and patch what's marred beyond repairing
Is useless."

He has tried for a time to live on love and beauty only, and now sadly returns to his first purpose. The nobility of his nature is shown (with a touch of the prophetic which Browning loves to give) in the words: —

"I shall be glad
If all my labors, failing of aught else,
Suffice to make an inroad, and procure
A wider range for thought.
What benefits mankind must glad me, too;
And men seem made, though not as I believed,
For something better than the times produce."

The fourth movement is a last, wild, hopeless fling before the calm of true attainment. Paracelsus "gives a loose to his delight." He returns to early impulses, but without the hope which made them noble. Hs is ready to give up the struggle in the sad conviction that "one can ne'er keep down our foolish nature's weakness." The music is sad, cynical, unsatisfying. Let us quickly turn from it to the silvery cadence of hope and prophecy in the last movement.

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Paracelsus is dying; the soul overleaps all bounds, and pours itself forth in the grandeur of prophetic song, which sums up all the past experience, and proves the weary seeker victor at last. Listen, as the voice sings, not of knowledge, not of love, but of

> "Knowledge strengthened by love; love, not serenely pure,
> But strong from weakness;
> Love which endures, and doubts, and is oppressed,
> And cherished, suffering much, and much sustained.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Progress is the law of life — man's self is not yet Man!
> Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
> Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
> While only here and there a star dispels
> The darkness, here and there a towering mind
> O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
> Is out at once to the despair of night,
> When all mankind alike is perfected,
> Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then
> I say, begins man's general infancy.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> In completed man begins anew
> A tendency to God.
> For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
> And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
> Their proper joys and griefs; and outgrow all
> The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
> Before the unmeasured thirst for good."

He realizes fully his own mistake in love.

> "In my own heart love had not been made wise
> To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind.
> To know even hate is but a mask of love's.
> To see a good in evil, and a hope
> In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
> All with a touch of nobleness, despite
> Their error, upward tending all though weak,
> Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,

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And do their best to climb and get to him.
All this I knew not, and I failed.
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast — its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day!"

I have quoted somewhat freely, for the strain of prophetic music can be appreciated only in the form in which the great musician composed it.

What, then, are the great principles of Browning? The soul-life, with its infinite desire and endless aspiration, is made of the greatest importance. The duty of man's life is to learn "the actual extent of his own soul's powers, and, having learned them, to develop them straightforward, not necessarily in accordance with human or social laws prevailing in this life, but absolutely for the soul's perfectibility hereafter."

He regards passion, enthusiasm, and energy as of far more beauty and worth than a calm submission to law. Progress is not through self-repression, but through passions which scorn the limits of time and space — bold endeavors toward apparently unattainable results.

Moral reconstruction does not depend on patient study and the slow march of time, but upon those glorious moments when "life is caught up out of the ways of custom, and low levels of prudence," and the individual, guided by the inspiration of a truth suddenly revealed, takes a new stand or makes a resolution which shall change and determine the whole current of his future life. "We are not babes," he says, "but know the minute's worth, and feel that life is large and the world small."

The error of life is resting content within the bounds of the present existence, without striving to reach beyond all earthly things "to the highest Wisdom, Love, Beauty, Goodness,— in a word God." The life-work is not to be too general: it must be chosen and clearly defined.

"One great aim, like a guiding star, above —
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness,
To lift his manhood to the height that takes the prize."

Browning and Tennyson are types of two poetical spirits, and supplement each other, as the Future supplements the Present. Tennyson is the exponent and interpreter of this century in his belief in a slow, steady progress, in his estimation of scientific knowledge, in his sympathy with doubt, and in his conservative and contemplative view of life. He gives us touches of

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the Future in his recognition of man's divinity, and in the results he pictures of the further development of the spiritual nature; but in general Tennyson's place is in this century.

Browning, the Seer, foreshadows the twentieth century in the emphasis which he lays on the soul of man. We find in him the complete subordination of the material to the spiritual. The principle that the soul is to develop not by submissiom to law but by aspiration to something higher is far in advance of this age, as is also the complete unity of Science and Religion, which the character of Paracelsus may symbolize. Tennyson believes in Science *and* Religion, but takes no such bold step as Browning toward realizing their reconciliation.

Browning portrays the evil as well as the good. The falsehoods of life, he holds, must be accepted, understood, and mastered for the sake of Truth. And the faith in man's eventual purification which permits him to look evil so squarely and courageously in the face is far beyond the position of this age. We cannot tarry to seek other forecasts of the future, but we feel that it will indeed be glorious; for both the musicians are optimists, and unite in a strong Christian faith, which doubt only sweetens, and love makes complete.

I cannot find a more beautiful illustration of these points of similarity and contrast than in the two personal poems in which each faces death. Browning's "Prospice" rings with chords of energy and faith which will not sound so new, methinks, to the bolder souls who shall come after us.

> "Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
> The mist in my face,
> When the snows begin and the blasts denote
> I am nearing the place
> Where he stands, the arch fear in a visible form,
> Yet the strong man must go;
> For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
> And the barriers fall;
> Though a battle's to fight e'er the guerdon be gained,
> The reward of it all.
> I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
> The best and the last."

But Tennyson's dainty lyric, which is full of the "still, sad music of humanity," touches the heart as only a message from our own century could.

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"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call to me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Tennyson has "crossed the bar;" for Browning the "battle is fought, and the guerdon gained," and we who are left may cherish one strain of music in which both interpreter and seer join: —

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe,
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we *musicians* know."

GRACE E. GRENELL, '93.

THE TALE OF A BLACK CAT.

BETH said his name was "Nickodemus Boffin"—"Boomus for short." He belonged to Beth and she ought to know. Big brother Dick, who was tussling with Roman history, persisted in calling him "*Cat*—aline." Polly would address his majesty as "Brutus," and when she was very cross. with her Latin, as "Pejor Pessimus." You may think that one poor, ordinary black pussy was crushed by this length of name. Not a bit of it. Boomus always rose to the occasion.

I have given you these names of a black cat thinking that perhaps you would take them as a substitute for his ancestors'. You know ancestors give "tone" to a person! Just so Nickodemus Boomus, Cataline Brutus Boffin's long array of names. They were an index to his character; at least everyone but Beth said so, and she loved him. Beth is a small friend of mine, and her one weakness is — cats.

This especial black kitten came to Beth seven years ago. She bought him at a bargain of Amanda Smith. As he was so very distinguished in appearance, Beth's mother allowed her to keep him.

Then, Boomus was a small black ball; now, he is very large and has the

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walk of a prince. Boomus is quite black from the tops of his aristocratic ears to the tip of his beautiful tail.

In some respects he has a high sense of honor; in others, his morals are deplorable. For instance: at one time, when a stray kitten was carrying off a piece of stolen meat, Boomus promptly boxed her ears. Beth says that this is true; I cannot say. Then again, he will catch birds, but we cannot find it in our hearts to denounce him, as he knows no better.

Boomus is also a cat of talent. In his miauling he reaches high C with ease, but I am proud to say that he does not exercise this talent, except on state occasions, when we have company to dinner; then if he can get into the dining-room, by fair means or foul, he will promenade around the table favoring our guests with tune after tune, and making our own hearts sink within us; for we know, by sad experience, that Boomus is a cat that calmly refuses to stay "put." Beth says that his singing is high art. I am afraid that I cannot do his singing justice, according to Beth's ideal, so I leave you to imagine it.

If you only could see Boomus pose, I think that you would forget about his singing; he certainly is very talented in posing; he will sit and blink by the hour with his head turned lazily on one side, his front paws brought closely together, and his great tail circling daintily around him. As he purrs away, he looks like a bronze cat.

Three months ago Beth's dear Nickodemus Boffin, "Boomus for short," disappeared from his hillside home, and his little mistress is not to be comforted. So I have told you about Boomus, giving you this full description of his talents and beauty, hoping that, if in your travels you meet with this distinguished black cat, you will send him home to Beth.

JANE WILLIAMS, '94.

WAS IT ROBBERY?

THE camping season was at its height. It had not rained for weeks, and day after day the sun beat mercilessly down upon the parched hills and meadows. Scarcely a breeze rustled the branches of the trees or stirred in the grass. The heat was unbearable, and the only way one might hope to endure it comfortably was by taking up an abode on the lake shore or migrating to the mountains.

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Several parties had chosen the former alternative, and the shores of blue Chautauqua were flecked here and there with white tents, glistening through the trees and thickets.

In a hidden cove, an ideal spot for a month's sojourn, three promising youths had pitched their camp. For two weeks they had been spending life in true nomadic fashion, and had subsisted chiefly on plunder and spoil gained from raids upon neighboring farmyards, orchards, and cornfields. Such a mode of living they found extremely fascinating, and the more successful their foraging expedition proved to be, the more they relished their meals. In fact, they had reached such a pitch of moral depravity that, unless they had the consciousness of having "hooked" at least one number of their bill of fare, the meal quite lost its savor. The ways and means to which they resorted to replenish their larder were worthy of Robin Hood himself.

One afternoon they had been lolling around in an unusually listless way, when suddenly Jack appeared from the kitchen-tent with the sorrowful announcement that the cupboard was bare, and, unless they could devise some way to fill it, they would be a supperless crowd.

"I say, fellows," said Bert, "I move we get our supper by fair and square means this time; just for a change, you know. Suppose we develop our muscle a trifle and row over to Rogers's and see what he has in stock."

The others assented and they set off for the opposite shore.

"Rogers's" was the one mercantile establishment of which the little village of Kaintone could boast. It was, indeed, a typical country store, carrying in stock anything from a spool of Coates's cotton to a cook-stove. There was really nothing that could not be bought there, judging from the conglomeration of articles displayed in the show-window.

Though Bert had proposed to get the provisions for this meal by "fair and square means," one would conclude, from what followed, that his ideas of right and wrong must have been corrupted by the two weeks' disuse to which they had been subjected.

Disembarking, they climbed the hill to the village and soon came in sight of the store. Pumpkin pie had been agreed upon as being the most palatable article, and there on the counter was a tempting array of the veritable delicacy.

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From the back of the store Mr. Rogers appeared, and with a shambling gait took his place behind the counter. He was a simple-minded old man, with a kindly glance and a most trustful expression in his faded gray eyes.

"How d'ye, lads," said he in a pleasant tone. "How goes it camping just about now? Suppose you spend most of your time trying to keep cool, like the rest of us. Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Rogers," said Bert. "We've run pretty short of fodder just at present, and have come over to see if you've got anything good. These apples look pretty fair. What'll you take for 'em?"

"Thirty cents a dozen, and cheap at that," was the reply. "They're from my own orchard, and a sweeter apple you never tasted."

"Put me up a couple of dozen," said Bert, winking at Bill and Jack, who looked surprised at his purchase. "We'll have a corn and apple roast to-night."

The old man carefully counted two dozen of his rosiest-cheeked apples into a large paper bag and handed them to Bert.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Bert glanced around the store, and suddenly letting his eyes fall on the pies, he exclaimed:—

"Look at those stunning pies, boys; we were sillies to get these apples when we might have had pumpkin pie! I say, how do you sell them?"

"Fifteen cents," answered the old man, "and cheap at that. My wife made them this very morning. Will you have one?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I believe, Mr. Rogers, I'll exchange these apples for a couple of the pies. What do you think, fellows?" and Bert turned to the others, knowing well their opinion.

"I'm agreed," said Bill and Jack, simultaneously.

Bert poured the apples back into the basket while Mr Rogers wrapped up a couple of the pies and gave them to Jack. His customers were about to leave the store when the old man called after them.

"Here, lads, you haven't paid me for those pies. Thirty cents they were."

"Excuse me, Mr. Rogers," said Bert, politely, "but I exchanged the apples for the pies."

"Yes, I know; but did you pay me for the apples?"

"Certainly not; we didn't take the apples. There they are in the basket,"

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Bert had a mischievous twinkle in the corner of his eye as he made this reply and saw poor Mr. Rogers growing decidedly muddled under his logical arguments.

"Hold on a minute, you rascal," and Mr. Rogers seized a paper and pencil and began to figure away at a rapid rate. He scratched his head, he pulled his beard, he rubbed his eyes, he even sharpened his pencil, but could reach no conclusion except that he had been unmercifully hoodwinked and there was no remedy for it.

So involved and lost had he become in his mathematical calculations that he did not observe the trio as they, one by one, made their exit from the store and pushed off from the beach, with the pies safe in the bottom of the boat.

L. ELIZABETH WHITE.

A PARABLE OF A SOUL'S SEARCH.

IN a beautiful garden, where sweet and rare flowers bloomed, where there, was always music because of the many birds gathered in the trees, and where the sun shone every day, there once lived a little child. A little brook wandered through the garden, sometimes dancing along in frolicsome glee, then slowly passing under bending shadows of the great trees. The child, playing about its banks, looked upon its face in the cool, quiet places and saw ever reflected there the blue sky and fleecy clouds, moving so far above his head. For him grew the flowers in this garden of gladness, for him the sun shone, and for him alone the birds sang merrily. He knew naught of the great world outside.

The trees whispered to him happy secrets as he lay on the soft grass, looking up at their closely clustered leaves. And sometimes he stopped in his play and smiled, for he thought that he heard music, sweeter than any song of the little birds. When he told those who cared for him in the garden of the music, they said it was the angel's song. Ever after, as he looked up at the great white clouds, he fancied that they were the ships of the angels who sailed always on the blue sea of heaven, singing to the music of the sky waves.

As the child grew tall and strong, he began to think many new thoughts

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and to wonder what lay beyond the high walls of the garden which shut him in. A day came when, in his play, he removed a loose stone in the wall and looked out into the busy street. He watched the throngs of people who passed by, wishing that he also might go with them to the place that they seemed striving so eagerly to reach, pressing forward as though they must lose no time. From that moment a strange unrest filled his heart: no longer could he be satisfied within the great walls.

At length the keeper of the garden knew that it was best that the boy should go out into the wide world. So one day he unlocked the gate, and, bidding the child a tender farewell, suffered him to go forth into the street. Then the iron bars shut fast behind him. Never again could the boy pass through them; but the thought did not then make him sad. Without delay he walked rapidly forward like the others whom he saw on the broad highway.

There were many young men among the thronging multitude who passed the time in smile and song. There were older men with unsmiling faces, whose eyes were bent upon the ground, and who often stooped to pick up glistening fragments which were scattered in their pathway. Sometimes what they clasped was yellow gold, but, as the boy afterwards saw, more often it was naught but broken glass. Before many hours had passed he had joined himself to the young men and was making merry in their company. They told him that they were seeking happiness, and perchance gold also, if they could find it by the way; but the older men were claiming all that was on the road, so that they could grasp but little. With them the boy walked onward gaily, sometimes but not often finding a bit of gold. With them at night he entered the great halls, which sparkled with light on each side of the highway, and within which were music and feasting.

The months rolled away. The boy had gathered but a very slender stock of gold, and he was weary and sick at heart. No longer did the feasting, the music, and the dancing make him glad. He longed for the beautiful garden, and for but one strain of that far-off angel's song. A voice from his starved soul wailed ever within him and would not be quieted. So one day he lingered behind his gay companions, who went on, heedless that he was not with them, and he sat by the road, pondering what thing it were best for him now to do.

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At that moment an old man approached him slowly. His snow-white hair fell upon his shoulders. His face was so pure and kind that the people turned to look upon him as he passed. The boy looked into his eyes; they were fearless and earnest, but at the same time very sad. He sat down beside the boy to rest, and the boy asked him whither he was bound on the great highway.

The old man answered, "I am seeking Truth. Long years have I been on the way, and my hair has grown white on my journey; but, though I cannot yet find it, I am not discouraged. I know that I follow after an unnumbered multitude who counted it not too great a task to spend their lives for it. So grand and glorious a thing is this Truth, that even a glimpse of it would repay for the pain of a life, the suffering I have borne in its search."

At these words, the heart of the boy was stirred, and he said: "I also will search for this wonderful Truth. I will even go with you, and together we will seek until we find." Then the old man joyfully took him by the hand and gazed upon him, and behold! the youth at his side was no longer a boy, but had the manner and bearing of a man. As they rose to go upon their quest, the sunshine seemed to stream upon the young man, as in the garden, and a music of wondrous sweetness rang in his ear, like to the angel's song of his childhood.

Through quiet and still paths, far away from the noisy highway, the old man guided the younger. By a road that wound always upward, breathing an air that was ever clearer and purer as they ascended, the travelers at last reached the summit of a high hill. Here white buildings gleamed through the dark-green trees; many people passed in and out at their wide portals, but the silence of thought rested upon the place. Within, vast halls whose walls were lined with countless volumes awaited the seeker for knowledge, and learned men imparted the wisdom of the ages.

Long hours did the two searchers pass in these halls, learning often some new thing about the great Truth, but the sure way to its dwelling-place was still unknown to them. Many were the directions given in the wise books and through the lips of the teachers, but the two knew not which was the one path to follow. They grew ever more bewildered, and wandered from east to west in the wood.

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At last there was a time when, coming to the edge of the wood, they saw many interlacing paths stretching before them. Then the old man said: "I must go on. I can rest no longer here. I will boldly take one of these paths, and it may be that if I falter not I shall some day see that for which my soul yearns."

But the younger man delayed. "I cannot go with you," he said, "unless I see, unless I know that this, and this only, is the path which will lead me to Truth."

"Have you not heard that they are blessed who, seeing not, yet have believed?" said the old man, gently. Nevertheless, the young man turned away, and the aged one went sadly on his journey to the desired goal.

Back to the wood turned the discouraged one, but not entering at the same place where he had gone forth. Presently he stood in front of a building that he had not seen before. It was of dark stone and was densely shaded by tall trees. Curious animals wandered about it and rare plants grew on the grounds. He entered the cold, dimly lighted halls, and listened to the words of the teachers. They were instructors in a learning new to him. They said that they knew not the way to Truth, nor did they surely know whether anywhere in the great world was this wonderful thing that men sought, or whether it might not be but a fable of the past. Therefore it were wiser to go no farther, but to stay in the dark wood, studying the curious things of nature about them.

For a time the young man remained with them and ceased his search. But gradually a shadow stole over his eyes, and he was never free from a sadness that held him fast. He walked like one in a gloomy dream, in a night where never a star gave light. The garden of his childhood seemed only a vision, and nothing was real but the ever-growing pain in his heart. No music of the angels rang about him, and when he stood in the sunshine he shivered with cold.

One day, with despair in his soul, he broke away from the gloomy halls, and, following a path which led to the highway, he came to the same great road he had traveled in the search for happiness. There were the gold-seekers, still laughing boldly, but pushing and struggling against one another in their eagerness to find the glittering prize. His eyes beheld no longer smiling youths, but only toil-worn, hard-faced men; and there were false notes in the music that came from within the great halls.

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Then he discovered a deep valley at one side of the road, and, crossing to look down into it, there was borne upon the wind a wail as of many souls in pain. The light below was very dim, but men and women were there whose faces, gaunt with hunger, were turned to the road above; little children cried for bread, and lay on the ground sick and dying.

Then the young man forgot his own despair, forgot his great search, forgot all else but the cry of the children. He went down into the dusky depths of the valley, heeding not the roughness of the way, and hastened to the suffering ones.

Time passed on, but he toiled without ceasing in the gloom, striving to bring comfort to broken hearts; and the knowledge of the books was as naught to him, save that part which helped him to understand the remedy for pain. A joy was in his heart, unknown before, a content that dispelled his doubt and bewilderment as does the sun the mists that fade at its coming.

One day as he walked, holding by the hand a little child, whom he had found weeping by the roadside, a light shone out beyond and above him, which yet did not come from the sun; it was as a pathway stretching away before him, but where it ended he could not tell. Brighter and brighter it grew, until, no longer able to look at the light, he knelt and hid his face. He heard again the angel's song in wondrous harmony. And then one clear voice alone took up the strain, and thrilled his very soul; it was the voice of One who had suffered but was now a victor. He trembled, but still was glad, for he knew in that moment that it was Love, and Love alone, which had led him to the great white light of the unchanging Truth.

Then he entered again into the valley, for the light was with him.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

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Editorial.

I.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, in accordance with its constitution, will be edited in and after the month of April by a board elected from the coming Senior Class of '94. We of the board of '93 would greet our successors and would wish them all success and happiness in their editorial endeavors. The MAGAZINE is, and must always be, especially dear to the Class of '93, and we who were chosen to watch over our infant periodical in its very babyhood must always feel for it a special care and tenderness.

You of '94 will doubtless discover that this six months old MAGAZINE is most autocratic, most imperative, in its demands upon your time, temper, and talents. For six months, after the manner of "the only baby in the house," it has ruled us with a rod of iron, or, to be more technical, of steel. Before it we abase ourselves as slaves in the presence of the Sultan. This MAGAZINE, this nursling of the Class of '93, rises up before us as a personality, and we, the board, have learned that our duty lies in executing its behests.

There may be troublous times, good fellow-journalists of '94, when the rule of this young autocrat will be found most trying, most discouraging, most perplexing to your literary souls; and yet we dare prophesy that when, once every month,— a week or two late, it may be, and whether your fault or the printer's, yourselves alone will be able to surmise,— the pretty tyrant in white and blue smiles at you out of the midst of its new table of contents, you will forget all the injuries and indignities which have been put upon you and will bind yourselves more loyally, more lovingly, to do its will.

We can truthfully say, as we give the MAGAZINE into your hands, that our half-year's work has been encouraging, the MAGAZINE exists, and the college and the Class of '94 seem to care about its existence. For ourselves, the pleasure of the work, for the work's sake, has fully repaid us for the time we have given to it, and we are glad to be able to welcome you to the delights and fascinations of college journalism.

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II.

IN the first number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, issued in October, we introduced editorially the department of the Free Press, stated briefly its *raison d'etre*, and declared it policy. Now, at the close of the MAGAZINE'S first corporate year, a suitable time has come in which to review the policy and note the results of an enterprise novel in the history of Wellesley periodicals, and six months ago having for its only justification the united demand of the college and its own promises of future achievement.

We announced in October that the Free Press had been established by the college because of a generally admitted belief in the efficacy of free discussion as a means to development. Discussion to be free must be of a broader and more general nature than is possible in desultory conversation, where sympathetic friends form the audience, and where neither the keenness of insight that comes from formal argument, nor the effective result due to direct attack, is obtainable. It was thought that by devoting a portion of the MAGAZINE entirely to this purpose, by throwing its pages open unreservedly to expressions of opinion upon all matters, several important objects might be attained. First, a certain intellectual enjoyment, and, if it does not seem too pretentious, discipline, such as follows naturally upon keen argument carried on in the presence of one's whole every-day world and in the knowledge that any slip in logic will most certainly be detected by some opponent. Second, a greater breadth of thought, since among eight hundred intelligent persons interests must range over a tolerably wide field, and opinions touch somewhere on nearly all the faces of many-sided truth itself. Third, the practical development and improvement of circumstances due to a criticism given, within suitable limits, entirely free play.

In order to carry out such a design successfully, it was essential that we stand firmly by our promise of granting full freedom of speech. Whenever an article expressing seriously and deliberately any view of any subject should be sent us, we were bound to take care that it be published. Any curtailment whatever of liberty of speech is dangerous. The mere fact that to the editors certain arguments seemed insufficient, certain views erroneous, certain criticisms unjustifiable or humiliating, afforded no manner of excuse for their suppression. On the other hand, the appearance of an article in

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the department gave it no claim on editorial sanction or responsibility. It was not to be expected that we would vouch for the truth of statements made in the Free Press, and manifestly impossible that the MAGAZINE should stand sponser for opinions expressed there in the same way that it did for those appearing in the editorial columns. The responsibility of permitting wrong views and weak arguments to go unanswered lay with the reading public, not with the editorial board. Every reader of the MAGAZINE, as she loves truth in the abstract or college welfare in the concrete, was bound to see to it that no false statement went unchallenged.

This, then, as we understand it, was the original contract. The MAGAZINE, on its side, was to open its pages freely; the college, on the other side, agreed to supply those pages and maintain the character of the department. During the six months of its existence the MAGAZINE has stood steadily by its policy. The more difficult part of the contract, the part that contributors had to fulfill, has on the whole been met in a way very gratifying to our college pride. A decided interest in the department has been shown. Contributions have come in covering a considerable range of topics, general as well as local. Their tone has been frank and honest. The writers belonged to all ranks,— faculty, alumnæ, undergraduates.

There is of course still much to be desired. It could hardly be expected that six months would thoroughly mature a project requiring so much energy, vigor, and determination. Contributions should come in more rapidly, more subjects should be discussed, opinions should be more freely uttered and argument be more enthusiastic. The possibilities of the department should be developed to their furthest limit. Nevertheless, what has been augurs well for the future. We look forward confidentially to the time when the Free Press shall have become all that its designers planned and that we have hoped.

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The Free Press.

I.

It is really something of a pleasure, when showing a stranger our College Hall, after passing the general office and book-store, to say, "And this is our post-office." An open door reveals an array of boxes systematically arranged and numbered, enclosed in glass and iron, and bearing the mark of the United States mail; an interesting glass door, and the window open or "closed;" all so official, business-like, and worldly that they seem hardly to belong to academic halls. Showing this post-office to guests is by no means the only pleasure connected with it. One has such an individual importance in owning and being obliged to carry a key. This key furnishes topics of conversation as to its propensities for being at home or lost, etc., induces comparisons as to the method of carrying it, and calls forth denunciations of the present pocket-less rule of the dressmaker, and vain longings for key-rings, or vest pockets, or *something*. One has also a common bond of responsibility with the other two people who share the box. An almost family interest is developed in going for "our mail." One gains from the post-office certain formal and business-like habits. No more notes on scraps of paper are seen. Certain hours determine the delivery of local messages.

But with all this one is not satisfied. How much more important we should feel in displaying our post-office, could we say, "Yes, it is a great improvement. We are quite in touch with the world now. No more country deliveries! Every mail brought to town comes to us." How much more useful that key would be if it could unlock for us more mails a day. More than all else, how pleasant it would be to know that we had all we might have. Why may we not continue our improvements? Mails arriving in the village at nine o'clock and at twenty minutes past ten in the morning do not reach us until four o'clock in the afternoon. The evening mail does not reach us until next morning. Yet the daily coach passes the village post-office frequently and could easily bring us all mails. By the present system a considerable part of domestic work formerly connected with the mails has ceased. To distribute two more mails a day would not take more time than used to be spent. Is there any objection to be offered, and if not may we not have an eleven o'clock A.M. and a seven o'clock P.M. distribution at once?

MARY EMMA DILLINGHAM.

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II.

For the Free Press.

There are, surely, very few girls, if there are any, to whom a movement tending to improve our college in any way — be it great or small — does not appeal. It does not take long for the spirit of Wellesley to find its way to the heart of her children, and just as we recognize that it is the purpose of our Alma Mater to make us women for life, so in our hearts this desire springs up to help Wellesley in her cause by doing all in our power to make her better fitted for it. Do we not, also, grant that there may be great progress made in very small ways as well as in larger ones? There are little faults in our college which influence us to an alarming degree, and which we alone have the power to overcome. For instance, would we not be the better for seeing, morning after morning, every girl in her seat in chapel promptly; every girl manifesting throughout the service a spirit of reverence, and taking an enthusiastic part in it? I think we all grant it; but where does the trouble lie? Why is there this need for improvement? Because the morning that we happen to be on time for chapel, or disposed to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the services, the unrighteousness of our neighbors appeals to us; but let us, by chance, by unavoidable delayed or have to speak to some one about a matter of great importance, and we consider ourselves thoroughly justified; and, further, being but one in seven hundred, we think it cannot make any pe ›ptible difference. Is this not where we fail? Are we not lacking in personal re..ponsibility? The fact that the mass of us who are late, or who must talk after we are within the chapel doors, are selfish in keeping others from a quiet and restful service must be granted; and, at the same time, it is true that every one of us forgets or does not heed her own responsibility. If every girl would think, "This is my fault; I will overcome it," I am sure that there would be seven hundred girls promptly in their places every morning, and seven hundred girls would thoroughly enjoy a service which is but a perlude to our day's work.

The same principle, or rather lack of principle, was at work some time ago when the "Te Deum" was sung almost entirely by the glrls who were intended to lead it. The chant is simple and easily learned, and if every girl had but tried to do her part, what an inspiring anthem we might have had!

What kind of women will we be if we do not early realize the deep personal responsibility which is ours; and, how is this feeling to be developed but by a constant determination to do our part in every matter that concerns us, although it be ever so insignificant? There are so many things which we could easily put right. Let us exert ourselves to do this and we cannot fail to attain to the

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greater things for which we long. Wellesley College can never be ready for self-government until to every student's heart there comes home a realization of her responsibility for her Alma Mater and determined — as the Wellesley woman can determine — to do her part.

HELEN RUSSEL STAHR, '94.

III.

That there is a tendency at Wellesley toward unjust criticism is shown not only in our estimation of private individuals, but in our judgment of public speakers. While it is true that we very quickly recognize excellences where they unquestionably exist, it is still true that we emphasize the defects when the excellences are hard to distinguish. For instance, if we have an acquaintance whose good qualities are prominent, we do not fail to see them. If, on the other hand, her disagreeable traits are most apparent, they are apt to prejudice us, and keep us from finding the good that is beneath the exterior. We show the same fault in criticising a public speaker. We are not slow to commend good sermons; we do not hesitate to condemn bad ones. Yet, as a matter of fact, are these sermons entirely bad? Are there not certain great truths presented? They may be disclosed in an uninteresting manner, and may add nothing new to our knowledge; yet truths they are, worthy of our notice and consideration. Indeed, in this every-day, practical sort of criticism, our rule seems to be high praise, or no praise at all.

That such false criticism exists in college has been noticed by many. That it should exist seems inexcusable. What is the object of our analytical and critical training? It is surely not the discovery of faults alone. Let such an estimate be made by those who do not see that there is good in everything. Our study in literary and artistic criticism should teach us that in everything there is strength as well as weakness. If our training shows us that judgments should not be one-sided; if we realize with Mr. Arnold that "true criticism is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," there is no reason why we should not be able to see high and noble traits in the most ordinary people, and beautiful truths in the most mediocre address.

L. O. P., '93.

IV.

Every Wellesley girl must rejoice in the idyllic situation of our college in the midst of all the varied beauties of fields and woods; yet we must admit that such a location subjects us to some minor disadvantages, and that not the least of these is the difficulty, discomfort, and expense of conveyance to and from the village.

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Most of us, doubtless, can recall our incredulous surprise when first we were informed that the cost of a one-mile ride, in a crowded, jolting coach, was more than half as much as our railroad fare from Boston to Wellesley. Since then we have probably made many efforts to explain to our puzzled visitors how poor a financial enterprise it must be to run a coach between the railroad station and the college, especially since, not infrequently, a trip is made without securing a single fare. Perhaps we have succeeded at last in persuading ourselves that this business is carried on in a spirit of pure benevolence, and not as a money-making scheme at all; but I doubt if we have been able to bring our visiting friends to the same point of view, and it is therefore not strange if the spirit of rebellion and complaint is sometimes roused within us, in their behalf if not in our own.

But, aside from the matter of expense, the present method of transit is not eminently satisfactory. Coaches are seldom found to be the most comfortable of public conveyances, and ours are no exception to the rule. To weight a coach sufficiently to prevent unendurable jolting, one must also crowd it so uncomfortably full that it is almost impossible for any passenger to move or breathe.

Surely, we may hope that Alma Mater may sometime find a more pleasant and, at the same time, less expensive, conveyance for her children and their friends. I am sorry to confess that I have neither the inventive genius, influence, nor funds necessary to devise and execute any plan for improvement in this direction. I can only grumble loudly over our present discomfort, hoping thus to arrest the attention and enlist the sympathy of some philanthropist, who may haply possess and apply the resources I lack.

M.

We are glad, at this time, to be able to give to our Wellesley world the following letter from Dr. Shinn:—

JANUARY 23, 1893.

DEAR MISS SHAFER: —

I spent two hours last Tuesday with Bishop Brooks at his house, at his request, talking over some plans for church work in the Diocese. In the course of the conversation, he express his deep interest in the religious welfare of the students at Wellesley College. His great heart was full of the deepest concern for them, that they might grow up not only well-educated women, but that they should develop in all those Christian graces which adorn womanly character and make it so potent an influence for good in this world.

He spoke of his visits to the college and of the generous welcome always given him, but more prominent than anything else were his expressions of interest that

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the college would do its part in helping the students to become centres of wholesome influence wherever they might be in after life.

One thought which he expressed was that in these days of enlarged opportunities for acquiring an advanced education, some might suppose that the object of the college was reached when it made them skilled linguists or mathematicians or the like; whereas, to attain their noblest usefulness they must become more womanly in all the grace and delicacy which such a word implies. His idea was that there was a danger of substituting mere intellectual force for sweetness and humility and that indescribable quality which we associate with true womanhood.

He had very much to say about the college and its work that showed how helpful he would have been in the time to come if his life had been spared. He regarded the institution with loving interest, and wanted to be the personal friend of each and all.

I thought it would be interesting to you and the faculty and students to know how very recently you were in his thoughts. His departure from us is indeed a personal loss, but I hope that both the wise things he said in his visits and the kindly feeling which he had for Wellesley will cause his memory to be enshrined in every heart, and that the influence of his consecrated life may show us all more clearly how noble any life may be that is spent in following Christ.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. SHINN.

Exchanges.

The "Nassau Lit." is one of the best of our literary exchanges. The February number contains a prize story, "At the Sign of the Golden Lamp," a well-written tale of contemporary New York life.

The "Wesleyan Argus" contains a discussion of a practical plan for the union of faculty and students. The question is an interesting one for the members of all colleges.

"In the Balkans" is a tragic tale, effectively told, found in the current number of the "Oberlin Review."

A new magazine, the "Columbia Literary Monthly," finds its way to our table this month. The stories are bright and entertaining. Two of the essays are particularly noticeable, "Some Contemporary Humorists" and "The Dramatic and Shakespearian Conceptions of Rosalind." The latter is the first of a series of criticisms on such current plays as possess a high literary value, and compares the presentation of Rosalind as given by Modjeska, Ada Rehan, and Minna Gale.

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The "Harvard Advocate" for February 8 makes an editorial plea for a course of American literature in the department of Englis[h]. There is also an editoria[l] urging the full union of the annex with the [U]niversity. The stories and "Kodaks" are racy as usual.

The "Yale Courant" is entirely given up to fiction, of which the "Ways of a Knave" is the best example.

From the verse of the month we select the following: —

THERE PHYLLIS SITS.

There Phyllis sits thoughout the play
And there my fancies idly stray,
  Forgetful of the noise and glare,
  The hero's love, the maiden's prayer,
The actors in their brave array.

In mood, perchance, not grave or gay,
But, — philosophical we'll say,
  In such a mood I glance down there —
    There Phyllis sits.

Oh lucky man in the parquet,
I had your place one happy day.
  But fortune's fickle as she's fair,
  And sometimes she has moved my chair;
Now I sit very far away,
    There Phyllis sits. — TRINITY TABLET.

Ginn & Company: Greek-English Word-List. By Robert Baird, Professor of Greek in Northwestern University.

Hume's Treatise of Morals, and Selections from the Treatise of the Passions. With an introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., of Columbia College, New York.

D. C. Heath & Co.: La Cigale chez les Fourmis. Comédie en un Acte. Par Legrure et Labiche. Edited with notes by W. H. Witherby.

College Notes.

The Glee Club has two new members, Miss Anna Hunt, Special III., first soprano, and Miss Kate Nelson, '95, first soprano substitute.

Permission has been given the Seniors and Juniors to give teas at the different cottages on the Monday afternoons and Saturday evenings of next term.

Miss Hill gave an exhibition of the Swedish work done in the gymnasium by the Class Crews, on Wednesday evening, March 15. Among those present were Dr. Sargent, Dr. Enebuske, Baron Nils Posse, Miss Hormans.

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The editors of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE for next year are as follows: Mary Conyngton, editor-in-chief; Anna K. Peterson, associate editor; Helen Stahr and Florence Tobey, business managers; Alice Kellogg, Emily Schultz, Mary Isham, Lillian Quinby, literary editors; Maude Keller, alumnæ editor. There still remain to e elected a literary editor from the Specials.

At a meeting of the Class of '96, February 11, Miss Harriet Baldwin was elected chairman.

Miss Pearl Underwood entertained a number of friends at a valentine party, in her room at the Main Building. Although each guest was expected to bring three original valentines, yet that did not detain them, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

The measles epidemic, which has enlivened the college for some weeks, seems to be subsiding. The most noticeable characteristic of the epidemic was that it was confined almost exclusively to classes '93 and '96.

On the evening of March 4, Mr. Hayes, who spoke here last year, addressed the students, on Alaska. His lecture, which was extremely interesting, and eagerly followed by the audience, was illustrated by stereopticon views of many of the find bits of Alaskan scenery.

One of the best lectures of the year was that on Ruskin, by Rev. W. Hudson Shaw of Oxford, on February 13. Mr. Shaw is not only a scholarly and brilliant speaker, but he succeeds in securing the sympathy of his audience, and in holding their undivided attention. His choice of subject was very happy, and the lecture was most highly appreciated by all those who were fortunate enough to attend.

On Monday night, February 20, a Students' Concert was held in the chapel. It was the first one of the year and was most delightful. The audience was large and appreciated the many well-rendered numbers on the program. Besides several of the musicians who are always heard gladly, several new vocalists and pianists took part, all of whom promise to add valuable talent to Wellesley.

A most delightful masquerade and dance was given in the gymnasium on the afternoon of the 22d, by Misses Reid, Simrall, Lucas, White, and Keith, in onor of Misses Brown, Underwood, Wilkinson, and the Misses Green. The costumes were various and original and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave their first concert of the year on February 22. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the concert was largely attended by both students and guests, the chapel being packed to its utmost capacity. The program was very interesting and every number was most creditably ren-

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dered. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, and the clubs responded most charmingly to their many and well-earned encores. The program was repeated in the village March 4, where the clubs gave a successful concert before a large house.

The following girls were welcomed back to Wellesley during the month: Miss Mary Sanderson, '90, Miss Grace Underwood, Miss Louise Brown, Miss Eleanor Green, Miss Cornelia Green, Miss Louise Pope, Miss Anna Wilkinson, '92, Miss Mary E. Hazard, Miss Sade Cutler, '93, Miss Ethel Wilkinson, '95.

Sleighing parties have been very popular since the last heavy snow-fall. Besides the usual number of private and table sleigh-rides, the societies have been entertaining themselves by social sleigh-rides. On the evening of March 1, Shakespeare went to Newton, where they were entertained by Miss Hardon. On March 3, Zeta Alpha went sleighing.

On March 6, Wellesley was given the greatest musical treat of the season, in the form of a piano recital by Xavier Scharwenka. The finely selected program and the wonderful rendering were most highly appreciated. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its height when Scharwenka responded to an encore with his Polish dance, which was interrupted by applause. It was a concert never to be forgotten by Wellesley.

On March 7 the Princess Kaiulani visited Wellesley. She did not appear publicly before the students, but she was greeted by the college cheer as she came from the Faculty parlor; and every one was glad of the chance to catch a sight of the truly noble young princess.

Every one regrets to hear of the resignation of Miss Helen Foss, '94, from the Glee Club. Miss Foss has been connected with the Glee Club ever since she entered college, and has been its leader for the past two years. She will be greatly missed. The office of leader will be filled by Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, who, we are sure, will fill it ably.

For some time extensive changes in the course of study have been under consideration. The old curriculum, laid out before the new ideas of the educational value of elective work were generally accepted, has grown continually more unsatisfactory. A readjustment of the proportion between required and elective work has seemed imperative.

After prolonged and detailed discussion by both faculty and trustees, a new plan has been adopted. This, though differing from the various schemes in operation in other colleges, is believed better suited to the needs of Wellesley than any of these would be. It aims to secure ample freedom in election by reducing

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required work to the lowest point desirable, and yet it aims so to guard this freedom that the development of the student shall be helped and not hindered. To permit students to elect freely and perhaps aimlessly from all the courses offered by a college entails obvious disadvantages. These have been met in some colleges by the adoption of a "group system." Under this system, as is well known, the choice of the student is made among several lines of work, while the subjects to be pursued by the chooser of any given line are determined with a considerable degree of minuteness by the faculty. This method is of course open to the criticism that it makes specialists of those who have not yet sufficient general education. To avoid this danger the elective work at Wellesley is henceforth to be divided into two nearly equal parts. Thus, in regard to a certain number of electives the student is under no control from the faculty; in deciding upon the remainder, she is under certain restrictions.

In elaborating the plan, the nature of this restriction called for careful consideration. The group system is admirably adapted to the case of those who seek a profound knowledge of one subject simply from love of the subject, or to those who propose to become teachers of some chosen specialty. The call for persons who can teach a single subject is, however, comparatively small; the larger portion of Wellesley graduates who expect to enter the profession of teaching wish to present a good degree of preparation in several subjects, and it has seemed just to recognize the claims of this large and earnest class of students, in constructing a comprehensive scheme of college work. Moreover, many girls enter college, not because they wish to prepare for teaching or to enter upon a course of special study, but because they wish to lend to life, however its lines may be laid, the widest sympathy and the largest outlook possible. To meet the needs of all these classes it has been arranged that each student must show before graduation that six courses have been taken as follows: either three in each of two subjects, or three or four courses in one subject, with three or two courses in one or two tributary subjects. Thus the student might take in the one case an equal number of courses in Latin and history; in the other case she might take a considerable amount of botany and a smaller amount of chemistry and physics.

The work is so proportioned that about one-third of the amount necessary for a degree consists of electives subject to the conditions just named; a little less than one-third, of electives upon which no restrictions have been placed; and a little more than one-third, of required studies.* The subjects absolutely required are mathematics, philosophy, English composition, physiology, and hygiene, and Bible study; every student must take also one language and two sciences. Yet even into a large part of this nominally required work there enters the element of

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choice. Thus the student may satisfy the language requirement by electing either Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Italian, or Spanish; she may satisfy the science requirement by selecting any two from the various sciences offered by the college. To a large extent the required subjects will be taken in the early part of the course, while the later years will be left free for elective studies.

Freshmen entering next autumn will be placed upon the new curriculum, and on completing the requisite number of courses will receive the degree of B.A. In anticipation of this change, the class which entered in '92 was placed on a program which readily admits of immediate transfer to the new basis at the beginning of the next college year.

No change in the entrance requirements will be made at present, but in the autumn of '95 ability to read easy prose in a third language will be ranked among the requisites for admission. A year of natural science is to be required for admission as soon as possible. Until required for admission, it may be offered for entrance instead of "the ability to read easy prose in a third language."

* Required of all Students.

Mathematics . . .	4 hours.	Language . . .	4 hours.
English Composition .	3 "	Natural Science .	†7 "
Philosophy . . .	3 "	Physiology and Hygiene,	1 "
Bible	4 "		

Physical training, — three appointments per week in Freshman year.
Elocution, — two appointments per week in Sophomore year.
† In Freshman year — four hours.

Society Notes.

The regular meeting of Society Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, February 18. The following program was presented: —

Browning's Lyrics.

1. The Nature Lyrics . . . . . Gertrude Carter
2. The Love Lyrics . . . . . Mary Tooker
3. The Art Lyrics . . . . . Bertha Longley
4. Song — "One Way of Love" . . . . . Caroline Hough
5. Browning's Use of the Lyric . . . . . Ethel Stanwood

The regular meeting of the Classical Society took place Saturday evening, Feb. 25, with the following program: —

Homeric Women	Florence W. Davis.
Agamemnon and Menalaus . .	Jennette Moulton.
Trojan Leaders	Grace Perkins.
News	Beatrice Stepanek.

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The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held February 25. Miss Louise Brown was the guest of the society. The following program was presented: —

Reminders of Colonial and Provincial Boston.

The Old Meeting-Houses . . . Clara Kruse, '94.
Reading: Grandmother's Story, *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, Marion Wilcox, '93.
Churchyards of the Old City . . . Helen Drake, '94.
A Portrait Gallery . . . . . Kate Nelson, '95.
Stories from out and about Boston.
Salem . . . . . Grace Grenell, '93.
South Natick . . . . . Mary Conyngton, '94.
Concord and Lexington . . Helen Marie Bennett, Sp.

Under the general subject of Greek Sculpture, the programs for last two meetings of the Art Society were as follows: —

(February 17.)

Early Greek Art.

Paper: Influence of Homeric Art on Greek Art, Miss Hoopes.
Paper: Pre-Homeric and Homeric Art . . Miss Winton.
Paper: Archaic Art . . . . . Miss Larned.
Tableaux.
Discussion: Is Religion the Foundation of Art?
Leaders: { Miss Durgin. / Miss Rogers.

(February 25.)

The Art of Phidias and Scopas.

Paper: The Art of Phidias. (With Illustrations.) Miss Perry.
Paper: The Parthenon. (With Illustrations.) Miss Whitlock.
Paper: The Art of Scopas . . . . . Miss Strong.
Tableaux.
Discussion: The Relative Merits of Phidias and Scopas.
Leaders: { Miss Irish. / Miss Pond.

Miss Maude Keller, '92, Miss Annette Finegan, '94, Miss Alberta Welsh, and Miss Charlotte Goodrich, '95, were received into the society.

An opening meeting of the Agora was held February 18. The following program was presented: —

Extemporaneous speeches on questions of the day.

Home Rule Bill . . . . . Mary Young, '93.
Annexation of Hawaii . . . . . Susie Hawley, '94.
Kansas Troubles . . . . . Carrie Mann, '93.

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The Senate.

Morning business:

Petition for passage of a land bill in connection with the Indian appropriation bill.

Mary Young, '93, senator from Nebraska.

Laid on the table.

Report of Committee on Judiciary:

A joint resolution to amend the Constitution so that senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people.

Susie Hawley, '94, senator from Vermont.

Bill to provide for temporary government in cases such as Hawaii.

Agnes Damon, '93, senator from Massachusetts.

Referred to committee.

Close of morning business.

Calendar Bill.

Bill to provide for the further restriction of immigration:

Speech in favor of bill, Arline Smith, '95, senator from New Hampshire.

Speech in favor of bill, Eleanor Kellogg, '94, senator from New York.

Speech against the bill, Louise McNair, Special, senator from Missouri.

Message from the House with bill to be signed.

Bill reported all right by Committee on Enrolled Bills; bill signed. Committee instructed to take to the President of the United States.

Speech in favor of the bill, Annie Vinal, '94, senator from Massachusetts.

Speech against the bill, Kate Andrews, '93, senator from Indiana.

Question called for by one-fifth of members present, by aye and nay vote.

Vote by roll call; bill passed.

Two pairs.

Senate adjourned.

Regular Meeting, February 25.

Extemporaneous Speeches:

Cleveland's Cabinet	Caroline Field, '94.
Appeal of Princess Kaiulani . .	Kate Andrews, '95.
Relations between the Cleveland and Tammany Wings of the N.Y. Democracy . . .	Ora Slater, '94.
Growth of the Protective Tariff Idea .	Grace Dewey, '93.
History of American Currency . .	Agnes Damon, '93.

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Part Played by Slavery in American Politics, Helen Mason, '93.
Growth of National Feeling . . Mary Young, '93.
The Forerunners of the Democratic and
Republican Parties . . . Bertha Jackson, '94.

SHAKESPEARE.

The regular program meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, February 25, 1893, at seven o'clock. The following was the program: —

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Waymouth
II. The Comédie Française . . . . . Miss Emerson
III. Dramas and French Comedy . . . . .Miss Bartholomew
IV. Dramatic Representation.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.
V. Sardou's Cleopatra . . . . . Miss Anderson
VI. A Modern Comedy of Manners.
"Le Gendre de M. Poirier" . . . . . Miss Mudgett
VII. Dramatic Representation from "Le Gendre de M. Poirier."

The Society has recently welcomed the following new members: Miss Gertrude Wilson, '95, Miss Helen Kelsey, '95, and Miss Christine Caryl, '95.

Some time since an application was made to the Phi Sigma Society for the establishment of a chapter in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. After due consideration and investigation, the society decided to establish the chapter as requested. After all necessary details of the arrangement were completed, the matter was made known outside of society walls. The Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma begins its life small in numbers, but strong in the character and scholarship of its constituents. The members have been carefully chosen, and well represent the honor and high standing of their college. Miss Abbott, the president-elect, and three other members of the Beta Chapter, came to Wellesley on Saturday last for their initiation. This occurred immediately before the presentation of the literary program of the regular society meeting, held March 11th.

The program of the meeting was as follows: —

Browning's Dramas.

1. A Study of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" . . . Elinor F. Ruddle
2. Presentation.
3. Browning as a Dramatist . . . . . Mary B. Hill
4. Presentation of "Pippa Passes."
5. Interpretation of "Pippa Passes" . . . . . Caroline Frear

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College Bulletin.

March 12. A. H. Quint, D.D., preaches in the Chapel.
March 13. Lecture on Whittier by Mr. Horace Scudder.
March 16. Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho speaks in the Chapel.
March 19. Rev. Frederick Palmer of Andover preaches in the Chapel.
March 20. Concert.
March 23. Term ends.
April 4. Term opens.
April 9. Dr. J. Heniston of Brooklyn preaches in the Chapel.
April 10. Commissioner Morgan speaks on the Indian question.
April 16. Concert.

Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held at the home of Miss Lena Hayward, 6 East 58th St., Saturday afternoon, February 25. Miss McFarland, the president, presided, and after a short business meeting the club were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Currier, who told them much of the present college life, and particularly of the plans for the work of her department. The club had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Anna Palen, the president of the Wellesley Club of Philadelphia.

Emily Briggs, '92, has been seriously ill since early in December. She is at 663 High St., Providence, R. I., where, for the present, she may be addressed.

Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, received the Philadelphia Wellesley Club at her home, 3603 Baring St., Saturday, January 21. The program consisted of music by Miss Brown and the reading of a letter from Miss Dennison, giving an account of interesting changes which have taken place in the college life in the last four years. The following members were present: —

Miss Baker, '89.
" Vellendere, '85–'86.
" Wiggin, '85.
" H. Baldwin, '90.
" Merrill, '86.
" Leach, '86.
" Dingley, '90.
Miss Dill, '87.
" Suck, '83.
Mrs. Barres, '89.
Miss Anna Palen, '89.
" Lodoe, '86.
Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89.
Miss Bessie Mackay, '89.
Miss Spencer, '89–'91.

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On Saturday, February 11, at the residence of Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, 3230 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Misses Marion Hoyt, Jeanette Welch, Julia Ferris, Maud Wilkinson, and Alice Hinchcliffe Lay met to consult about the '89 reunion, to be held in Chicago next July. Cordial letters were received from Miss Edith Sturges and Mrs. Hattie Weaver Krohn, who were unable to be present.

Mrs. Kair Gamble McCoul, '86, has removed from Chicago to Riverside, Ill.

Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, is now living in Chicago, as her husband is a Fellow at the University of Chicago.

Miss Charlotte Anita, '89, has spent one month at the New York College Settlement and will be there for at least one month longer.

The address of Mrs. Grace Warren Van Kirk, '85–'87, is 126 Watson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Frances Palen, '89, is substituting in a church-school in Burlington, N.J.

Miss Lucy Andrews, formerly of the Ethics Department, has recently been giving a course of lectures on the gas stove before the cooking-classes of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Alice E. Dixon, '87, has charge of Ashby Hall, a school for girls at Springfield, Mass.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is at home, 5520 Madison Avenue, Chicago. She is taking a course in German at the University and is studying with the class in Journalism under her father, Prof. William Cleaves Wilkinson.

Miss Anna M. Olsson, '90, has been teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N.Y., since February 1.

Miss Susan Wade Peabody, '86, is spending the winter in the Boston College Settlement.

The officers of the Western Wellesley Association would extend a most cordial invitation to all Wellesley people, past and present, to meet with them at the annual luncheon which will be held on Monday, Sept. 11, 1893, 2.15 P.M., at the Auditorium, cor. Michigan Avenue and Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

The price per cover will be $1.50. Will all who intend to be present kindly send their names before September 1 to Miss Helen Hill, 119 35th St., Chicago.

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, *President.*

THE LAST CLASS LETTER OF DR. BROOKS.

MY DEAR MISS JAMES:—

am glad and grateful for the privilege which you gave me of sending my most cordial greeting to the Class, my association with whom I never cease to value very highly.

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS, '89.

233 Clarendon St., Boston, Jan. 17, 1893.

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Deaths.

Edith Abby Hanson, '94, at Woburn, Mass., March 6, 1893.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas — It has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, to take from this earthly life our loved class-mate, Edith Abby Hanson,

Resolved — That we, the members of the Class of '94, Wellesley College, do hereby express our deep sorrow at the loss we have experienced;

Resolved — That we do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in this, their grief;

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and that a copy be sent to her family.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG.
MARY MILLARD.
CAROLINE WILLIAMS FIELD.

Signed in behalf of the Class of '94, March 7, 1893.

William Hinchliff, born Jan. 2, 1893; died Feb. 17, 1893. The funeral service of William, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Hinchliff, was held Saturday afternoon at the residence of Ralph Emerson.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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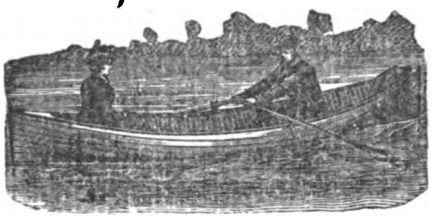

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, APRIL 15, 1893. No. 7.

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THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY IN SHELLEY, TENNYSON, AND BROWNING.

THE quality of thought man bestows upon one human experience will be, to a greater or less extent, transferred to every other mental problem. Throughout the ages, as he has beautified and glorified his idea of life, he has been compelled to purify and sanctify his visions of death and immortality. High ideals of the one have, of necessity, demanded holy conceptions of the other.

Characteristic as this may be of humanity in general, it is still more true of the poet in particular, if, as Emerson asserts, he is "the person in whom powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles

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that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience, and its representative of man, in virtue of being the largest to receive and impart." If to the poet the visible and invisible reveal themselves as to no other creature, if he is indeed our truest hero, prophet and seer, if he makes audible the silent and unconscious thought of his own age, — just as he confides to us the ideals our fellow-men have conceived of life, so he will also whisper their songs of immortality.

Three great poets stand out against the horizon of the nineteenth century, not only as powerful personalities, but as representatives of the typical attitudes the soul takes toward life and death, — Shelley, the dreamer, Tennyson, the man of faith, and Browning, the seer. A discovery, therefore, of their individual conceptions of immortality will also portray the attitudes of the age toward the after life.

Shelley is the greatest of our dream-poets; the Real was only half-hidden, half-revealed to him between the opaque clouds of his own visions which covered and wafted him to an enchanted land. As the poet's ideal of life presented in his poems seems at times vague and indistinct, as if he knew not himself what it was in formulate terms, so his conception of immortality lacks in general the definiteness of our other poets.

"I wish to believe — I long to believe in immortality," Shelley wrote, and even his latest poems manifest this same yearning fluctuation between doubt and belief. He reaches ever out for a satisfying conviction of its reality, goaded on by the dreams and visions which could no more rest content within the limits of a mere material universe than could his soaring skylark. The very nature of his genius demanded an ideal of immortality. Silencing his own questionings, and giving himself the benefit of his own doubt, Shelley built up a dreamy conception of a future state which should satisfy the cravings of his beauty-loving nature and the yearnings for the fulfillment of his visions. Very tenderly, very lovingly, he rears it with the jewels of his fancy and imagination — not the firmer rocks of reason. As the colors of the prism melt and fade mysteriously into one another, so Shelley's conception of immortality remains always vague and intangible to a great extent.

In "Queen Mab" we have a glimpse of the poet's earliest efforts to satisfy his longing. The state of the life-after-death is described in the opening verses: —

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"Sudden arose
Ianthe's soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away, it re-assumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin."

Later in the poem another characteristic is described: —

"But matter, space, and time
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest."

Thus, to Shelley, immortality was a state, that of a "disembodied soul," free from all barriers, and all limitations imposed by time, matter, and space relations.

The intense longing for freedom, which we recall as one of the chief characteristics of the poet's ideal of life, is transferred to this conception of the spirit-world. Whatever he demanded for the ideal state of the one, he craves also for the other. As human methods of government bind man, so he feels that the soul is limited by the material universe: give man freedom in the first, and sin and crime shall cease to be; release him from the second, and he will re-assert his own pure, eternal soul. Nothing can surpass the beauty of perfect freedom, to the poet's mind. Immortality to Shelley is a state of liberty, and therefore of equilibrium, a re-assumption of the soul's innate and natural dignity.

Who can forget Shelley's two little poems on Mutability, or the sad, sobbing strain beating through them ?

"We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon; . . .
Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast. . . .
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but mutability."

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We can not forget, nor could Shelley — the thought was bound inextricably to his heart. As his ideal of the future life was made to satisfy the poet's craving for perfect freedom, so it also should bring at last to man the rest and peace the world had nowhere to offer.

In "Queen Mab" we find: —

> "Once peace and freedom blest
> The cultivated plain;
> But wealth, that curse of man,
> Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
> Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
> Fled, to return not, until man shall know
> That they alone can give the bliss
> Worthy a soul that claims
> Its kindred with eternity."

Again, in the description Prometheus gives of a future ideal state on earth, the culmination of his thought is, —

> "We will sit and talk of time and change
> As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

With Shelley's idea of freedom and peace in the spirit-world Tennyson and Browning would thus far agree. But here they depart essentially from sympathy with the poet, for their ideal is change, change ever, onward and upward.

Returning to "Queen Mab," another characteristic is evident: namely, that of fulfillment.

> "The chains of earth's immurement
> Fell from Ianthe's spirit. . . .
> She knew her glorious change,
> And felt in raptures opening round:
> Each day-dream of her mortal life,
> Each frenzied vision of the slumbers
> That closed each well-spent day,
> Seemed now to meet reality."

We acknowledge at once this idea of fulfillment, but question spontaneously, fulfillment of what? We must answer, I think, fulfillment, without growth, of the cravings of the purely æsthetic nature; of the visions and

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dreams of the imagination which can find no corresponding reality on earth, or in any material form.

> " Oh happy earth, reality of Heaven,
> Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,
> And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,
> Haunting the human heart, have there entwined
> Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,
> Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.
> Thou art the end of all desire and will,
> The product of all action; and the souls
> That by the paths of an aspiring change
> Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,
> There rest from the eternity of toil
> That framed the fabric of thy perfectness."

However we may try to avoid our conclusions, Shelley's ideal state is one of only spiritual-sensual, æsthetic, and emotional fulfillment, and is therefore only a mere beautiful vision of stagnation. This quality throbs in every line of the description of the redeemed life on earth which the poet gives us in his " Prometheus Unbound."

> " We will search with looks and words of love
> For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,
> Our unexhausted spirits; and like lutes
> Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind,
> Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,
> From difference sweet where discord can not be. . . .
> And lovely apparitions, dim at first,
> Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
> From the embrace of beauty . . .
> Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
> Of painting, sculpture, and rapt poesy,
> And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be."

Moreover, if we delve deeper into the words of Prometheus and Asia, we come face to face with — no real personalities or individuals, but two representatives of mankind as a whole, not a distinct nature differentiated from all of his human brotherhood. This thought is transferred by Shelley almost directly to his ideal of the spirit-life.

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" Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea . . .
The universal sound . . . yon nature is that universe
Which once ye saw and suffered."

Still more clearly in " Adonais " does Shelley advance this doctrine of a general, not a personal, immortality. To this fate the poet dooms the spirit of Keats, in a passage which sums up also the whole of his conception.

" He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music. . . .
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own. . . .
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear. . . .
The one remains, the many change and pass. . . .
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

To Shelley, then, if we summarize, immortality was the state of free disembodied spirits,— a state whose key-notes were freedom, liberty, peace, and the fulfillment of all æsthetic ideals. To him the perfect fruit of God's creation was men as men, not as individuals,— a divine spark of His own self, distinct, apart from Him, and yet of Him, — but the mighty pulsation of one great universal mind, inseparable, immortal.

As Shelley finds through the thought of the dead Keats his clearest conception of immortality, so Tennyson, in the lines of " In Memoriam," comes into the closest communion with the " vanished life." Just where Shelley leaves the unfinished strain, Tennyson takes it up with still firmer fingers. We heard the staccato notes of doubt from the dream-poet's harp, but now we have the full, strong chords of a loving faith rung out for us. The opening lines of the " In Memoriam " disclose in general the poet's attitude toward the invisible world.

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"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove."

From his own confession our poet sees "by faith and faith alone." But so clear are those eyes, so earnest their longing to pierce beyond the hidden veil, that we have a glimpse past the shadow land of Shelley into a world where a sweeter and fuller conception of immortality has royal sway.

Before Tennyson advances to his own mature thought, he retraces the ideal of a universal existence which Shelley upholds. The belief of unity and harmony in the universe is so strong in the poet's mind that the vision brings a momentary temptation with it.

"Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life . . .

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Reverging in the general soul.

Is faith as vague as all unsweet?"

But Tennyson's longing and his faith move him to declare: —

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet."

Tennyson, however, does not deny a communion with the "one," but longs to find a spiritual companionship, which, however close and harmonious it may be, is still individual.

"He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand
And take us a single soul."

Just here, in this idea of the "one," we find that Tennyson has departed from close sympathy with Shelley.

Again, as the latter's idea of an impersonal state could not satisfy Ten-

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nyson's longing for an individual eternity for his friend, so the ideal of stagnation finds no response in his heart.

"They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame,
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

This key-note of growth, sounded here, is to Tennyson what freedom and peace were to Shelley. In this conception our younger poet finds his greatest consolation. Immortality is indeed "vanished life," but more light, more life, not the mere fulfillment of a mortal day.

"Doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven. . . .

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And there are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame Death because he bar
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere."

Change and growth must lead to gain, and gain, in time, to fulfillment and the realization of an ideal. But Tennyson's conception of the soul's fulfillments differs essentially from that of Shelley. In place of the ideals of sensuous and æsthetic beauty which became realized in the latter's dream-world, is granted the attainment of intellectual heights. Not that our poet-laureate is unresponsive to the first, but a love for the beauty of wisdom and of holiness lies nearer to his heart.

"There must be wisdom with great death,"

he asserts; and again: —

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"If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransomed reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time . . .
. . . . . .
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanched with darkness must I grow!

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Receiv'd and gave him welcome there,

And led him thro' the blissful climes
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled time."

This is what our poet craves, — not to live on unchanged, unstirred, but close to all human life and thought. Although the hope of intellectual attainment beams within his heart, the thought of a spiritual transfiguration for the soul raises him to the highest note in his conception of immortality.

"Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a firmer light in light."

Pausing for a comparison between the two poets, with the conception of an impersonal immortality presented by Shelley, we have balanced the ideal of a personal spiritual existence for each soul in the after life; with freedom from mere bonds, a glorious liberty of growth; with peaceful stagnation, intellectual and spiritual progress; and with mere fulfillment of sensuous charms, the revelation of mental harmonies, and the transfiguration of the being into a "beauty of holiness," growing more and more into the perfect day.

What is longed for by Shelley, faithfully believed in by Tennyson, is grasped with an unfaltering trust by Robert Browning. The same earnestness which the poet shows in solving logically the greatest problems of life is dedicated with the same strength to the solution of the mysteries of immortality. No mere day-dreams for him, as for Shelley! No mere blind faith, as for Tennyson! But as Browning went toward life, —

"Scenting the world, looking it full in face,"

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so he weighs the arguments for and against the existence of the soul after death. To him the question of immortality has as much right to demand from him a logical and scientific method as any other fact in the wide realm of experience. All the power of his great mind he turns upon this question in the one poem treating avowedly of this subject, —"La Saisiaz."

As Browning was one who "at least believed in soul, was very sure of God," so upon these two fundamental facts in his own consciousness he bases his reasons for a personal immortality.

"My first fact to stand on, 'God there is, and soul there is' . . . question, answer presuppose
Two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers,— *is*, it knows;
As it also knows the thing perceived outside itself,— a force
Actual ere its own beginning, operative through its course,
Unaffected by its end,— that this thing likewise needs must be:
Call this — God, then, call that — soul, and both — the only facts for me.
Prove them facts? that they o'erpass my power of proving, proves them such:
Fact it is, I know I know not something which is fact as much."

Thus, as God is good, he demands for every soul an immortality; as the soul exists, he requires it,— else the universe's great harmony is broken. That the natural world is a harmony science seemed to prove conclusively to Browning's mind, since it shows no force can be lost. Then, the greatest force of which we know — the human mind — can not go into oblivion at death. On these points chiefly rests the seer's belief in immortality. The thoughts run all through the lines of "La Saisiaz."

"Life, my whole soul chance to prove . . . my forces every one,
Good and evil,— learn life's lesson, hate of evil, love of good! . . .
Can we love but on condition that the thing must die?"

In "Abt Vogler" we find the perfect answer to this question: —

"There shall never be one lost good; what was shall be as before. . . .
. . . . . .
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more:
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

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But, not only on the argument from the harmony of the universe does Browning satisfy himself. The very longing of the soul for an after existence has some weight in his mind.

"Anyhow, we want it; wherefore want?"

he asks, and then hastens to answer: —

"God, whose power made man and made man's wants, and made, to meet those wants,
Heaven and earth, which, through the body, prove the spirit's ministrants
Excellently all,— did He lack power, or was the will at fault?"

Either of these quotations is enough to show how thoroughly and logically Browning believed in the immortality of the soul; not blindly, but as strongly as did the prophets in the voices that they heard, the visions which they saw.

We turn now to the conception of that future state as set forth in his poems.

Comparing Browning with Shelley, the two seem in direct opposition to one another. With Tennyson, the latter seems to take only the most passive of attitudes; in contrast with "La Saisiaz," "In Memoriam" is only a pale spectre of this powerful conception of the after world.

Not only does Browning believe in a personal immortality, but the immortality of influence. This is slightly touched upon in "Saul": —

"Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world;"

but the thought is overshadowed by a greater: —

"O Soul, it shall be a face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!"

Just here we hear the key-note of Browning's conception,— the growth of the soul toward perfection of character. In Tennyson's idea of a spiritual transfiguration we have the thought, but foreshadowed only.

Life and immortality are so truly interdependent in the poet's mind that whatever makes life firm and holy here has the same manifestations there.

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The spirit-world is an outcome of the material universe. Browning's whole attitude is that of a spiritual evolutionist; he believes in a soul's "struggle for existence," as well as the "survival of the fittest." A man of character here will enter a strong spirit-child into the unseen, able to adapt himself to new surroundings, and to find the invisible things truly a heaven.

> "Certainly as God exists,
> As he made man's soul, as soul is quenchless by the deathless mists,
> Yet is, all the same, forbidden premature escape from time
> To eternity's provided purer air and brighter clime,—
> Just so certainly depends it on the use to which man turns
> Earth, the good or evil done there, whether after death he earns
> Life eternal,— heaven, the phrase be, or eternal death,— say, hell.
> As his deeds, so prove his portion, doing ill or doing well!"

Thus Browning defies Shelley's idea of immortality, and accents Tennyson's firm faith. He makes growth toward the perfection of character, not mere beauty of intellectual attainment, take the place of peace. Fulfillment even to perfection must be the aim of every soul in heaven as on earth. Over and over again we hear this in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day."

> "The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,
> Shall arise, made perfect from death's repose of it.
> And I shall behold thee face to face,
> O God, and in thy light retrace
> How in all I loved her; still wast thou!"

So, as personality was on earth the grandest thing to Robert Browning, so it was the most glorious fact in the wide sweep of heaven. To him the perfected personality, the completed character, was immortality; character was God; and to see God, touch God, yes, be God, the end of every soul's personal immortality!

> "The truth in God's breast
> Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed."

HELEN WORTHINGTON ROGERS.

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A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW.

SHE walked slowly up the hill, drawing a little wagon after her. She was not more than ten, and her hair was very black, and her eyes big and gray. She was sucking an orange, and the coloring of the picture she made was very much like that in a yellow daisy; that is, what color there was in the picture, for her apron was of some dark stuff that did not make much showing, and her little bare feet and legs had taken upon them a coating of dust. The orange gurgled deliciously as she squeezed it, and the juice made a sticky circle about her mouth. She was as happy as a lark.

Away, on either side of the road, across the rail fences, stretched dry fields, dotted here and there with greener spots where poppies lifted their big cups for the sunshine to fill. The sky was a hazy, sleepy blue, and the little girl looked up and thought how she would like to have a dress that color all trimmed with poppy yellow. Then she laughed as she pictured her gipsy self in it. Everything was so free and beautiful out of doors. She had a passionate love for the sky and the broad fields and her own strong little body — and oranges.

A few plain houses showed here and there, and at the top of the hill stood a country store with one great shady tree in front of it, and heaped just inside the door a cooling pile of watermelons. A boy was sprinkling the ground in front with a watering-pot, and the damp, cool-smelling earth felt delightful to the child's hot feet as she stopped, out of breath, before the door. The straight, black hair was damp on her forehead, and when she brushed it back it fell down in moist strings. Then came a happy moment of hesitancy as she selected a melon. A big, dark-green one with spots on it pleased her most, and her round face was all aglow as she paid the man for it. The resources of the orange were almost exhausted and she threw it away and took the new treasure in its stead. Putting her arms around the great, cool melon, she laid her hot cheek up against it, and, going to the wagon she had left outside, she seated herself astride across its bed and started it with her heels. It went slowly at first, then faster, as she reached the steeper part of the hill. The rattling wheels jogged over the dusty road, encircling her in a cloud of dust and making her teeth shake together with imminent danger to her tongue. The great melon shook about in her lap and she

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hugged it tighter as the thought of dropping it and seeing its red-and-green splendor dashed in the dust came to her mind. Her little bare legs stood out on either side of the wagon, her feet serving to steer. Ah, the joy of it! The fence on either side swept by with railroad speed. The breeze blew the damp hair up from her forehead and seemed fairly to whiz by her, cooling her hot cheeks and ears and giving her a delightful sense of power and freedom as she joggled on, on, with the blue sky overhead and the watermelon in her lap, and a whole world of freedom, and life, and joy in her beaming, round face.

She gave a queer half-whoop, half-whistle as she neared the bottom of the hill where the road turned. A man in a buggy, who was driving leisurely along, suddenly jerked at the reins and turned his horse to the left as she rattled by. The horse gave a sudden plunge. The man swore, and struck him with the whip, then relaxed into a grim smile as he thought of what he used to do when he was a boy.

SONNET.

The February sun to rest sinks slow,
And all the landscape kindles in his rays.
Afar across the northern hills I gaze
Where woods of beech and oaken forests grow;
Their summer leaves, despite each windy foe
Who fain would take them for his gentler plays,
Cling closely in these fierce, cold winter days,
And now in sunset light are all aglow.
The oaks' rich red, the beeches' bronzen gold
Come back as in the mellow autumn shades,
And Indian Summer reigns by grace of light.
A moment — and the sun is gone, the cold
Becomes the world again, the glory fades,
And o'er the earth sets in the winter night.

Feb. 7, 1893.

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THE CHURCH OF THE CARPENTER.

BOSTON deserves its favorite name of "the modern Athens" not only on account of its culture and intellectuality, but also for its fondness for all new things. It might be called the laboratory of the country where all new theories, social, religious, or intellectual, are tested, either to be rejected as worthless or sent out to the rest of the Union stamped with Boston's approval. One of these new theories, now being experimented upon in Boston, has seemed to me so interesting that I thought we might, perhaps, not unprofitably spend a few minutes in its consideration. I refer to the Church of the Carpenter. It is not a large or a fashionable church. It is not down on any list of places which a stranger must be sure to see, nor is it noted for its elaborate ritual nor the excellence of its music. In fact, it is a poor, obscure, and struggling organization, not yet a year old and known to but few; and yet I believe it to be one of the most important churches in the whole city. But first a word as to its history.

Some time ago the Rev. Mr. Bliss, then a pastor in South Natick, found his attention drawn to the social problems of the day. The inequalities in the distribution of wealth, the vast fortunes of the few, the destitution of the many, the great and apparently increasing numbers of those who were either unable to secure work, or else were barely able, by working day and night, to support life, — all these things forced themselves upon his notice, and more and more, as he saw the want and misery lying so close about him, and contrasted the world as it is with the world as it might be, did the conviction grow in his mind that the cause of social evils is social injustice, and that it was his imperative duty, as a minister of the gospel, to discover what this injustice is and how it could be remedied; and so he devoted himself to the study of the social problem. His studies led him to very different results from those usually attained by students of economics. For one thing, he became convinced that one great cause of the ills of these later days is that men have lost, or at least do not possess, the spirit of humanity, of kindly, helpful brotherhood, so strongly inculcated by Christ; and that, until this spirit could be attained, all efforts at reform were likely to prove futile. Therefore, since example is so much stronger than precept, he conceived the idea of organizing a little church, whose members should be united by this

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spirit of mutual helpfulness, and who should show forth in their daily lives the strength and beauty of brotherly love. Here is his plan for the church, as it first formed itself in his mind: —

"It was to be a Catholic parish-church and a Brotherhood; its members were to live, for the most part, in little homes in an enclosure or close around the church. They were to work mainly in some co-operative industry for the good of all. Those of them who would were to meet for meals in a common dining-hall. Those who preferred were to have their meals in their own homes, but largely prepared in public co-operative ovens, as is the custom to-day in some places in Italy and in Western Asia. There was to be a church school for the children. There were to be a co-operative laundry and other conveniences of life. In the evenings all were to meet in a church-house for dance and laughter, for music and instruction. There were to be a reading-room and a library and reception room for all. The homes were to be simple and easily cared for. The church-house was to be beautiful and large, and cared for by the women of the church in turns. Thus the household work would be light and the women not overworked with household cares, but be true, glad mothers of glad church children. The church-house was to be full of art and beauty.

"Eight hours was to be the limit of the working-day. On Sundays all were to meet early for Holy Communion, with lights and simple service. Later they were to meet for Morning Prayer and sermon. In the late afternoon there was to be Even-Song. In the evening there were to be renderings of carefully chosen music or lectures on Christ in Art, Christ in Industry, Christ in All. On frequent Feast days the church was to meet for stately service, to be followed by festal joy. Prayer and work and play were to be 'in His name.' The little church was to called 'The Church of the Carpenter.'"

Such was his ideal; as was to be expected, the realization differed from it widely in matters of detail. Instead of the beautiful church-house among the hills and woods, with the homes of the members nestling close around it, the church was organized in a hall of one of the business buildings on Washington Street, and in this building many of its members still live. The picturesque surroundings, the beautiful furnishings and adjuncts with which he would have fain beautified the church, are wanting; but after all they

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were merely details, and the spirit of the church as it was planned has been attained. The system of communal meals was established, and from it has evolved one of the striking features of the association, — the Brotherhood Supper. Every Sunday evening a supper is spread in the church hall, and to this every one who will is welcome to come; but, since the church is poor, a small fee is charged. Some subject has previously been selected for general discussion. Usually some topic of the day, or some social or religious question is chosen. After the supper, a speaker, who has been appointed during the week, makes a short speech on this subject, which is then thrown open for general discussion, and any one whom the spirit moves to do so is free to rise and express his views. Perfect freedom of speech prevails, and, since persons of all shades of belief and unbelief participate, somewhat startling opinions are occasionally broached. This freedom of speech has at times given offense to some, who have thought that a Christian church ought not to permit atheistic or infidel utterances; but Mr. Bliss very wisely considers that it is better for each one to say what he thinks than to get the idea that if he said it the Church of Christ would be seriously injured thereby: so free speech, limited only by courtesy, reigns supreme.

The theory of the Church of the Carpenter recognizes the brotherhood of the rich as well as of the poor; but, since the rich are better able to help themselves, its active work has been more among the poor and middle classes. It has thus come to do something of what we regard as peculiarly college settlement work, though it has never made a specialty of this. Perhaps the main difference between its work on this line and that of our settlements is that it has avoided the slight tinge of condescension which colors our work. We can not quite rid ourselves of the idea that a college settlement is a very philanthropic and commendable affair, and that any one taking up the work is entering on a praiseworthy course of self-sacrifice; while this church, holding that all men are really of one great family, considers it only the natural and proper course that one who is strong in any respect should help, as far as in him lies, one who is weak, and this with no more thought of doing a laudable or noteworthy thing than an elder brother has when he carries a younger over a rough place in the path.

The Church of the Carpenter has always kept on good terms with the various labor organizations of Boston, and through this fact came about one of

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the most interesting enterprises founded under their auspices,—a co-operative tailoring-shop. About a year ago some of the sewing-women of Boston met by invitation in the church hall to discuss their situation. Their position was almost desperate. It was almost impossible for them to live on the wages they were getting, and there was no prospect of any improvement. One after another they agreed that the only thing which could help them would be the establishment of a co-operative shop, in which there would be no middleman to take up the profits, and in which, therefore, they could win a fair living by fair work; and since they had neither capital nor experience sufficient to start such a venture themselves, they appealed to the church for aid. The church responded nobly. The use of a hall was given them, for which, when they could afford to pay it, a small rent was to be charged, but till then it should be free. One member lent them capital to get the necessary machinery and furniture; another volunteered to act as their manager; and so the little shop was started. Those of you who have made any study of co-operative undertakings know that of all trades that of garment-making is the most difficult in which to carry on such an enterprise successfully, and the shop had a hard struggle for existence. They could not get well-paid work to do, for many of the large Boston firms, looking on the enterprise with suspicion as having a tendency to eventually raise wages, refused it work of any kind, while others offered it work of the poorest quality at prices lower than they would have been obliged to pay even at the sweating-shops. Yet, since the girls must have work, they accepted these orders, and all through the long, hot days of last summer they toiled desperately. "We tried very hard," says Mr. Bliss, speaking of this time, 'to keep the girls from working over legal hours, but it was almost impossible to do so. We tried to give them an hour's recreation at noon, and secured musicians and singers and readers to entertain them, but the girls refused to take the time to listen. They must work, they said; they must make the shop succeed." During this time the girls were barely making living wages, but they held on bravely, and with the fall came better days. Orders for campaign uniforms first made them somewhat independent of the wretched work they had been engaged upon, and after the campaign was over came in still better work. They have recently moved into a larger building nearer the centre of the town, they are getting in better

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wholesale orders and a good deal of retail work, and they think that their worst days are over.

Perhaps the most radical undertaking of the Church of the Carpenter is its latest. As it has been increasing in numbers and prosperity, it has recently rented the upper floors of two adjoining buildings, and as fast as it can it is fitting up these additional apartments as lodging-rooms. As fast as these rooms are furnished they are to be placed at the service of any who may need them. Be the applicant who or what he may, scientific inquirer or homeless wanderer, victim of misfortune or victim of his own vices, anxious to reform or anxious only to escape the penalty of past misdoing, he — or she, for the church recognizes no distinction of sex in need — will receive shelter and a cordial welcome. If the applicant can do, so he will be expected to pay a reasonable sum for board and lodging. If not, he will receive just as warm a welcome, and the church will exert itself to the utmost to secure him honest work, to give him friendship, sympathy, and encouragement, and to help him back to paths of respectability. What the effect of this very catholic and far-reaching charity will be, it is yet too soon to predict. Certainly, it is opposed to the doctrines of the current political economy, but it does seem to come rather close to the teachings of Christ.

Such are some of the salient features of the Church of the Carpenter. It is not a sensational organization. If it were, it would be easier to describe, and would have grown far more rapidly. Its moderation, as well as its radicalism, has stood in the way of its material progress. As its rector says, "We are too socialistic to suit most Christians, and too churchly for most Socialists," so neither class has heartily helped it. Just because the difference between it and other churches is so pronounced and yet so subtle, it is hard to give any idea of what it really is. Perhaps one might say that the main difference is that the Church of the Carpenter, accepting the same creed as other churches, regards it not as a mere dogma, but as a principle of life; not as a series of doctrines to which an intellectual assent must be rendered, but as a mainspring of action which must necessarily produce a marked change in one's relations to his fellow-men.

But the Church of the Carpenter is a small organization, and by no means wealthy. It has existed as an organized church for less than a year. Any one of a dozen accidents might ruin it entirely, and its passing away would

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be known only to the few. On what grounds can we claim that it is an important movement?

In this day the importance of the social problem hardly needs to be dwelt upon. We all know how wonderfully the prosperity of the nation has increased within the last half-century. Our vast natural resources are being opened up, means of communication have been improved, labor-saving machinery has been invented. Steam and steel have become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for this generation, and by their aid one man to-day can do what fifty could not accomplish in the times of our grandfathers. Wealth pours in on every side, and yet with all this increase of material prosperity the people as a whole receive so little benefit from it. Our millionaires have their city homes and their country places, beautiful and luxurious as the palaces of the old world; but in our slums people herd together, two or even more families living, eating, sleeping, dying in a room fourteen feet square. The coal barons of Pennsylvania and Ohio accumulate such fortunes as were undreamed of a century ago, but the miners live in a state of poverty and degradation which beggars description. Wealthy leaders of society, longing for some new diversion, give birthday parties to their pet poodles, at which the dogs of their friends are regaled with game pie and cream, but a few squares away starving women are competing fiercely for the chance to earn half a dollar a day. Everywhere we see the same state of affairs, — extreme wealth on the one hand, utter poverty on the other; and ever, as the fortunes of the rich increase, the misery of the poor becomes by contrast more bitter.

This is no new thing, you say? True, but there are elements of danger in the situation to-day which did not exist of old. The people are growing conscious of their misery. It was hardly so before; they were born, they suffered, they died, and the idea that life could be otherwise hardly entered their minds. To-day a spirit of unrest and bitter dissatisfaction is abroad. Free education has leavened the mass a little, and the people are beginning to think, to seek the cause of their sufferings. Moreover, in olden times, all the influence of religion was brought to bear to persuade the poor that a God of justice had doomed them to this life, and that a God of mercy would regard as an unpardonable sin any attempt on their part to escape from that station of life in which it had pleased Providence, through the medium of

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our beautiful social arrangements, to place them. But religion is losing its hold on the masses; no plea of divine right will avail our present system long. More and more the people are questioning the justice of an organzation of society which compels the many to lives of toil and privation and ignorance that the few may go clad in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. More and more are they becoming convinced that the present order is wrong, and that a remedy must be found. It behooves us to see that they find the right one; hunger, and hate, and ignorance are fierce foes to battle against, and the French Revolution has shown what may happen when a people is made desperate by misery.

But what is the true remedy? Are we sure that we know it ourselves? Numerous remedies have been proposed. "Teach the poor to cultivate a spirit of industry, of temperance and contentment," is a favorite suggestion. Well, by all means, teach this. Teach the sweater's victim, working sixteen hours a day, to be more industrious; teach the man whose system, weakened by insufficient nourishment, exhausted by overwork, poisoned by unsanitary surroundings, calls imperiously for stimulants, to refuse its demands. You may do a good work, but do not imagine that in thus averting some of the effects you are abolishing the causes of social injustice. "Organize charity more carefully," is another theory, but charity, again, only relieves present pain, without removing the causes which produce, and must necessarily produce, want and misery. Socialism offers, perhaps, the most hopeful solution, but socialism demands in the people among whom it is to be tried intelligence and self-control, and the very poor possess but little of either; the conditions of their life do not tend to develop such qualities. Remedy after remedy has been proposed, but always either the conditions under which the experiment might be successfully tried have been found incapable of realization, or else the experiment has failed.

Yet there must be a remedy, or else, for multitudes of our race, this world is a hell, and life the cruelest gift with which a human soul could be cursed; and this remedy can be found, I believe, in the spirit of Christ. Observe, in the spirit of Christ, not in modern Christianity; not in the Christianity which builds magnificent churches in one quarter of a city, while in another young girls are growing up in surroundings which render modesty and virtue impossible; not in the Christianity which permits a Rockefeller to

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build up a fortune at the cost of ruin to all who compete with him, and then atone for it all by building a church or endowing a university; not in the Christianity which allows us to lead easy, comfortable lives here, cultivating our intellects and our æsthetic sensibilities and all our higher faculties, while not twenty miles away men and women whom we profess to regard as our brothers and sisters, children of one Father with ourselves, are living under conditions which must, and which we know must, stunt them physically and starve them morally and dwarf them intellectually; not in the smooth, selfish, worldly Christianity which makes religion a mockery and the church the bitterest farce our civilization has ever seen, but the Christianity which Christ taught and the Apostles lived,— the Christianity which looks upon all the race as verily one family, which, seeing a brother cold or hungry, is not satisfied with saying, "Depart in peace, be thou warmed and filled," but takes practical steps to see that the warming and feeding are accomplished, and which, better still, will see that its social system is so adjusted that all, save the physically and mentally infirm, may by fair work secure a fair living, and not be forced to seek as a kindness what should be earned as a right. It is because the Church of the Carpenter stands for this principle of brotherhood, this practical, vital, loving Christianity that it is of importance. The success of the church may be doubtful, but that of its principle can not be. The Church of the Carpenter may pass away, but its spirit must survive, must grow stronger and stronger, until by it we are led up from the mists and perplexities and wrongs of our present system into the pure light of a better day, where want and suffering will be no more known, and the social problem will have become a thing of the past.

THE OLD OAK-LEAF.

"COME, Madame Oak-Leaf," cried Jack Frost, "choose yourself a fall gown from my stock. You may have crimson, like your neighbor, Mistress Maple, or golden yellow, such as the Maiden Birch prefers."

"Nay, good friend," said the Oak-Leaf, "those gowns are gay indeed, but they are flimsy and will not last the winter through. Give me something that will wear well. I am here for use, not for show."

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"O-ho," laughed Jack Frost. "And of what use, pray, can *you* be — old and feeble as you are?"

"I can stay here and shelter the baby leaf that is to take my place next spring," replied the Oak-Leaf.

With a scornful laugh Jack Frost hurried on, to find a more appreciative customer for his goods.

"Foolish old Oak-Leaf!" he said to himself. "She never can brave a winter. She would be wise to follow the fashions, and enjoy herself a little before she falls, rather than to attempt the impossible."

The Oak-Leaf heard him, but she only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

"Come, Madame Oak-Leaf," cried the North Wind. "Come, dance with me? Why should you stay tied up at home, when all the other Leaves are free and frolicking together?"

But the Oak-Leaf only answered: "I am needed here to shelter the child that will take up my work by-and-by."

"What a stupid old prig!" cried the North Wind, as he rushed on. But the Oak-Leaf only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

"You poor old Oak-Leaf!" whispered the snow-flakes as they fell through the wintry air, "Why don't you come down with us and rest? You must be so cold and weary. Come down and let us cover you up in a soft, warm bed."

The Oak-Leaf looked longingly toward the earth, but still replied: "I can not leave my charge."

"How foolish and willful she is!" the snow-flakes sighed.

But the Oak-Leaf only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

"Out of the way, you old, withered creature!" cried the young leaf in the spring. "You've kept me cooped up here ridiculously long! All the other Leaves were out in the sunshine weeks ago. Out of the way, I say!"

Then the old Oak-Leaf knew that her task was ended. She dropped from the tree and fell fluttering to the ground.

"I'm glad she's gone at last," grumbled the young leaf, as his old nurse disappeared and he sprang out into the spring sunshine; "I hope I shall never outlive my usefulness."

The old Oak-Leaf heard his words, but she only smiled. She had done her duty.

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TO ONE I LOVE.

Can I tell you how I love you,
With your beautiful brown eyes,
And your pretty lips, just parted,
In a smile both sweet and wise?

No, I know I can not tell you
How the one warm spot you bring,
Gives my life, so cold and wintry,
All the warmth of sunny spring.

Surely, I shall ne'er forget you,
Through life's mingled joy and care,
Darling, little, furry sable,
That around my throat I wear!

—GERTRUDE JONES.

THE OLEANDER CITY.

WHAT is there characteristic about Galveston? Has it any features which twenty other cities do not share? Perhaps not; and yet—I raise my eyes for a moment, and as I gaze out abstractedly the bleak New England landscape fades away, the snow-covered hills sink from sight, the bitter north wind which is howling past my windows dies into utter quiet, and once more I look in fancy upon the island city at high noon of an August day. I am looking down upon a broad, sandy street, bordered on either side by a hedge of oleanders. At both ends of the street one can see blue water,—on the right the Gulf, on the left Galveston Bay,—and so nearly on a level are land and water that one hardly sees why the waves of the Gulf should not roll on across the island. Near at hand, the thick-walled white buildings stand out sharply against the sky, "clear-cut, with shadows very black;" and beneath the "sheds," built out to protect the sidewalks from sun and rain, gather dusky, mysterious shadows. Not a breeze is stirring; the leaves of the orange-trees and pomegranates hang drooping beneath the fierce blaze of the sun, and the heated air rises quivering above the heated sand of the streets. Far away I can hear the rhythmic throb of a cotton-press, and can see its jet of steam hang for a moment like a cloud against the sky, then fade away, while another takes its place. The streets are very quiet, for no one is abroad at this hour except on some matter of necessity.

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The white glare of the sand beats up against the blue glare of the sky. Heat and light and solitary silence reign; it is like some uninhabited city in a desert.

One of the peculiarities of Galveston is its lowness. The island is a mere sandbank, scarcely ten feet above the water in its highest part. Once in a while it is overflowed. When the wind blows hard and steadily from a certain quarter the water of the Gulf is backed up into the bay; if, now, the wind suddenly veers to the northeast, this water is driven back across the island. Such an overflow does not often do much damage, partly because a good many conditions of wind and storm have to be fulfilled to bring any great depth of water over the island, partly because the houses are all built upon piles from three to five feet high. Usually all that happens is that the city is converted for some hours, perhaps even for a day or two, into a kind of Americanized Venice, minus the gondolas. Business comes to a standstill; solid citizens may be seen balancing wildly about on hastily constructed rafts, as they sail off to secure a stock of provisions; families living near the beach take refuge with their friends nearer the centre of the island, and turn the occasion into a picnic; while the small boy is in a frenzy of delight, "going fishing" on the veranda, sailing tubs about the backyards, dropping everything within reach from the windows "to see it float," and generally making himself a boon and a blessing. Still, there is always the possibility of danger, and the fate of Last Island lingers in their memories as a constant, faint menace to Galvestonians. The last storm in which the city suffered any real damage was in the seventies,—'75, I think,—and it is remembered chiefly for the fate of one man and a boy. Far out on the eastern and lowest end of the island stands the quarantine station. There are no other buildings within a mile or so, and it does not need very high water to cut the station off from the rest of the city. In this storm of '75 the wind had been blowing almost a gale for two days, and the water of the bay was backed up to a dangerous height, when, on the third day, the wind showed signs of changing. The least experienced knew that this meant danger. The smaller houses and those on low ground were hastily abandoned — none too soon, for the slighter structures were beginning to shake ominously before the rush of the rising waters — and a boat was sent out for the people at the quarantine station. By some unlucky chance

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the boat sent was too small to hold all the people at the station, and two, the keeper himself and his little son, were left behind to be taken on a second trip. But long before the boat got to the city it was plain that there would be no second trip for it that night; for a time it hardly seemed likely to succeed in returning from this first attempt. That night the storm rose to a fearful height; the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and over the lower part of the island the waters raged at will. At times it seemed as though no building in the city could withstand the shock of the waves, but still for hours, through the flying spray and drifting rain, watchers in the town could catch a glimpse of the quarantine light, and while it shone they hoped against hope for the two who waited for death amid that awful waste of waters. It was long past midnight when, in a wilder blast than had yet swept over the island, the light suddenly vanished, and the watchers fancied — it could have been only fancy — that they heard a distant cry. It was two days before the storm died away sufficiently for a boat to go out to Quarantine Point. Not a trace of the buildings was left, and the bodies of the keeper and his son were never found. Other lives were lost in this same storm, but there was nothing else approaching the dramatic interest of the hopeless waiting for death of the two in the abandoned building that night.

Like every other Southern city of any pretensions, Galveston has its war history. The remains of old earthworks can be traced on the eastern end of the island, and the marks of shells are visible on some of the public buildings; moreover, at least two-thirds of the adult male population bear military titles. Most of the fighting near here was naval, and of but little importance. Concerning one of these engagements Galvestonians tell a story which has always interested me from the ethical point involved. Here it is: In a certain fight off Galveston harbor, one of the Federal vessels, the "Harriet Lane," let us call her, as that was certainly not her name, ran aground. The tide was ebbing, and no efforts could get the vessel off; but lying there she was exposed to the full fire of the fort on the island, and completely at the mercy of the Confederate vessels outside. Surrender was the only thing possible under the circumstances, so the flag was lowered. The Confederates, of course, at once ceased firing on the ship, but, instead of promptly boarding her and taking possession, they devoted themselves to the rest of the Northern fleet, meaning to come back for the "Harriet Lane"

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after they got through with the others. It was a case of misplaced confidence, though, on their part, for the contest was a long one, and while it went on the tide flowed in until the "Harriet Lane" found herself fairly floated off the bar. What was her duty under the circumstances? Ought her crew to consider that, as they had saved their lives by yielding, they were in honor bound to let the Southerners have the fruit of their submission; or might they justly argue that, as they surrendered only because they were on a sand-bar, their surrender held good only while they were aground, and that, if the Confederates didn't care enough for their prize to secure it while they had the opportunity, they had no right to complain if it escaped them at last? Whatever they ought to have done, what they did do was to steam away and join the other Federal vessels, to the great indignation of the Southerners, who were loud in their denunciations of Yankee faithlessness and ingratitude.

Galveston would certainly be renowned for its flowers if their very abundance did not prevent a proper appreciation of them. No words can describe the beauty of the springtime there; it becomes literall an island of flowers. The streets are hedged by oleanders growing into shrubs twenty feet high in some places, covered with great clusters of pink and white blossoms, larger, more fragrant, and more brilliant of hue than any one who has seen them only in the North could believe. The gardens are full of orange and lemon trees, fig-trees, and pomegranate bushes. The air is heavy with the scent of the Cape Jessamine, and the Spanish Bayonet raises its stately spike of creamy bells beside the delicate foliage of the crape myrtle. But the roses are Galveston's crowning glory. They are everywhere, climbing up the porticos, peeping out through the fences, taking possession of every vacant spot. Roses of the rarest and most exquisite kinds bloom riotously. Marechal Niel and Cloth of Gold, Jacqueminot and Malmaison, and Niphetos and La France, and many another, named and unnamed — here they all are, a perfect carnival of beauty and fragrance.

But Galveston does not lack for other claims to interest; and, in fact, so remarkable a place is it that it has been taken under the special protection of the celestial powers, as any good Catholic will explain to you if you will but walk down with him to the gray old cathedral, and look up to where, on its lofty spire, stands a beautiful image of the Blessed Virgin, stretching

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out her hands in protection and benediction over the flowery city. In the old days, he will tell you, the island used to be visited almost annually by yellow fever, and some twenty years ago there was so terrible a visitation that, between those who died and those who fled, the city was almost depopulated. When at last the deadly fever burned itself out and the survivors began to cast about for means of averting its return, the faithful sent to Italy for this image,— the Holy Father himself has blessed it,— and, raising it to its present position, with prayers and invocations they dedicated to its protection the cathedral, the city, and the island. The Virgin was graciously pleased to accept the charge, and since that year the yellow fever has never returned to Galveston. To be sure, skeptics are apt to mention that the raising of the statue was coincident with the establishment of a rigid quarantine system, and the appointment of a board of health to supervise the sanitary condition of the city; but that is a sordid and materialistic view to take of the affair. Let us rather share the faith of the devout Catholic, and believe that the gentle Mother of Mercy does indeed avert all pestilence from the fair city over which she keeps her tireless watch and ward.

Ah, it is a beautiful city, with its broad streets and brilliant skies, its broad-piazzaed houses set far back in their wealth of luxuriant shrubbery, its strange, motley population gathered from all the quarters of the globe, and with the steady monotone of the surf forcing its way through and over all sounds of business or pleasure. Alas and alas for its distant sunshine and fragrance! It is a fair dream of the summer, but what have we to do with it, dwellers in this rigorous clime? The north wind's trumpets are calling us, the rock-ribbed hills are preaching us stern lessons of strength and courage. Let us arise and gird ourselves manfully for the conflict; but in hours of discouragement and weariness our thoughts and our hearts turn again to thee, Galveston, city of sunshine and blossom, radiant Queen of the Gulf.

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"*A CHIEL'S AMANG YOU TAKING NOTES.*"

SADNESS would darken the brow of the Chiel, mortification would devitalize his frame, and despair would seize the essence of his being, were he to weary any one whose eye chances to fall upon his printed notes. He therefore humbly beseeches the reader, when he feels the first touch of drowsiness, to close these unlucky pages without further delay, and to take a nap. And neither would the Chiel desire you to consider him the possessor of a "squinting brain;" nevertheless, he sometimes can not refrain from puzzling over certain little incongruities which exist in the life around him, from asking harmless questions, and from making comments now and then: for, in truth,—

> **"A chiel's amang you taking notes,**
> **And, faith, he'll prent it."**

The Chiel, in happy mood, was idly leaning against the post of a door, which opened into a long arched hall. The hallway ran into little recesses, each lighted by a window, through which peeped the rays of a retiring sun. The semi-illumined particles of the atmosphere seemed joyous also, and gleefully knocked up against one another; and when the Chiel half closed his eyes, he thought he could see them sending forth little shining trills of what, for want of a more proper expression, might be called laughter. His soul responded to the innocent gaiety before him, when — horrors!

The Chiel beheld an Act of Walking coming down the hallway. Many persons, unenlightened by experience, but with perfectly good intentions, will throw themselves into a scholarly attitude and assert, "Nonsense! It is impossible to see such an abstract thing as an Act of Walking." The Chiel begs to state that this remark does not trouble him in the least; for he *knows* that he saw an Act of Walking. It was a horrible monster of Protean accomplishments; and, sad to relate, but all too true, it had swallowed a beautiful maiden and had maliciously outlined her form by its own. The Chiel calls her a beautiful maiden, not because she seemed beautiful to him at that moment, but because he could see that she would have been so, had she not been in the Act of Walking, and so completely under its control. She was naturally tall, erect, and graceful, but under the management of this particular monster (for all Acts of Walking are not so barbarous) the maiden was as a mere jumping-jack. The wonderful tricks which it made her perform were painfully grotesque.

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The Chiel finds it hard to describe her movements, but will make an attempt to do so. They certainly were not directed according to the rules of the beautiful harmonic poise. Her chest was not erect; neither was her head. Her arms looked uneasy; and, bent at the elbows into an acute angle, they see-sawed the air with such vigor that if one happened to be passing along near by he would be in danger of catching cold from the draughts which surrounded her. The monster delighted in thrusting forward her head, and holding it in a rigid position; in doubling up her shoulders; depressing her chest; and in spurring her onward with little jerks.

This sight made the Chiel feel faint. But what most troubled him was, that there are innumerable maidens within the power of just such monsters; and he lifts up his voice to implore all sane-minded persons to use all their strength in rescuing beautiful maidens from these horrible, unmerciful, excruciating Acts of Walking.

Several weeks ago, the Chiel had the good fortune to visit what he considers the finest college in America. It is a woman's college, and is situated about fifteen miles west of Boston. There were so many good points about it, that he left with a pleasing idea of composite excellence, rather than impressed by any particular detail; but there were a few bad points, and, on account of their scarcity, he retained a distinct remembrance of them. Concerning one of these points the Chiel wishes to ask a few questions. They pertain to the decorations in the rooms of the students.

Question No. 1. — To what part of human nature appeal those marvelously intricate ornamentations, which consist of different colored tissue papers, cut into figures of various shapes, interwoven with one another, and festooned along the wall?

Question No. 2. — Why should a student, otherwise possessed of a discerning mind and good taste, wedge her door apart with brightly colored picture-cards, inscribed with bits of literature on the Royal Baking Powder, Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, Burnett's Perfectly Pure Standard Flavoring of Highly Concentrated Extracts, Barry's Tricopherous, Miss Beach's Curling Fluid, etc.?

Question No. 3. — Why do young women, who are supposed to have put away childish things, still continue to delight in tying fantastic ribbons upon every available piece of furniture?

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Question No. 4. — Does it not shock one's sense of refinement to be confronted, in inopportune places, by such startling signs as "Keep off the grass," "Hands off," "Ask your grocers for Maria," "Boys wanted," "Use Pear's soap," "No smoking allowed," "No horses to be turned loose here," "No dogs allowed," etc.?

But the Chiel does not wish to be critical. He only wonders why a student's room should bear so strong a resemblance to a bazaar.

Some of us are filled with a grave apprehension that we are entering upon the era of a renascence in hoop-skirts. This style has not yet shown unwonted officiousness — at least, in the regions of our discreet Boston. They tell the Chiel, however, that in New York it is spreading itself more and more, and has gained such prominence that he may be justified in considering the possibilities which await us in the line of fashion. The Chiel understands that, in a certain city, one lady of fashion's clan, while walking along the street, acted as a moving partition, and passers-by were obliged to resort to the curb-stone, and sometimes to the gutter. "Yes," remarked a young woman who is acquainted with this story of outrage, "hoop-skirts literally drive men to the gutters."

Several weeks ago there was introduced into the New York Assembly the Anti-Crinoline Bill, ridiculous, though with a good underlying purpose. It consisted of six sections, the first of which reads: "Therefore, be it enacted, that is shall be unlawful for any person to sell, give, loan, or furnish, to any citizen of this State what are known and called hoop-skirts or crinoline; but any person may steal such article, and if not caught will not be punished." The other sections are in a similar vein. Now the Chiel looks at this matter much more seriously, and would suggest a more stringent measure. He would therefore like to add a section to this bill — Section 7 — which would read: "Every individual who, in spite of laws to the contrary, persists in wearing hoop-skirts, shall be made to pay a heavy tax, in proportion to the circumference of said skirts; and the money, coming in to the government from this tax, shall go toward the enlarging of public edifices."

In the "New Review" for February, 1893, there is an article called "In Defense of Crinoline," by Lady Jeune. She says: "If crinoline is going to be the fashion, we may shriek till we are hoarse, but it will be adopted, and

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there are many points in its favor, if it can only be controlled within reasonable limits." Let us glance over the points which she gives in its favor. According to her, crinoline may be defended on the ground that there are many women who, for personal reasons, will welcome its return; it may also be defended on hygienic grounds and those of cleanliness. "Now we shall have no trailing skirts that act as a mud-brush on a pavement, and a dirt-trap in the house," she says. "We can now have clean boots and stockings, instead of those which needed cleaning every time we came in from walking, in our dirty and bedraggled petticoats."

All this may be true; but the Chiel thinks that crinoline, while it may hide defects, is far more offensive to the sight than the defects themselves; and that taking care of a train is preferable to being tossed about in the restless billows of a hoop-shirt. But it is not necessary to choose between the train and hoop-shirt. There are other styles of dress.

Lady Jeune also takes up the humorous side of the subject, as may be seen from the following quotations:—

"The reappearence of crinoline must produce a change in some of the outdoor games women now participate in. Lawn-tennis will be hardly possible in a crinoline; the quick, active movement, the constant change of attitude, the jumping to reach a ball, would hardly be possible with an inflated skirt; and croquet will possibly reign once more, a game which permits of slower and more graceful movements."

"One unmixed mercy [of the return of crinoline] will be the complete disappearence of the terrible decorations of Japanese fans, umbrellas, etc., with which we are all familiar. They would literally be swept away in the tempest created by the entrance of a few voluminous crinolines in their midst."

"But the crinoline in its hey-day of glory and insolence did not alter the position or feeling of men to women; they still wooed and won them in hoops, and never for one moment did the "old story" cease to be told, and whispered even at a distance of many feet from the object to whom it was addressed."

The Chiel, however, is a tolerably easy-going individual, and is content to rely upon the decision of the American women in regard to this matter, while he politely stands aside and takes notes.

MARY KEYT ISHAM.

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Editorial.

THERE seems to be an unwritten decree — and we all know how much weightier are unwritten than written laws in most matters — that an incoming board of editors for a college magazine shall make their first appearance in literary evening dress, so to speak, shall advance, hand on heart, to the footlights, and, grievously lamenting their own deficiencies, shall crave the indulgence of their audience, and promise all sorts of possible and impossible things concerning their work for the next twelve months. This, while unquestionably a charming custom, has one distinct disadvantage: the opening address has not yet crystallized into a formula, unchanging as the wording of a Chinese letter, yet what chance is there of making it original? So many college papers, so many editors entering on their duties, so many opening editorials for so many years past — how is it possible to do anything but to say the same old things in the same old way? Still, far be it from us to run counter to a time-honored custom. Respect for antiquity is better than originality; so we, too, will say our say in this, our opening number.

And, first, what shall be said as to our predecessors? Is there any need of speech or compliment from us to them? Not, surely, before a Wellesley audience, whose eyes have been upon them for the last college year. They founded our magazine, they conducted it through the perilous first six months of its existence. How hard their task was we, entering a path made easy by their labors, are just beginning to appreciate. No, they need no compliments from us; may we, when we in turn pass on, leave behind us a record as satisfactory as theirs.

And for ourselves, what shall we say? Shall we debate on what we should like to do? Shall we give voice to our aspirations that the MAGAZINE may continue an exponent of our Wellesley life in all its depth and breadth; nay, that it may step beyond the limits of our college world, and in the questions agitating the greater world outside range itself on the side of right and justice? Many such dreams we have, of which we would gladly speak, but that is a wise old proverb, "Let not him that girdeth on his

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armor boast himself as he that putteth it off," and, perchance, it were well for us to say nothing about our anticipations until time has shown how far we may realize them. What we hope to do may at least serve as an ideal toward which we shall strive; what we can do the future must show. And so, prudently abstaining from promises, let us bow once more to our audience and retire, to show by deeds not words what are our hopes, and to await with them the time when they shall sum up our work, and, looking back upon it, shall know whether we have succeeded or failed.

SPRING is making literally true the saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Indeed, the Lenten season was not yet over when rollicking March began to shake the dry yellow leaves from the oak-trees, and to sweep them into sheltered corners and ravines. April is now busy, finishing the half-completed work of her happy-go-lucky brother, freshening each tiny twig, and laying a rich green carpet in place of winter's white rug. Deft-fingered May will add the last graceful touches and end Dame Winter's house-cleaning.

House-cleaning has been for ages woman's province, and she has prided herself on her reputation for "sweeping the cobwebs from the sky." But at last she has followed April's wise example, and has come down from the clouds, in order to aid man in his work of cleaning streets. The MAGAZINE leads in three cheers for the girls of Packer's Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, who are earnestly studying the street-cleaning problem, and echoes the words of President Backus: "The men of his city are too busy to attend to public affairs, and we believe the time is coming when the women will have to see that the streets are properly cleaned, and so we are drilling our girls to inform themselves on the subject as well as on other public questions."

Other public questions! The work must not stop at the sidewalk. Many house-cleaning and housekeeping problems exist on the other side of the street, and Uncle Sam is calling on his nieces for their solutions. Will those who have theoretical solutions to any of Columbia's Domestic Science Problems please communicate with the Free Press of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE?

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The Free Press.

I.

A recent Legenda bore on its title-page an odd little picture of "This Funny Wellesley World." A sketch of the earth, on which Wellesley was a large black dot, served as the head for a little figure in the Senior gown and supported the dignified Senior cap. A newly discovered mountain range made a nose to uphold a scholarly pair of spectacles, while a broad smile extended from shore to shore of the Atlantic.

Everybody laughed at the droll little figure, but only those who had been a part of the "Wellesley world" knew all that the dignified cap, the scholarly spectacles, and the merry smile stood for. It all meant the jolliest of good times—spreads, dances in the gym, Tree Day, Float. It meant misery too,—grinding, examinations, domestic work. It meant much more, for it stood for four years of steady purpose, high endeavor, honest work.

But that which lingers in memory longest is the thought of the red-letter days, the Parliament, Tree Day, Float Night, all those delightful festivals so peculiar to Wellesley life. For the Wellesley world is a "funny" one, with its holidays known only to itself, its social events such as are found nowhere else. It is a life possible only in a large community of women, amid delightful surroundings, but apart from the business of the general world.

But, pleasant as it is, it has its disadvantages. More than one man of wide culture has said, "My children must be educated at a college whose students are more thoroughly in touch with the world." Many a mother decides, "My daughter is to be fitted for her place, must be trained in something besides mathematics and Greek; and the life at Wellesley, however attractive it may be to the student, is no preparation for society outside the college gates."

To us who realize the value of this isolation and freedom for our mental work, the criticism seems entirely too severe, not, however, entirely unfounded. Can we deny that our interests often narrow to a very small and school-girlish circle? Two students sit down for a few minutes' chat together. Are the chances great that they will refer, even remotely, to any political event, to a new attempt to solve a social problem, to a recent publication or a new criticism? More than this, the isolation of the Wellesley world fosters in the student the feeling that

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she is exempt from the usual duties of society and that her conduct is not to be measured by its standards. Is it not true that we often allow ourselves to fall into a feeling of general irresponsibility, more fitting for a schoolgirl than a college woman? Is it not largely our fault that Wellesley life sometimes seems so narrow to those who watch it from the outside?

After this self-inflicted little lecture, it is a pleasure to notice a recent event which must serve to link us more closely to the college world. Up to this year, our societies, which are the centres of much of our social life, have been, with one exception, purely local; but at the last meeting of the winter term Phi Sigma took a new step, initiating a movement on which both society and college are to be congratulated. The Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma of Wesleyan University was organized. Four young women from Wesleyan were present at the ceremony, which was significant for both colleges. It is not merely a matter of pleasant and profitable acquaintance with the thoughtful women of another school, although that means much, but the friends of Phi Sigma see in it a promise of added strength and vitality for the Wellesley chapter. Formerly each society has been practically in the hands of the forty or fifty girls who, for the time, composed it. Now, Phi Sigma will be in a measure responsible for her general work and social tone to a council, a part of whose members come from another college. This must insure a certain uniformity in character and work, while, as the parent society, the Wellesley chapter will feel the necessity of holding up the highest example. Above all, it will give to the members of Phi Sigma exactly what is lacking in our college life,— the consciousness that, so far from being merely a set of schoolgirls, freed from the rules and standards of society and subject only to those of our own making, we are bound as college women to maintain a standard fully as high as, and in accordance with, the demands of that world for which college is supposed to fit us.

And so we congratulate Phi Sigma on the forming of a connection which can not fail to bring added prosperity and strength; we congratulate the college on a movement which promises larger sympathies and wider interests in the Wellesley world.

CAROLINE W. MUDGETT.

II.

In an article in the "New Englander" for November, 1892, Miss Hodgkins suggests a new interpretation for our college motto — *non ministrari sed ministrare* — which points to a vital evil in our American colleges, and must appeal to every student. Writing as one who has stepped out of our college life into the world

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life, Miss Hodgkins says, "Could there be added, not only to Wellesley's curriculum, but to all college curricula, certain definite courses of instruction that shall inculcate patriotism and the value of American citizenship, instil a keen sense of the dangers that threaten the American republic, and infuse nobler ideas of American institutions, the greatest possible advance in our educational work would have been made."

These words imply, in the first place, that we of Wellesley are lacking in patriotism. In one sense we must deny this. Patriotism is not lacking; it is only sleeping. It waked up somewhat last fall in the heat of the presidential campaign, but it soon wrapped the cloak of non-responsibility about it again, and lay down to pleasant dreams. Yet, in another sense, Miss Hodgkins is right, for patriotism means love, and demands, therefore, a keen consciousness of the capabilities and possibilities of the loved object, and watchfulness to guard it against all accidents and diseases, to ward off all dangers that threaten either from within or without, and to aid in every way toward its noblest and fullest all-around development.

Probably the majority of Wellesley girls believe theoretically in the justice of woman's suffrage, while they prefer practically the present injustice, with its accompanying comfortable sense of non-responsibility, to suffrage with the involved duties. Unfortunately, justice is swiftly and inevitably winning, and the responsibility is ours whether we will or no. A few weeks ago the Kansas Senate voted thirty-two to five and the House ninety-four to seventeen in favor of full suffrage for women, and the question to amend the State constitution will go before the people. I wonder how many Kansas college girls could state the first principles of the Populist party, or have any intelligent idea of the effect of prohibition in their State. There is one great American problem upon which we can bring our influence to bear, in many States directly, and in all States indirectly, and whose every phase should be of vital interest to us. I refer to our public school problem. A large proportion of Wellesley's students expect to teach. How many of those girls have ever given fifteen minutes' earnest study to the advantages and disadvantages of our school systems, to their rank as compared with the schools of France, Germany, or Italy,— not to speak of the closely connected problems of Roman Catholicism and Cahenslyism? That our sense of the value and responsibility of American citizenship needs education is evident.

I would not have the case seem blacker than it is. Wellesley has waked up very much in the last two years. The way in which the Juniors crowd the debating sections when the question is on one of the problems of the day proves this.

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Zeta Alpha devoted her last meeting to the social problems of the city of Boston and their possible solution, and the avowed purpose of the Agora is to "create an intelligent interest in the questions of the day." Our interest in our College Settlements keeps us somewhat in touch with the gravest problem of our national life. What we need now is that interest in public questions shall cease to be the distinguishing characteristic of individuals and of societies, but shall become an essential part of the "Wellesley atmosphere."

I am not pleading for the addition of courses to our curriculum, but for public sentiment, and enthusiasm, and for a change in the spirit with which we approach our present studies. The paramount questions to-day are social questions. We hope that some day Wellesley will have its Chair of Social Science, but in the mean time what is to hinder our making every department of the college such a chair? The most inspiring lecture on American problems I ever listened to was given in a German literature class.

Germany is trying an experiment. Henceforth the school-children are to be taught the history of their own time first, and will study back from present conditions to past causes. Let us, at Wellesley, wake up our sleeping patriotism; let us demand for ourselves "an intelligent interest in the questions of the day," and a knowledge of the history and foundation principles of our American institutions. Then we can turn back to our study of the history of any country in any age with new inspiration and earnestness. One of the great dangers of our American republic, the indifference of its citizens, will be lessened; a keener sense of the magnitude of other national problems will be aroused almost unconsciously, and we shall not need "certain definite courses of instruction" that shall "infuse nobler ideas of American institutions." '94.

On account of lack of room the "Exchanges" have been omitted this month.

Book Reviews.

I.

THE ONE I KNEW BEST OF ALL: A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

Who of us has not at some time looked down into the wide eyes of a little child, wondering what thoughts, what feelings were at work in the brain behind the fathomless blue and brown! Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has tried to unveil the mystery for us; in her "Memory of the Mind of a Child" she has endeavored to give an exact reproduction of the inner life of the child she once was.

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Mrs. Burnett says that she might fairly entitle her sketch "The Story of Any Child with an Imagination," but there is far too much individuality about the Small Person to consider her a mere type, "a little unit of whose parallels there are tens of thousands." There is just enough of the real individual in the Memories to engage our warm interest; while at the same time we must recognize the fact that the Small Person is very like other small persons of whom we have a more or less dim recollection. Can we not all of us recall the awful reverence with which we looked up to a policeman; the mysteriously pathetic impression of some old song or poem, whose words we did not half understand; the fiery steed, which to ordinary eyes was only a sofa-arm? How the Small Person brings it all back!

Then we have that picture of the little child kneeling by the window, gazing with spellbound eyes at the factory-girl, whose beautiful face long years afterward inspired "That Lass o' Lowrie's." And we have the composition of her first poem, and the writing of thrilling dramas in old butcher books, and the relation of endless impromptu tales to an admiring circle of school friends,—things which made Frances Hodgson different from other children.

It is almost impossible to believe that these sketches are exact transcriptions; the imagination, which ran riot with the doll and the sofa, must come in here to make the pictures so vivid; yet we feel that they are true to life.

It is all written in Mrs. Burnett's best style, with a delightful blending of pathos and humor; it has in it the very laughter and tears that the remembrance of those innocent, funny, childish days calls up in our minds, now grown more worldly wise. It is a charming book, and one equally suited for amusement or earnest thought. The grown-up folk who took contraband peeps into "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will find "The One I Knew Best of All" even more fascinating; and the grave psychologist will find the deepest interest in this record of the unfolding of a young human life.

E. B. S.

II.

A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales.

Somehow we all like stories of the South; the Northerner is carried away with their picturesque unfamiliarity; the Southerner is equally charmed by their picturesque familiarity. So we shall all be glad to welcome Ruth McEuery Stuart's new book of darky stories. It includes several old friends, among others the inimitable "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson," as well as a number of new ones.

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One is impressed throughout the book by Mrs. Stuart's evident familiarity and sympathy with the people whom she shows to us; she has not taken a glimpse at them from a car window, or spent a month or two in "studying the type;" she was born on a plantation, and thoroughly knows and loves her own South.

The dialect is admirably done; not only the negro, but the soft French-Italian-English of the French market in New Orleans, and the Arkansas dialect of the two dear old ladies who managed the "Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville."

The character-drawing is remarkably fine; each individual is clearly defined, from the saintly, self-denying old Uncle Mingo to the anything but saintly Widder Johnsing. Mrs. Stuart has, nevertheless, preserved in all these widely differing individuals the strong excitability, the childlike inconsequence, the deeply religious tone which characterize the race as a whole. And she tells it all in a tender yet humorous way that appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect.

Like too many of the stories of the present day, these are decidedly lacking in plot; they are indeed sketches rather than stories. But possibly in this case a plot would give an air of artificiality to the little tales that are now so simple and so natural.

The funniest one of the collection is "Jesseliah Brown's Courtship," and Uncle Mingo's "Speculations" is perhaps the most pathetic; but every page in the book presents a hero worthy to stand with Chad and Uncle Remus and our friends "In Ole Virginia."

E. B. S.

III.

Third Annual Report of the College Settlements Association.

There are a number of new books this spring on sociological subjects, but it is doubtful if any of them is of greater importance and interest than the recent report of the College Settlements Association. "Report" sounds like something excessively dry, but the neat gray covers of this little pamphlet contain much that is good reading.

In the first place, the settlements themselves have become a matter of such deep interest, not only to college women, but to the country at large, that even the dryest statistics of their work are worth investigating. But these statistics are not dry, when they tell how men and women are coming forward to support the movement; that twenty of our foremost colleges are represented on the books of the association; that settlements are being started in our chief cities.

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However, the little book contains more than figures and lists of names; there are the reports from the various settlements, necessarily concise and simple, but full of the greatest interest, and of real literary value. The report from the New York Settlement is particularly good. That is the oldest of the settlements, and naturally has more varying lines of activity than the others, while here and there Miss McLean's enthusiasm and faith in the work peep out between the mere statements of facts.

The Philadelphia and Boston reports, too, are well worth reading; and altogether, the "Third Annual Report of the College Settlements Association" is a good thing to turn to when you tire of your short story or novel.

E. B. S.

College Notes.

The officers of the Class of 96 are: Harriet Baldwin, president; Inez Hopkins, vice-president; Josephine Batchelder, recording secretary; Virginia Schoonover, corresponding secretary; Mary Mudgett, treasurer; Lucy Freeman and Elizabeth Adams, historians; Dora Allen and Grace Nutter, factotums; Agnes Caldwell, Belinda Bogardus, and Martha Shackford, executive committee.

On Monday evening, March 13, a valuable study of Whittier as a poet was given by Mr. Horace Scudder.

On Thursday evening, March 16, Bishop Talbot spoke of his efforts to establish churches among the mining communities of Wyoming and Idaho, and described visits to several Indian tribes.

Monday evening, March 20, will long be remembered for the brilliant piano recital, given by Ferruccio B. Busoni. The program comprised selections from Bach-Busoni, Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann, and Liszt.

A collection of eleven large views of the various college buildings was, for several days, on exhibition at the First Floor Centre, before being sent to the World's Fair.

Miss Helen Marie Bennett has been elected by the Specials as their representative on the editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

On the evening of March 20, the Deutscher Verein of Harvard University entertained, at its second annual reception, a number of ladies from Harvard Annex and Wellesley College, among whom were Fräulein Margarethe Müller, Fräu-

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lein Elsbeth Müller, and Fräulein Marie Wenckebach. The guests were received by Mr. Schilling, Mrs. Francke, and Frau von Jagemann. A cordial welcome was extended by the president, Mr. Ahlers, and members of the Verein. After refreshments, Mr. Ahlers spoke of the growth of the Society, and of the interest shown in it, not only by the student, but by members of the faculty. An address by Professor Schilling, on "The Development of Comedy in Germany," was followed by the presentation of a little play, "Das Ganschen von Buchenau," in which the parts were sustained by Mr. L. F. Kiesewetter and others of the Verein. Dancing had just begun, when the chartered horse-cars were ready to take the Wellesley party back, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close with three Wellesley cheers for the Deutscher Verein and the answering "Rahs" of Harvard.

On Sunday evening, March 19, the Senior Vespers were held in Society Hall. The services consisted of hymns, reading of Scripture and Episcopal prayers, followed by a violin solo, Miss Etta Penniman; piano solo, Miss Winifred Meyer; vocal solo, "Easter Eve," Miss Marion Wilcox; piano solo, Miss Gertrude Bigelow; vocal solo, "There is a City," Miss Mabel Hayes; violin solo, Miss Etta Penniman; piano solo, Miss Adelaide Smith; vocal solo, "He Shall Feed His Flock," from "The Messiah," Miss Grenell; piano solo, "Schubert's Serenade," Miss Gertrude Bigelow; violin solo, "The Better Land," Miss Marion Wilcox.

On Thursday evening, April 6, Gen. J. T. Morgan, recent Indian Commissioner at Washington, ably treated "Some Phases of the Indian Question."

An informal Vesper Service was enjoyed by Zeta Alpha Society and her guests, Sunday, April 9, in Society Hall.

Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, Miss Mary Barrows, '90, Miss Bertha Jones, Miss Flora Luther, and Miss Grace Mix, spent Sunday, April 9, at the College.

Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, '91, is spending several days with Miss Bertha Clough, '93.

Monday afternoon, April 10th, the Agora Society most handsomely received the Shakespeare, Zeta Alpha, Phi Sigma, Art, and Classical Societies in Elocution Hall. The highly artistic decorations included an alcove for each of the societies, gracefully adorned with the appropriate flowers, colors, and symbols.

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Society Notes.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held March 18.

Program.

Second View from Fort Hill; The Social Problems of Boston. A Day in the North End, Alice Kellogg, '94. Reading, "March of the Workers," by William Morris, Winifred Augsbury, '95. The Other Half in Boston, Grace Grenell, '93. Oration, The Problem; The Solution, Mary Conyngton, '94. Music, Gertrude Bigelow, '93.

The Shakespeare Society held its annual open meeting in Stone Hall parlor on Saturday evening, March 18, 1893, at seven o'clock. The following was the program: —

Shakespeare News	Adeline Bonney
Ibsen's Personality	Harriet Blake
Ibsen's Ideal for Woman . . .	Caroline Randolph

Dramatic Representations.

The Doll's House. Act III.

Nora	Alice Hunt
Torwald	Elizabeth White

Merchant of Venice. Act III. Scene II.

Portia	Phebe Campbell
Bassanio	Julia Reid
Ibsen's Place in the Modern World . .	Jean Evans
Ibsen's New Play	Mildred Feeny

Dramatic Representations.

Much Ado About Nothing. Act IV. Scene I.

Beatrice	Grace Miller
Benedick	Frances Lucas

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As You Like It. Act IV. Scene I.

Rosalind . . . . . Sarah Capps
Celia . . . . . Elizabeth Bartholomew
Orlando . . . . . Julia Reid

Ibsen is an Influence for Good in the Modern World.

Discussion . . . Leaders { Helen Stahr. / Annie Tomlinson.

At the regular meeting of the Agora, March 18, the following program was presented: —

Extemporaneous Speeches: —

1. Cleveland's Inaugural Address . . Julia Burgess, '94
2. Cleveland's Policy towards Hawaiian Annexation . . . . . Helen Bisbee, '95
3. Cleveland and the Office Seekers . . Bertha Jackson, '94

The Growth and Spirit of the Republican Party . . . . . Carrie Mann, '93
The New Democracy . . . . Mabel Learoyd, '94
The Significance of the People's Party . . . . . Sarah Weed, '95

At the meeting of the Agora, April 8th, Miss Mower, '93, Miss Fackenthal, '95, and Miss Waterman, '95, were received into the Society.

Prof. Katharine Coman has become a member of the Agora.

The program of the regular meeting of the Art Society, held March 18, was as follows: —

Paper: Work and Influence of Praxiteles. (Illustrations) . . Miss S. Hoghton
Paper: The Pergamon School of Art . . . . . Miss H. MacMillan
Paper: Greek and Roman Art . . Miss G. Edwards

Tableaux.

Discussion: The art of the Pergamon School is the highest art which we have studied thus far.

Leaders { Miss Foster. / Miss Hoopes.

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The regular meeting of the Zeta Alpha was held April 8.

Program.

Boston's Practical Efforts towards the Solution of Social Problems.

Work among the Children . . . Mary Millard, '94
The Angels of the Slums, or the Work of the Salvation Army . Julia Buffington, '94
Salvation Army Songs
Marion Canfield, '94, Marion Wilcox, '93
Elizabeth Wood, '94, Grace Grenell, '95
What is Prison Reform? . Helen Marie Bennett, Sp.
How the New Methods are Illustrated at
Sherborn, Frances Pinkham, '93
Concord, Helen Dennis, '95

Discussion: Advantages and Disadvantages of the Roast-beef and Bouquet System. Led by Gertrude Angell, '94; Florence Forbes, '95.

Miss Mary Keyt Isham was initiated into the Society's membership.

Alumnae Notes.

The Boston Wellesley Club held its regular winter meeting on Feb. 18, 1893, at the Thorndike, Boston. Because of the heavy snow storm only a small number were present. Miss Laura Parker gave an interesting report on College news, after which the annual elections were held, and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Mary Putnam Hart, Sp.; vice-president, Miss Laura M. Parker, '87; secretary and treasurer, Miss Jennie M. Furber, '92.

The Chicago Wellesley Club held its meeting on Saturday, March 18th, at the Beatrice, University of Chicago. At the business meeting the matter of a Wellesley Registry at the Fair was discussed and approved. It was suggested also that a time and place for a meeting of the Wellesley students should be appointed by those having charge of the Registry as often during the Fair season as should be thought best, that these meetings should be held somewhere in the Fair grounds, that they should be entirely informal, and that notice of their occurrence be posted in the Registry. When the entire matter of the Registry and meetings is arranged, a fuller notice will be given in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE. Music

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was furnished by Miss May Estelle Cook, '88. The remainder of the time was spent in social intercourse.

On April 3d, the following members of '89 met in the Faculty parlor for an informal reunion: Miss Mary S. Case, Carrie Field, Essie Thayer, Mary Winston, Helen Holmes, Katharine Lowe, May Banta, Flora Hidden, Clara Preston, and Caroline L. Williamson. Letters were read from the class president, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, and from a number of those whose proximity to the College had suggested a possible meeting, but who were unable to be present. The class tree was decorated with '89 colors and a call was made upon Miss Shafer.

Ethel Paton, '89, and Mary Stinson, '89, arrived home on March 23 on the "Trave" from Bremen.

Caroline L. Williamson, '89, is at College during March and April, pursuing studies for a second degree.

Mrs. Stevens, a former special student, is taking a trip to Italy.

Annie S. Woodman, '89, spent March 30th with her sister, Mrs. Paul.

Ethel Paton, '89, spent the first days of the new term at Norumbega.

Mary Hawley, '92, visited her friends at Norumbega the first week in April.

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '91, and Miss Candace Stimson, '92, sailed on the steamship "Aurania," March 10, for a two months' trip in Italy.

Miss Evelyn E. Parkes spent the winter in England. On her return to Rochester, N.Y., she visited friends in Wellesley, and Miss Marion Marsh, '80, Miss Helen Bruce, '92, and Miss Harriet E. Balch, '92, in New York, N.Y.

Miss Clara L. Bacon is Professor of Mathematics in Hedding College, Abingdon, Ill.

Miss Edna Johnson, '87–'89, is teaching in the Girls' Normal School of the Presbyterian Mission, Saltillo, Mexico.

During the past two weeks, the College Settlement at 93 Tyler Street, Boston, has enjoyed short visits from Miss Ada Wing, '86, Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, Miss Shepherd, '93, and Miss Young, instructor in Latin at Wellesley.

The friends of Mrs. Harriet Emerson Flinchliff will be especially sorry to know that the son, the notice of whose death was in our March number, was one of the twin boys in whom members of the Class of '82 have shown so much interest. The date of his birth should have been given as Jan. 2, 1892.

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College Bulletin.

April 16. Dr. W. H. Thomas of Lowell preaches in the Chapel.
April 17. Junior Social to the Freshman Class.
April 17. Concert.
April 23. Prof. E. B. Andrews of Brown University preaches in the Chapel.
April 24. Lecture on Tennyson, with Readings, by Prof. Bliss Perry of Williams College.
April 30. Prof. H. A. Frink of Amherst College preaches in the Chapel.
May 1. Concert.
May 7. Dr. William H. Willcox of Malden preaches in the Chapel.
May 8. Mr. Jacob A. Riis of New York lectures on "The Children of the Poor."
May 14. Rev. H. P. Dewey of Concord, N.H., preaches in the Chapel.
May 15. Concert.

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MISS DELIA T. SMITH, PRINCIPAL.

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Births.

In Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 28, 1893, a daughter, Helen, to Mrs. Florence Newman Pierson, Art School, '90.

In Sandusky, Ohio, March, a daughter, Florence G., to Mrs. Maryette Goodwin Macky, '87.

In Chicago, Ill., March 17, 1893, a daughter to Mrs. Sophie Bogne Huff, Spec., '86–'88.

In Worcester, Mass., March 21, 1893, a son to Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles.

Deaths.

In Worcester, Mass., March 23, 1893, William Evander, only child of Frank W. and May Sleeper Ruggles.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, MAY 13, 1893. No. 8.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE past of continental Europe throbs with life and interest for the earnest student of history. Of not less interest is the present with its preparation, with its steady development of events, far reaching in their significance and of such a nature that politicians are fearful for the final outcome. He who has watched, either personally in Europe or through papers and magazines, the progress of European politics from the fall of the French Empire to the discharge of Bismarck, has seen an important part of history unfold. Momentous events have followed one another in rapid succession: The establishment of the German Empire in 1870; the entrance of Victor Emanuel into the new capital of Italy in 1871; the calling of Prince Amadeus Aósta in 1870, and his abdication in 1873; the taking possession of the vacant throne in Spain by Alfonso XII. in 1874; and the bankruptcy

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of the Spanish finances in the same year; the death of Victor Emanuel and Humbert's accession to the throne in 1878. A great political change came when, by the death of Czar Alexander II. in 1881, the "Dreikaiserbundniss," which had been the guarantee of peace, was broken. But of even greater import was the death of the peace-loving Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, followed by the deaths of the much-beloved Emperor Friedrich and of Alfonso XII. of Spain; the tragic end of the noble Bavarian King, Ludwig II., and the suicide or murder of the Austrian crown-prince, Rudolf. Alexander von Battenberg was then elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1879, and by a conspiracy, concerted by the Russians, was dethroned in 1886. Then Prince Ferdinand von Coburg was elected to Bulgaria. The European powers only tolerated and did not recognize him — Russia strongly opposed and still opposes him. The comedy of King Milan's abdication and divorce is one of the many minor events of this teeming period; one of the greatest is the discharge of Bismarck and the deplorable fight against him. In Russia, Nihilism carried on its dark work; later, anarchism did its work of destruction in France. Worthy of mention are the great, though somewhat melo-dramatic, rise and the tragic end of Boulanger, and the almost innumerable overthrows of cabinets in France and elsewhere, not to forget the somewhat lively sessions of the French parliament.

To-day, the attention of the world is mainly directed toward the Panama scandal and the new military bill in Germany. The Panama scandal shows to the world, which looks at it with amazement, a sad picture of a never suspected corruption. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty ministers, senators, and deputies are branded as having received bribes from the Panama Company. In whom shall a nation believe, if it can not believe in its ministers, senators, and deputies? What a sad role has Charles de Lesseps, "the great Frenchman," the man to whom the whole nation, the whole world even, looked up with admiration, to play now! Did he really intend to do wrong? Surely not. He started the whole enterprise with the optimism peculiar to his nature and genius, trusting the business to the guidance of a kind star. But, in business questions, if one trusts to aught else than business-like work and dealings, the star followed will not fail to prove a will-of-the-wisp, which will lead to ruin. This is true of the Panama case, where money has been spent in a way unparalleled in the whole

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business world. The Panama Company has used the sum of fourteen hundred million francs entrusted to it — the savings of half a million workmen and peasants — and yet for really useful work only a tenth part of this money has been spent. Beside the enormous sums which have been used for bribes and traveling expenses, there remain three hundred million francs unaccounted for in the report. What has become of this money is a secret which has not been revealed and perhaps never will be. That the indignation of the French people is great is not to be wondered at. The Royalists try to use this very indignation in their favor, proclaiming that the Republic is rotten to the core, and asserting that monarchy alone can give France a strong and stable government. But their time is not yet come if, indeed, it be ever to come again. The experiences of France with the monarchical form of government have been such that she is not likely to try this form soon again.

If the present situation in France continues, one may expect something extraordinary to happen at any time, since it is a diplomatic practice of old to disregard internal troubles in seeking foreign wars. The new military bill proves that Germany wishes to be prepared for all possible events. In the higher spheres there, belief in a not distant war has been often expressed recently; but, doubtless, this danger is emphasized so much because it is hoped thus to obtain the acceptance of the military bill. This bill, however, is of the greatest interest to all Europe, because it points to the possibility or rather, probability, of a coming war, in which, as matters lie, almost all the great European powers may be involved. In introducing the new bill, Germany does not intend to seek war, but simply to be armed so strongly that there will be very little danger of attack and that, if attacked, she may be able to fight under the most favorable circumstances.

The declaration of Count Caprivi, on November 23, 1892, in the Reichstag, that Germany must look forward to the probability of a war with two fronts, and his remark that the Triple Alliance is "perhaps as popular with no other of the three nations as with Germany," prove that German statesmen are not relying on the Triple Alliance, which now takes the place of the former "Dreikaiserbundniss," but shows itself less strong and sure than the latter and is not, like it, a guarantee of peace, but only an alliance against the Russian pretensions in the Orient. It was formed because Rus-

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sia attempted to coerce Austria by way of Berlin. She even went so far as to threaten Austria with war. Bismarck then realized that it was in the interest of Germany to oppose Russia. He saw, as he said himself, that "to alienate ourselves from Austria necessarily meant that Germany would become a dependency of Russia if she did not want to be entirely isolated among the states." At the same time, he was well aware that even if Germany should, for a time, subordinate her own policy to that of Russia, she would be forced sometime to engage in war with Russia, even against her own will. It was then that, by the alliance with Austria, Germany escaped from the danger of becoming dependent on Russia and took her position of strict neutrality in the oriental question. In 1883 Italy joined the alliance because she had well-founded reasons to fear for her union and especially for her throne if she adopted a different policy. It is for this reason that the majority of Italians approved and approves the Triple Alliance. A closer relation with France can not fail to increase the republican ideas in Italy and to become thus dangerous to the monarchy itself. King Humbert knew, therefore, very well what he stood for when he declared in Berlin that the ministers in Italy may change but that the policy of the court will remain unchanged. However, Count Caprivi some time ago expressed his doubts as to the efficacy of the military aid which is to be expected from Italy. The main reason for this is probably to be sought in the financial condition of Italy, but perhaps also in the fact that there is a continual movement among the Italians which is not in favor of the Triple Alliance. This movement arises from those who desire the adoption of a policy in favor of France — perhaps in the hope that they may see Italy also become a Republic — and who, it may be, see in the distant background a Latin Republic composed of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal. The movements in Spain and Portugal already point to this very issue. Germany, after considering all these points, is therefore justified in not trusting too much in the alliance with Italy. Though it is stated by the French press that the Hungarians favor Russia more than Germany, it is unquestionably true only of certain individuals, for the Hungarians have always proved themselves politicians of great tact and foresight and are not likely to overlook the disadvantage of a Russophile policy in Austria. If Germany, then, tries to make herself strong enough to be able to take up the fight alone against two

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fronts, it does not mean that she considers the Triple Alliance superfluous, and so far neither Austria nor Italy so consider it. A war against two fronts means, of course, defense against a probable revenge-war on the part of France and a possible provocation on the part of Russia.

As before said, Germany, upon the establishment of the German-Austrian alliance, assumed the role of neutrality in the oriental question. That is, Germany decided to keep in check the Russian, and also, if necessary, the Austrian aspirations in the Balkan and Turkey, in case of a liquidation of the latter, sooner or later. The Russian aspirations in the Orient are: Bulgaria, Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, Asia Minor, and a part of Mesopotamia — which, if granted, would make Russia the most powerful and, for the independence of the other states, the most dangerous state in Europe. That Russia is little pleased with the task Germany has undertaken of opposing all too great pretentions in the Orient is easily understood. Russia, therefore, for her part, opposes Germany's role of neutrality, saying that she is not impartial but partial, both for the English interests engaged in the Orient, and for the Austrian interests in the Balkans, and for Prince Ferdinand von Coburg, ruler of Bulgaria, whom the Russians and French call an agent of Germany. Bulgaria is, indeed, a child of sorrow to Russia and France and will sometime furnish the pretext for a war with Austria and Germany. Though matters in Bulgaria are better than they ever were, the French and Russian press is kept constantly busy in commenting on and sharply criticising almost everything going on in Bulgaria. An outcry of indignation goes through French and Russian papers on account of Stambuloff's dealing with the conspirators against the government and the life of the Prince. To read the French press one might believe these conspirators were not guilty and the proofs were all falsified — because, as it is said, they say so in St. Petersburg. If it had not been proved beyond doubt that Russian agents used their influence and money against the Bulgarian government and Prince Ferdinand, one possibly might believe what the French press states as true. J. Adam expresses the French feeling concerning the Bulgarian question in saying: "Austria has not even the benefit of her Bulgarian intrigues. . . . A third thief, England, has taken possession of Bulgaria, commercially, politically, and financially. Recently she has almost officially recognized the Prince of

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Coburg, the Queen having received him as Prince of Bulgaria." With far more favor, Russia and France look upon Servia and the elections there: though disorder and passion ruled so that these elections proved, in the most literal sense, a fight for life and death, leaders of Liberals and Radicals having been killed. It is to be expected that the Radicals, who are in every way aided and protected by Russia, will be victorious. The significance of this is only understood fully when one realizes that no other state of the Balkans, not even Bulgaria, is of such importance to Russia and Austria as Servia. While Russia and France are evidently pleased with Servia, they look with anger upon Roumania, since Lord Salisbury has been to King Charles I. of Hohenzollern, as they call it, "adorable," adding in explanation that Roumania is so near Russia and that it will be, of course, useful to move all batteries against the great rival of England.

Furthermore, they comment on the fact that King Charles has just ordered one hundred and ten thousand new guns in Steyr, and they remark, "Germany prepares her friends for the offensive role she intends to play before long." It is also declared that the English marriage of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania will serve England, whose policy is now to favor the Triple Alliance. As English interests are so very deeply engaged in the Orient, she must of course be in sympathy with the Triple Alliance for the sake of her own interests.

France and Russia watch with intense interest the attitude which the new English Cabinet will take toward the Triple Aliance and the Bulgarian question. "Il Corriera di Napoli" is said to have lately published a letter from Gladstone to Mr. Schillizzi — which he wrote before he was at the head of the Cabinet. In this letter he expresses his dislike for a double or triple alliance because, as he says, "the final consequences of such cannot be pacific." Now it remains to be seen how far Gladstone will be willing to sacrifice English interests in the Orient to European peace. Germany has no business and no desire to engage unnecessarily in a war with Russia and thus, as it were, to "take the chestnuts out of the fire" for England. Germany realizes well enough that a war with Russia would cost enormous sums and, even if she were victorious, only England would have the benefit of it. If the opposite were the case, Germany would see her future freedom in danger, if not already lost. There are, it is true,

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many Chauvinistes in Germany, too, but fortunately there are other classes also who consider the question of a possible defeat because they know it is impossible to foresee all possible events, lucky or unlucky chances, etc., on either side, in case of war. Germany has an unequalled army, it is true, but the bravery of the French army also is known. German military officers, who are most competent to judge speak in the highest praise of the French army and leave it an open question how the war of '70 would have turned out if France had had a genius equal to Moltke. The Russian soldier has also been supposed not to be worth much, but the report of German officers, who had opportunities to study the matter in Russia, is different. It is said that under the minister of war, Wanowski, matters have changed considerably for the better; however, it is known of old that the Russian soldier is not only ready to die in battle but also, if necessary, to starve without complaint. The Austrian military record of 1866 is not favorable to its soldiers, but it is said that in Austria, too, the army has improved. The Italian army is good and well-disciplined, but as to its power of endurance and constancy opinions are divided. An important question, in case of war, will be that of the battle field. If it is in Germany, Germany will be devastated; if in Russia — and Russia certainly will try to have the war in winter — the climate will doubtless prove fatal to the foreign soldiers. As to the armament, each nation tries to outdo the others in preparing for a terrible war — and it will be a terrible war, a war such as the world has never seen.

That the financial question of the standing armies is a serious one must not be overlooked: it has already proved serious in Italy where the deficit amounted to $47,000,000 according to the official report but, as many well-informed judges believe, to $75,000,000. France has increased her military budget; Russia has done the same, though her financial situation is known to be anything but a brilliant one; Germany has increased her budget from $309,000,000 to $540,000,000 and, if the military bill passes, will increase it to about $700,000,000; it is said that Austria intends to increase her budget even more than she has already. In France, desperate efforts have been made to see the Russian financial condition in a rosy light, though Mr. E. de Cyan, in an article in "La Nouvelle Revue des Deux Mondes," shows that the financial reports are not only full of contradictions but also untrue. Mr.

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Witte has confessed to Mr. Sauvorine, the director of the "Nouveau Temps," that all the brilliant financial reports were not to be taken seriously, since they were "only jokes in writing; numbers being put where they were needed, now on the left and now on the right, while in reality the treasury contained not a copeck." This statement and the fact that Russia is trying again to place funds in foreign countries — about $5,000,000 of Russian funds have been already placed in France — shows that Russia will not very soon be able to engage again in war, especially as she is not yet ready with her armament. But this only delays the question, unless the continual threat of war can be utterly done away with, as it should be in this age of culture and philanthropy. Recently the question was raised as to whether it would be possible to obtain a guarantee of peace by an agreement with Russia. If peace with Russia were assured, unquestionably France, without the hope of Russian aid, would not dare to attack Germany, and would finally learn to give up her pretensions to the originally German and now once more German provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which the German chancellor lately said Germany would not give up until she had shed the last drop of blood in her veins.

The question now is whether the Triple Alliance, for the sake of the suggested peace, would be willing to leave to Russia all she desires in the Orient. Of course not. Her pretensions ought then to be limited to what she can justly demand. This would be perhaps the right to pass the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus with her fleet in every season, and to establish a port on the Ægean Sea for her war ships, since England, France, Austria, and Italy have ports there already. But the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles ought then to be made neutral and open for the entrance of all war ships into the Black Sea and, at the same time, the other great nations would have to obtain territory for war ports in the eastern parts of the Mediterranean and Black Seas. The solution of this question ought to be brought about by an international congress, which, after a careful examination of the matter, would be able to finally settle the oriental question. Then Russia and France could use all their force and means for the development of their colonies, and Germany could begin a social reform, which is certainly the burning question and one of the greatest problems of the age — an ideal task, however difficult it may be. That this arrangement would not please

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England very well is sure, because her first and last thought is to preserve her commercial supremacy, which of course would become doubtful as soon as the oriental way — which in a case of supremacy means almost the empire and riches of the world —were open to all. England, then, seeing her hopes and aspirations thus vanish, would have to reinforce her maritime force in the Ægean and Black Seas. But it seems that England need not fear matters will take that course, for there is actually no statesman in Europe capable of directing matters this way, since Bismarck is out of the question. By the way, it is amusing to see how everything that goes wrong is attributed to Bismarck's influence: there is a certain party which would even like to make the nation believe Bismarck responsible for every adverse political event. Unfortunately for them, facts belie their assertions. On the 16th of May, 1890, Caprivi declared in the Reichstag that his predecessor had left him the most favorable inheritance, as regards foreign politics. He said: "I have found circumstances which force me at present to no action, to no personal participation, because circumstances are so clear and simple that they take care of themselves." Caprivi is unquestionably an excellent soldier and an absolutely honest man, but that he is a great statesman nobody can pretend. His lack of ability is shown, if in nothing else, by the fact that under his direction the extremely valuable possessions in Africa were given away for the little island of Heligoland, so that Stanley said, in a speech in London: "England got for a button a whole suit." It has been under the régime of Caprivi that matters have ceased to be what they were; he was obliged to declare in the Reichstag, on November 23, 1892, that Germany had lost her military supremacy over Europe and that she might possibly have to undertake a war with two fronts; also, that the Triple Alliance was perhaps with none of the three nations so popular as with us. What, then, brought about these great changes? The policy of the so-called "new course" has been named the "policy of misunderstanding," and this seems justifiable when one reads one day that this or that speech of the Emperor contained this or that misunderstanding, and also that Caprivi's speech in the military commission has been entirely misunderstood. Was there ever misunderstanding when Bismarck delivered one of his powerful speeches? It was in his time only that Germany could really say: "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world"; and when the Emperor lately repeated

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the same words — Bismarck's words — they could not and did not mean what they did in Bismarck's time. And yet what reward has the great man for making Germany what it is — perhaps it would be already truer to say: "what it was"? When Bismarck went to Vienna, to the wedding of his son, the court and the diplomats there were requested not to receive him and to stay away from the wedding. The result was that the Emperor of Austria did not receive Bismarck and the diplomats, with few exceptions, kept out of his way. But his return through Germany, his sojourn in Kissingen, proved that Germans are not, after all, quite as ungrateful as the government would lead the world to believe; and although some courtiers and certain periodicals, who formerly paid servile respect to him, have found it necessary to change their tone toward Bismarck, since he is not any more in power, yet this attitude is not to be thought a true exponent of the feeling of the German nation at large. Bismarck himself said in Kissingen that he was treated as a dangerous and suspicious person, but added the very instructive lesson "It is hurtful to the book if one attacks the author."

As there is now no statesman able to control European politics as Bismarck formerly did, this continual threat of war, with the consequent necessity of keeping a large standing-army, must be at some time carried out. Hence Europe lives in the constant expectation of war. From which quarter the storm will burst can not be predicted. But it is to be expected in any case that Germany will take the defensive, not the offensive. For Russia and France to seek war may any day become a necessity on account of the domestic situation. If not before, when Turkey is forced to liquidate and the powers are obliged to make a stand for their respective claims in the Orient, war will inevitably be precipitated. It would be far better, if it can not be avoided, that it should take place in the not distant future, because the never-ceasing threat of war, with its pressure upon commerce and its absorption of public thought and energies, hinders the progress of the vital social questions — hinders the ethical development of our times.

LUISE C. M. HABERMEYER.

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SPANISH DANCING SONG.

Two and two upon the pier,
Music drifting,
Moonlight shifting,
White-capped billows near—
Dancing,
Glancing,
Two and two upon the pier!

Deft brown fingers sweep the strings,
Gladness flinging,
Sadness bringing,
Of remembered things;
Rhyming,
Chiming,
Deft brown fingers sweep the strings!

Young and old the measure keep,
Joyance taking,
Laughter waking
Nightingales asleep;
Greeting,
Fleeting,
Young and old the measure keep!

Sun must rise and dance be done;
Yet beguiling,
Weeping, smiling,
Maidens' hearts are won—
Guessing,
Blessing,
Sun must rise and dance be done!

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

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IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

IBSEN'S plays, as perhaps no other author's, bear a definite relation one to another; each play is either the foundation of a future one, or the legitimate development of a preceding. But his new play, "The Master Builder," while it has its well defined place among his works, occupies rather a unique position besides, for here Ibsen gives us his attitude toward his own creations, he interprets himself.

As yet "The Master Builder" is almost an unknown quantity on our side of the water. It has not been translated into English except as a detached scene or two has drifted into the magazines, and even the critics, for the most part, have left it distrustfully alone. But German and French translations already exist, and it has taken its place as one of the most talked of books of the European literary world.

In "The Master Builder," as is usual with Ibsen's plays, there is not much action and not much plot, while the conversation is as artistically commonplace as ever. Ibsen has far too serious purposes in view to allow of the delicacy and wit of the Shakesperian dialogue; brief and incisive, with him every word tells and none is superfluous.

To tell the story of an Ibsen play is to give the form and not the soul. His characters are always symbols, his plot but the cloak of a new phase of thought. And this was never more true than it is of "The Master Builder." And so it is that I fear to begin.

Once upon a time Solness, the master builder, looked upon the world with happy eyes. He lived in a great house whose front was dark with age, but inside it was rich with old-time treasures and bright with happiness and peace. And then Solness began to dream. His wife, his baby boys no longer contented him, and instead of the old house in the great garden, ambitious visions came to him of what he could do if the property were only his instead of Aline's, his wife; if the old house would only burn, of the smart new villas he would build, and the name the unknown young master-builder would carve for himself. And one day the fire came. Solness was guiltless except in his thoughts, and his ambitions were realized. With the opportunities given him he began to rise. He was bright and energetic and knew how to use the talents of others. In short, he became a great master builder. But he purchased his desires at a terrible price. The babies

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perished through exposure at the fire, and Aline, who had always been a cold, silent woman, became a statue, grieving ever over her children, and even more over the home of her youth and its lost treasures. And for Solness happiness was gone forever. His conscience, spurred on by his imagination, made him believe himself the cause of all the evil. Even his wealth and fame became hateful to him, for they but mocked him with his lost happiness.

Before his home had been destroyed, he had his greatest pleasure in building churches with great high towers, but when his boys were gone he built no more. Worldly prosperity was all he had to live for, his ideals were lowered, he entered the business world, and was ruled by business codes of honor, or rather dishonor. As I have said, most of his ideals were destroyed, but one was left to him, to build homes not houses for happy men and women and their little children.

Long years before sorrow had entered his life, Solness had built a church in a little village near by; and when it was finished, according to the old Norwegian custom that the master builder should be the first one to trust his life to the new building, he climbed the high tower and placed upon it a wreath of flowers, and far down below, among the village merrymakers, a little girl rejoiced in his strength and fearlessness, and in his position, high up above all other men. The builder was the greatest man in the world in her eyes. And when he came down he kissed her and promised that when he should come back, in ten years time, he would bring her a kingdom. The little girl was Hilda. Through the long years she waited and waited, and when her master builder did not come to her, she went to him. Hilda is a perfect child of nature, utterly free from the conventional trammels of society, the conventional trammels of life, but with a true and loving heart. She has deified her master builder into a king, standing perfectly fearless and joyous above the world. And she comes to demand her kingdom.

She finds a man, morbid to the verge of insanity, no longer fearless, but with a craven fear of all his younger rivals, and dead to all the joy of life. And, bitterest blow of all, she learns that since that day he has never dared trust himself to his own buildings; his nerve is entirely gone, and the height confuses him and makes his head swim.

But Hilda comes to him like a breath of his old life and fills him with

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new courage. She longs to see him her king again, and to please her he promises to place with his own hands the wreath of flowers upon the new home he has just built for himself. And then, when he comes down, he will no longer build homes for mankind, for houses are all they want; but he will build a great shining castle for Hilda, who is still fresh and unspoiled. And Hilda will give him of her joy, and in their kingdom they will find happiness together.

The new house is finished. And as the workmen assemble to celebrate the completed work, the word is passed around that the master builder, for the first time since they can remember, is going to perform the quaint old ceremony for himself. Aline tries to prevent him and shudders at his new freak. But Hilda gazes with rapt, starry eyes as he mounts higher and higher. He has reached the top at last and a great shout goes up as he flings the wreath of roses around the lofty tower; and then there is a cry of horror, the master builder has fallen, the master builder is dead.

But Hilda is happy, for she has found her king again.

As I have said, the American critics have done very little with the play as yet. Perhaps they are waiting for the Boston Ibsen societies to discuss it and give them the lead. But then, as one young woman told me, "Ibsen's no longer the thing, it's Paderewski now, you know." Poor critics, and poor Ibsen!

One critic has suggested in a tentative manner that the play is obscure, and therefore to be condemned. If it only had the clearness of Howell's "Mouse-trap," or "Mother Goose,"—I suppose he would go on to say. I wonder whether the critics of Shakespeare's day condemned "Hamlet" on the same grounds! But then, most of our critics know that "Hamlet" is great because Shakespeare wrote it, and only Ibsen wrote "The Master Builder."

And gaining courage by the sound of his own voice, much the same sort of courage that urges some men on where angels fear to tread, our little critic goes on to say that it surprises *him* that a German audience would stand such a play for a whole evening as is now on the stage of the Lessing Theatre. And then, presumably fearing the effect of the severity of his criticism on Ibsen, he generously concedes that a little of "The Master Builder" would not be bad, and that it is rather bright. Such discernment, such discrimination is astounding.

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Ibsen is not a popular author. His great ideas are developed in silence and are of the kind that penetrate men's minds but slowly, yet they penetrate surely and will at length be proclaimed from the market place. That time has already dawned for the old world. In "The Magazin fur das Literatur" for January there is an article about "The Master Builder," entitled "Ibsen's Confession." And this seems to me to be the key to the play, its true significance. With this clue the work of interpretation becomes fascinating. Ibsen is Solness and every new incident is but an added link in the chain.

The master builder leaves the church because he could not build with freedom. Is not Ibsen's one cry that of freedom for the individual soul? And did he not revolt against the spirit of authority and conventionality in the church?

And again, Solness says, after the death of his babies, "Oh, that such things should be allowed to happen here upon earth! From that day I lost them I built no more churches of my own free will." Can we not imagine the cry "Can such things be" coming from Ibsen's great heart as he looked for joy and beauty in the world, and found only wretched suffering humanity.

The master builder left the church to enter the market place. He could no longer build churches for God, but he could build homes, happy homes, for man. But the men of our day no longer wanted homes, "houses are all they care for," Solness bitterly exclaims. And what else has Ibsen been pleading for? What else does Nora demand? No longer a house, a conventional marriage, but a true home, the marriage of the soul.

Even his name, "The Master Builder," has a profound significance. Solness says, "What I know I have found out for myself. I cannot call myself an architect, for I am not a technical worker, for I have no degree." Has Ibsen taken his place in the modern world as a graduate of any school of thought? Ibsen, too, has gained his knowledge from men and women, from the world itself. He is no architect, only a master builder.

Solness when young could mount the towers of his own buildings. Once upon a time Ibsen could look with confidence from the lofty heights of his own moral creations. But, through long years of searching for truth in a false world, he also becomes discouraged, thinks of the *pillars of society* rot-

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ting and crumbling away beneath his feet, is haunted by *ghosts* of the past, and then distrusts even his own ideals. Hilda comes to Solness, hope and new courage to Ibsen. Solness dares once more to mount his own buildings and crown them with the wreath of roses. He falls, but not until he has reached the top.

Ibsen decides to do what no other poet has ever done, dares to measure himself by his own ideals. He, too, becomes heart-sick and dizzy when he thinks of the moral heights to which his own ideals point. And then the old poet, calling together his mighty strength, gives the master builder, and tells the tragedy of his life. He declares himself before mankind, for he has called them to judgment for sins of which he himself is guilty, has created ideals to whose dizzy heights he cannot mount. "He who would save his life must lose it." Ibsen, knowing his own weakness, offers himself a willing sacrifice. And what though he fail, he has vindicated his ideals, for he is willing to lose his life for them.

April 3, '93. MILDRED FEENY.

A BOTANY LESSON.

(*Not* as taught at Wellesley.)

Two by two through the straggling village
The grave professor leads his class;
Above them the April sun is shining,
And beneath their feet is the springing grass.

Out from the village and through the meadows
They follow the winding country lane;
Till they reach the woods where the first flowers blossom,
And a word disperses the merry train.

Here and there through the depths they wander,
Seeking the delicate blossoms of spring;
Singing and jesting with youth's keen pleasure,
Till the shadowy aisles with music ring.

Till their hands are full of the fragrant treasures,
And their baskets laden with shining loot;
While half unheeded the grave professor
Lectures of blossom and leaf and root.

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Brightly the brooklet gleams and glances;
The light wind ruffles the silver sheen;
And the April sun shoots its golden lances
Down through the mist of tender green.

In every tree the birds are singing,
And amid the glee of the minstrel throng
The note of the wood-dove lingers sadly,
Like the undertone of a poet's song.

What wonder if, as the shadows lengthen,
Two from the merry throng should stray!
If their talk should wander from botany's marvels
To a theme that is sweeter and stranger than they!

What wonder if whispered words are followed
By snatches of silence strangely sweet!
If her eyes should droop and her voice should falter,
As she feels the glance that she will not meet!

What wonder if, under the spreading branches,
'Neath the higher arches of heaven's own blue,
They two should enter the land enchanted—
The old, old land that is ever new.

But soon their leader recalls the wand'rers,
And his measured tones have a cordial glow,
As he speaks of what his class has accomplished,
And the grand results that their note-books show.

But little the grave professor guesses,
As he smiles approval on lad and lass
Passing home through the odorous twilight,
What lesson they learned in his botany class.

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A TASTE OF HAWAIIAN ROYALTY.

Quite a ripple of excitement ran over Wellesley one fair morning several years ago when we were told that the queen of the Sandwich Islands would visit the college that day. With eagerness we donned our whitest gowns and barely tolerated recitations, awaiting the six strokes of the great bell which should summon us to the chapel, curious as we were to see Kapiolani and her sister-in-law, the heir to the Hawaiian throne.

At last we saw Her Majesty and heard her speak. We strained our ears to catch from her lips the unfamiliar sounds of the Hawaiian; and our hearts were full of pride when a member of our faculty, Miss Lucy Andrews, stepped forward and recited a poem in the native tongue of our royal visitors. Then, I remember, we went forth, a white-robed procession of girls, winding over the lawns, to see our guests plant a tree in front of Music Hall, amid the notes of fresh girlish voices and the twittering of birds in the trees above, who doubtless wondered what it was all about. As we came in the north entrance, we found a group in the reception room, writing their autographs for the queen to carry to her island home. A great honor indeed to write in a queen's album! At last the party drove off, with good-bys and flutterings of handkerchiefs, and then, I believe, we did so prosaic a thing as to go to lunch. But memories of this day lingered in the thoughts of all, and for many days Dominic kept alive our remembrance by a marvelous bit of pastry which he concocted and named Kapiolani pudding.

Little did I dream that day of ever beholding the throne of Hawaii in its habitat, — Iolani Palace, Honolulu,— but here again have I met royal personages — a queen and a prince. I have been so fortunate as to visit the palace on occasions of a state ball, a royal reception and *luan* (or native feast), a queen's musical, and a morning lecture. I have seen the royal mausoleum, a royal funeral *cortege* and the opening of the legislature by the queen.

Personally, I have been well-treated by Liliuokalani, but I have not been able to give her my sympathy in the events of the past three months. I have seen the struggle between royal prerogative and popular right; between royal authority and constitutional precedent; between the generally corrupt, underhanded methods of a dying monarchy and the noble,

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outspoken advocacy of government reform. Liliuokalani's disregard of law and right by retaining as marshal of the kingdom a royal favorite, in defiance of public opinion; her delay in filling cabinet vacancies and her pandering to the "back-stairs palace faction" when she did appoint ministers; her advocacy of the lottery and opium bills, and her hypocrisy in kindly receiving committees of ladies who had come to plead with her to use her influence against such monstrous iniquity, and in asking their prayers, then in almost the same breath swearing to her attendants to be revenged on those *wahines;* and, finally, her revolutionary attempt to force upon the people a new constitution which was to disfranchise most of the property-owners and place more power in her own hands — all these facts, to say nothing of scandals and idolatrous practices connected with Liliuokalani's name, have made me a non-royalist. I agree with the native Hawaiian who looked at the stars and stripes floating over the Government Building, and then across at the empty, bannerless palace, and said: "It's the Queen's own fault." She is a woman, therefore let her have our pity; she is a misguided woman, therefore let her not have our support. As she deliberately chooses to follow unworthy advice when she might have the counsel of able and upright men, we can but distrust her motives and guard against her actions.

But the Wellesley girls of to-day have had a glimpse of royalty as well as we fossils of the last decade. They, too, have gazed on a flesh-and-blood princess, and the real beauty and fancied wrongs of the fair young Kaiulani have made many champion her cause. It is not *her* fault that monarchy is in disrepute. Fifty years of self-government seem to prove that the Hawaiian cannot rule himself or others. His is a warm-hearted, ignorant, improvident, pleasure-loving race, which does best when directed by strong, responsible authority. He needs education and civilization and breadth in religion, rather than the superstitious, half-heathen worship so prevalent.

It is little wonder that the revolutionists have been suspected of low motives by those away from Hawaii. The world over, there has almost always been some unworthy demagogue with selfish aims of aggrandizement who has involved his credulous followers in the snare of rebellion and then left them to make their own way out. Therefore it is not a matter of surprise that many American journals of repute condemn this attempt, and talk of "percent gospel," and "barterers," and "sugar-barons' schemes."

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Could these who condemn know the spirit and integrity of the men who have risked their lives in this movement, could they realize the sacrifice and pecuniary loss of those who went as commissioners to Washington, could they investigate the unimpeachable record of President Dole, who voluntarily resigned from the Supreme Court to further this just cause, could they see the contrasted corruption and smallness of soul in many of the royalist supporters, could they read the history of royal rule in these islands, then our cause would be upheld north and south, east and west, by Republicans and Democrats, and independent voters most of all.

The United States flag no longer floats ovor Aliiolani Hale, but there are hundreds of persons who show its colors. There is a flourishing Annexation Club of over two thousand members of all stations in life, and hundreds of them native Hawaiians. [There are only about thirty-three hundred voters on this whole island.] This club, too, has a large and enthusiastic junior contingent. The cause of annexation is ably upheld by five wide-awake papers, one of which, just born, has sprung full-panoplied into the arena of Hawaiian politics. But, best of all, the Provisional Government is grandly sustaining itself in spite of friendly criticism, open opposition, and anonymous scurrility. There could scarcely be a greater feeling of security and order than has existed in Honolulu since the memorable seventeenth of January, when the party of reform staked life and property on the cause of nineteenth century liberty for Hawaii nei.

MABLE WING CASTLE.

DOROTHY McRAIN.

MY Lady Dorothy was out in the big orchard making flower-babies. Did you ever make flower-babies? Ah, well, you can't half tell what you've missed. You just take the tiniest and whitest of the little daisy-heads to use for the faces, you know, and buttercups for the most beautiful of bonnets, while for long court trains what could be better than the velvety dusty miller? Oh, I tell you, Dorothy could do it! Cinderella was there, and Boy Blue, and little Miss Muffet, with a sash made all out of the most elegant striped grass. The big blue sky was all flecked over with

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fleecy clouds, and away off, farther than Dorothy could see, the great hills stretched away in endless white and gold, the daisies and buttercups.

The dew wasn't off the grass yet, and Dorothy's ankle-ties were just a little wet. She had no business to have been out there at all, but neither Katie nor papa knew any better. If any stranger, not knowing My Lady Dorothy, by chance asked the child where mamma was, Dorothy always answered, very gravely and sweetly, "My mamma has gone away." Ah yes, Dorothy's mamma had "gone away" forever, away from her little one, eternally away in that great heaven from which she could never come back but to which Dorothy would some time go to her.

Dorothy was papa's own Dorothy, and stern Professor McRain sometimes unbent to his little daughter in a style which would have mightily astounded the seminary boys. Dorothy thought there was nothing like papa, and in all respects endeavored to be as much like him as possible. It was only by dint of great persuasion, and the entire approval of the Professor, that My Lady Dorothy had been induced to tolerate the presence of a really, truly doll in the list of her possessions, but when once assured of her father's respect, she took Elmira Maud close into the recesses of her staunch little heart as fondly as any other little maiden would.

Elmira Maud had suffered somewhat as to her classic nose, and one sleeve of her gown hung limp and aimless, proving that My Lady Dorothy's tender mercies were not so very tender, but she occupied the seat of honor at Dorothy's right hand and all the flower-babies in the world could not have superseded her.

Over the other side of the orchard wall lay a boy and a book, or rather perhaps I should say, a book and a boy, for the book altogether had the better of it. The daisies and buttercups had no attraction for Dick Hasley; the sky might be flecked with twice the number of fleecy clouds, they could not banish from his thoughts the growing terror of expulsion which somehow kept his mother's face between him and his book. Had he been so very bad? He stopped to think. What hadn't he done? It wasn't a week since he had stuffed the cracks of the registers with sulphur, dressed up the skeleton, and fastened a miserable little calf adorned with the Professor's spectacles in the presidential chair. But the last and crowning offense which, as Professor McRain said, had not even the grace of native wit, was

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the gluing together of the leaves of the physiology chart. Professor McRain had said little but had looked volumes, and perhaps Dick's memory and conscience had helped him to understand.

He had had a last lingering wish, which was not great enough to be a hope, that he might at least retrieve himself in scholarship, and had brought his Latin books to the farthest limit of the seminary grounds, to "peg," as he would have told you, and make up for lost time. It was many a day since he had known his Latin lesson; he was almost afraid it would give McRain too great a shock.

His bicycle lay temptingly beside him, but, so far, had been resolutely resisted.

"Confound it all, why under the heavens was Cicero ever born?" he broke out, while the Seven Selected Orations described a parabolic curve and struck the orchard wall with a mocking bang.

"Yeth, Elmira Maud, why under the heaventh wath Thithero ever born?" murmured a soft voice on the other side. "Let uth conthider the quethion." This last in life-like imitation of Professor McRain's dignified mode of speech, Dick stretched his eyes wide, and actually a queer little smile crept into them. He awaited developments. Five, ten minutes, and still no sound or sign. Dick grew restless. Another five, and the developments not appearing, Dick went after them. A slight pressure of his brown hands on the top of the wall, and he was astride. There on the grass sat a tumbled lassie of perhaps three summers, with a brown mass of hair lying in little damp rings on her forehead and pushing out from under a small white cap; a crumpled white frock reaching quite to her plump feet, and Elmira Maud reclining gracefully on her head. Two wondering brown eyes looked up at him, and a clear little voice piped out, "Who beth you?" then, as if mindful of something, "Beth you Thithero?" "Certainly," said Dick, wickedly, "Cicero himself, and, as for you, you must be old McRain's little daughter. What's your name, kid?" "Dorothy," said My Lady, not at all resenting the "Kid," perhaps something in the brown face reassured her. "Come down, Thithero." Dick shook his head and laughed. Dorothy picked herself up gravely, likewise as gravely Elmira Maud, gravely came to the wall, and, still gravely, held up both dimpled hands. Cicero could not resist the appeal. Should he? She walked like Professor McRain, talked

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like Professor McRain, and, when Dick stopped to consider, yes, smiled like Professor McRain. He lifted her over the wall.

But no sooner was My Lady over, then she spurned all further advances. In nobody's lap would she sit, not she. She ran for the bicycle and with a truly scientific air, as Dick afterwards declared, began to inspect its mechanism. Dick returned to the Defence against Cataline, and clung to Elmira Maud, as being the best hold upon her little mistress. "Strange," he muttered, with a grim appreciation of his humor, "that Cicero can not translate his own orations," and he gave the already abused volume another thump. "Allow me to athitht you," said Dorothy, just as she had often heard her father, and so like him that Dick started and then smiled again at the lisp. She came gravely across to the book, and meditatively peered over Dick's shoulder. "Dorothy," said he, "don't you want to ride on that big, big wheel?" Dorothy smiled. Everything about My Lady was full of grown-up dignity which sat comically upon the childish figure. She put up both hands demurely, and again Dick felt that strong impulse to take her. He considered the matter pro and con. In the first place, it was breaking the rules to leave the seminary grounds; in the second, he had not the slightest right to take Dorothy from home, not even over the wall. Yet, expulsion was certain, why not do as he chose?

He lifted Dorothy on his arm, and mounted his bicycle. He seated her in front, and she clung tightly to his jacket. Away they spun, Dick carefully selecting the by-ways and striking out for the broad country road. Dorothy laughed and chattered, resting her little white cap trustingly against his waist-coat. Now and then, Dick, looking down at her, thought what an odd little child it had grown to be, shut up with Professor McRain. By and by he turned homeward, choosing the shadier ways, and bending his head over Dorothy to shield her from the sun. Nearer and nearer they came to the seminary, nearer and were almost there, Dick with a little repentance in his heart, Dorothy with only a great delight and an unwonted excitement glowing in her cheeks. Alas! Who was that just stepping into the path? Professor McRain! Dick gasped, a big black dog rushed in front of the wheel, Dorothy jumped in his arms, and the next moment it was all over. With the chivalry and protecting tenderness that was always in his heart, but which only his mother knew, Dick made no effort to save himself, but with a last instinctive movement lifted the little

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girl high above his head. He fell, and with him fell Dorothy, and after them the bicycle.

He lay there, the blood from a wound somewhere on his head making a little path through his hair and his two brown hands still clasping Dorothy, where unhurt and not even crying, she had dropped upon the grass. Professor McRain, looking down at him, found his first great wrath subsiding, pity and a sudden respect for the boy growing in its place. He stooped, and would have lifted Dorothy, but she clung strangely to Dick's jacket, and tried to wake him with her soft little hands. Her grave little face had grown very pale, and the big tears were rolling pitifully down her cheeks. Dick opened his eyes and smiled at her.

They lifted him and carried him straight into Dorothy's home, up, up, to a cool, sweet-scented chamber, and laid him on the bed. The doctor, a pompous, fat little man, smilingly sewed up the wound in his head, and after it all was done, still smilingly went away. The Professor came in and spoke to him. Only Dorothy came not. Dick closed his eyes and slept.

"Hasley," said Professor McRain, just at twilight, "you brought it all on yourself. It was another one of your foolish pranks. But," added he, very softly and with an odd little catch in his voice, "it might have been very much worse for my little girl, if it had not been for you. And, Hasley," said the Professor, still more softly, "we have decided, the others and I, that we can't spare you just yet at the seminary. You forget yourself too well in danger to be anything but a man." Something very hot and queer was the matter with Dick's eyes.

Dorothy came gravely in, in her little night-gown, to say good-night.

"My fweet-heart's the man in the moon," sang she. "Dorothy," said her father, lifting his eye-brows, "who in the world would teach you such a song?" "Thithero," said Dorothy, standing aloft on her tip-toes to touch the brown hand on the pillow. LILIAN B. QUINBY.

WAKING-TIME.

On the cradling boughs
Cuddled limbs arouse;
Bonny babes get up from curtained beds below;
Pinafores of green,
Caps of gayest sheen,
They'll wear for summer frolics to and fro.

ADA MAY KRECKER.

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"A CHIEL'S AMONG YOU TAKING NOTES."

IN a certain renowned college, surrounded by extensive grounds and looking out from its southern side upon a gently smiling lake, there is a long and many-alcoved library, whose elevation lies a few feet below the main hall, from which one enters it. Near the library door stands a broad-lapped bench, the exact location of which requires rather more of a detailed explanation than the Chiel at present feels disposed to enter upon. But he would say, in a general way, that it is very conspicuously situated; and that, by reason of its position, many who have visited this spot have the bench forever deeply rooted in their memories. Unscientifically speaking, its carved wooden structure holds a strong magnetic influence, which draws the wary and unwary alike to fasten themselves upon it. And not only does the bench itself possess this magnetism. All the regions round about — namely, that portion of the college building in front of a neighboring reading-room door, near the base of Diana's statue, and bordering the library entrance — attract the student multitudes and hold for them much the same relation as did the public market-place to the ancient Greeks. Here you may hear the secrets of the universe expounded, questions of the day discussed, public and private grievances rehearsed, as well as the passing gossip of the hour. Perhaps the bulletin of daily events — for if you turn round the corner by the bench, and then look directly opposite you at the blackboard across the hall, the news of the day, arranged in the form of topics, may be taken in by one swift glance — plays a part in making this place popular; but the Chiel strongly suspects the bench of being the principal actor.

Now it happened that one day, after mingling and chatting with a group assembled in the regions of the bench, the Chiel descended into the library, and threw himself into a chair at the centre table nearest the door. He opened a book with the intention of enlarging his intellectual life by delving down into the thoughts of an ancient sage; but, as distinctly audible voices were continually wafted in upon him, he finally gave up his intention, and fell into a silent soliloquy. Remorse gnawed at the marrow of his soul. "Would that I had cast my eyes down into this library, and had considered, and had restrained my tongue," he moaned in anguish. Seated at the same table were several students who evidently believed that sometimes educa-

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tion may be further advanced by using one's own eyes and ears, especially the latter, and by paying attention to what is going on around, than by applying one's self closely to books. Besides believing in such a theory, the person who sits at this table should be in a calm and uncritical state of mind, and should be willing to preserve a prudent silence about what she (in this institution the pronoun *she* is generally used instead of the more common *he*) hears.

Do not imagine that a surging crowd blockades the library door. There are rarely more than five or six persons; but, somehow, there is an impression of a crowd — possibly because the tones of those who are present commingle with the echo of the voices and footfalls of those who have just departed. Not even the presence of a cap and gown can quiet the general disturbance. It ought to be explained, perhaps, that this college does not compel students to wear the cap and gown; but about the spring of the year, the senior class, out of pure goodness, dons the bewitching attire, and the institution takes on a more scholastic air. Once in a while, these gown-capped young women themselves tarry and talk within hearing distance of the library.

The Chiel has noted that lately several of the disciples of the bench have been discussing the all-absorbing subject of class elections. This topic has not been placed upon the bulletin board on account of its extreme local nature. Although it might seem to some that the whole of North America, and even parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia ought to feel a keen interest in the subject, yet such an interest they fail to show.

Would you not like to hear some scraps of conversation which have been made public property by word of mouth? Yes? Of course the Chiel will not make use of real names.

"How are you, Melpomene? Who is your candidate for Senior Class President?"

"Well — I — don't — know, Lucinda. I think I shall wait and see who is put up, and then vote for the one who gets the majority."

"No, sir! I don't think that is the way to do at all. I think every one ought to consider the matter carefully for herself, and choose her own candidate."

"Whom have you chosen?"

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"Well, my dear, no girl seems exactly able to fill the place; but, taking everything into consideration, I think A—— B—— is the girl we want."

"Not at all! I can't bear her."

A third party now comes sauntering along and remarks, "I hear you are discussing *the* question. Q—— R—— is my candidate."

"Why, Victoria Elaine," cry both Melpomene and Lucinda. "Dreadful!"

"Well, now, please name the qualities you desire a Senior Class President to have," suggests Victoria Elaine.

Lucinda straightens up, steps forward, and volunteers: "She must make a decidedly favorable impression upon strangers. She must be dignified. She must have an interesting face, charming manners, and a good figure. She must be very scholarly, but not a dig; deep, but not tiresome; self-possessed, but not conceited. She must have a lovely character. She must be respected by the faculty, and able to conduct herself creditably with people of superior learning. She must be a brilliant conversationalist. She must give promise of making something of herself after she leaves college. She must belong to a family of high social standing. She must have great executive ability and take a personal interest in each of her classmates. She must be able to decide things for herself, and not wait for people to back her up. She must have good common sense. She must be thoroughly cultured and possess a fine personal appearance. She must be a girl who stands out as pre-eminently prominent wherever she goes. She must have high ideals. I can't think of any other necessary qualities just now."

"I should think not," rings out the voice of Melpomene. "Now please show us that kind of a girl, and I'll vote for her. The candidate you mentioned just now does not fill that ticket."

"Well, perhaps not, I don't believe any one does. I'm shocked at the great deficiency of our class."

A fourth girl, Olivia, arrives upon the scene.

"Who is *your* candidate, Olivia?"

"Well — of the girls who are up — I shall vote for C—— D——, although I am willing to vote for D—— E——; but C—— D—— is decidedly my choice. If the vote should be divided between them, and neither would stand a chance of getting it on account of a third candidate, I think that I should be willing to vote for D—— E——, if she had the majority of the two."

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"That is the way I feel," says Melpomene.
But the bell calls for thoughts about things of a different nature.

Have you ever visited the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge — in Massachusetts? Several species of the most highly developed class of the type Chordata, among whom was the Chiel, went thither about two weeks ago, to become better acquainted with the nature of their primitive ancestors. These, it is to be hoped, received due respect from their visitors; for when, in the infinite future, man shall have evolved to that stage when wisdom teeth shall have dropped out of fashion, and the present newly discovered methods of embalming have long ago passed into general use, perhaps a few of — but the rest of the thought is not pleasing.

After harnessing up their minds and driving their observations toward zoological technicalities for an hour or so, the Chiel and his friends let the reins loose for the remaining time, and enjoyed themselves in a free and easy manner. They had been previously convinced that animals think, and now speculated extensively upon their mental calibre.

The interesting facial expression of the animals was one of their most impressive qualities. Some few, to be sure, seemed of sullen and morose disposition; but most of them seemed either absorbed in deep musings and far-away reveries, or sorrowful, pained, and oppressed, perhaps, by a sense of their own finiteness. The Chiel lingered long near the monkeys. One old fellow, strong, broad-shouldered, stalwart, and bearing upon his brow the mark of the mighty gorillas, but somewhat bent with age, stood with staff in hand, and by a certain dignity compelled his more highly civilized relations to reverence him as the patriarch and counsellor of his tribe. And this was only his stuffed image!

When you visit the Museum be sure to note the tiny, tickled expression which the owls conceal behind their wise and sober visages; the happy-go-lucky air of the walruses; the tremendous majesty of the African elephant, with an inconsistent small bit of a wink in his small eyes. There are thousands of pleasant remembrances connected with that Museum; and the Chiel would presume to speak about it more at length, were the limits of time and space less inexorable.

M. K. I.

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Editorial.

SPRING is coming! Spring is here! So we have been informed for a month past by enthusiastic newspapers, and hopeful milliners and confiding poets, and so we ourselves are inclined to believe, notwithstanding certain disheartening experiences in the way of sleet and cold winds and gloomy heavens. Did we base our confidence on such fickle and transitory matters as blue skies, sunshine and bird-songs we might still be in doubt as to the approach of the season of bud and blossom, but we have a surer foundation than these for the hope that is in us; the athletic spirit, rousing from its winter's sleep, is again upon us. Boats have been brought out, carefully overhauled, and launched; crews are practising daily on the lakes; tennis courts have been marked off afresh and tennis nets put up; long tramps after botanical or entomological specimens are daily organized; and the feasibility of an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, to include at least all the woman's colleges of the East, is again a subject of discussion. All these things have been of old, but the athletic spirit has manifested itself in yet another way this spring — in the formation of a bicycle club.

Surely, of all the amusements which women have adopted within the past few years, none is so thoroughly charming as bicycling. One might easily wax as enthusiastic over it as good Izaak Walton over angling. "Truly, it is a most sweet and delectable sport, and one passing well fitted to maidens fair. For, safely seated upon their wheels, they may ride smoothly along the beauteous roads in the which the neighborhood of Wellesley doth so abound, and the while they do receive most health-giving exercise, their minds may be free to take in the scenes about them. There may they see how Dame Nature hath spread a carpet for her house of divers shades of green, and how she hath tricked it out with flowers of varied hues; yea, and since these be too delicate for the full strength of the sun, how cunningly she hath woven for them a screen of leaves and branches and running vines. Many a fair scene shall linger long in their minds, and health and refreshing for body and soul shall they gain from their pastime."

Nor do the beauty of the roads and the proximity of numerous historic localities, which can in no other way be so easily visited, furnish the only

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raison d'être of such a club; the facilities for acquiring the art are so good. Surely no other college has a school of bicycling attached, nor so many unfrequented roads and paths, where self-conscious beginners, trusted for the first time to "go out alone," may find the privacy they value so highly. Good luck to the Bicycle Club, then. May their prosperity increase as their speed, and their success be as bright as their Columbias. It is an organization which has long been needed at Wellesley, and it can hardly fail to grow continuously in numbers and favor.

PERHAPS there is no feeling more deeply rooted in the mind of the average Wellesley student than the sense that the four years of the college course offer such opportunities as she is likely never to meet again, and that it behooves her to make the most of her time. With this end in view, she conscientiously attempts to get the full benefit of every college advantage. She chooses her electives carefully, that she may avoid the Scylla of too narrow a field of effort and the Charybdis of too great diffusion of mental energy; she joins a literary society that she may get an intellectual training differing from that of other college work, and greater opportunities of social life; that her development may not be one-sided she pays due attention to her physical training, and with the praiseworthy view of attaining breadth of culture she attends lectures, receptions, concerts and readings with cheerful persistency.

And yet with all this effort there is one opportunity lying at her very door which is too often overlooked, one faculty which might so well be cultivated, but which is so often utterly neglected. How many students are able, at graduation, to speak their mother tongue fluently and correctly? How many are able, in class or society meeting, to talk well, for ever so brief a period, on the subject under discussion? to give their opinions clearly and connectedly, not wandering from the point, not hesitating and repeating themselves, but saying their say in terse, vigorous, forcible English? Some there are who can do it, and we all know how much influence they have in any discussion, but do not the majority of us, when we rise to speak without careful preparation, find ourselves hesitating, uncertain, reduced to the use

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of vague generalities or weak repetitions? Nor is it only in our attempts at semi-public speaking that our command of language fails us.

"Brethren," exclaimed the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, stopping in the midst of an involved sentence, "brethren, my verb has lost sight of its nominative, but I'm bound for the kingdom of glory all the same." Do we not often find ourselves in the same position, in our every-day intercourse? It is not only that our verbs have lost sight of their nominatives, and that our sentences are loosely constructed, and that our adverbs are thrown in at random, but too often we find ourselves quite unable to put our thoughts into words at all, and are forced to break off with an appealing "I can't say it, but you know what I mean, don't you?" or else, valiantly persisting, we lose ourselves in a mist of meaningless words.

Of course, one does not wish to speak or write "like a book," but without becoming stilted it is quite possible to speak forcibly and coherently. Every recitation might be made a drill in speaking, every class or society meeting a training in the "art of putting things." It is not worth while to dwell on the advantages of such a training. The gift of speaking is one which every one admires, for which almost every one longs, and like many another gift it is bestowed in exchange for hard and continued effort. It lies in every one's power to attain it; is it not worth its cost? When we think of what the English language is, we can hardly consider any price too great for the ability to use it well. It is so copious, so rich in possibilities of strength, of beauty, of delicacy, of exactness, that to use it ill seems little short of desecration, and we can but wonder at the blindness with which students, while striving to attain every other advantage of a college course, neglect so utterly this opportunity.

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The Free Press.

I.

VOLUNTARY CHAPEL.

The readers of college magazines for this academic year have found no one subject attracting more attention, exciting more real interest in the student body at large, than that of chapel attendance. At least two of our colleges have, through their publications, made a determined effort to become free from the rules which make the student's presence at chapel services a compulsory matter, and many other colleges, though taking no active part, have expressed their cordial sympathy with the position maintained by Yale and Amherst.

In discussing the subject with students here, it is surprising to find how great a majority are not only desirous of voluntary chapel, but are also strongly opposed to the present system. Surprising, for the question is not here made a matter of general discussion, nor has it ever been mentioned in the columns of this magazine. Nevertheless, the feeling exists, and, as I believe, is firmly rooted in the minds of a large number. This being so, the question arises, Why, then, is not something done to effect the realization of our earnest wishes? Some step taken toward gaining voluntary chapel for the ensuing year? Students meet the question by saying that the solution is not in our power, that we have nothing to do with the making of the rules which we obey. Too true! but that by no means relieves us of all responsibility in the matter, for the rules are, for the most part, in accordance with the real feeling of the college. We may not believe in the principle underlying their origin,— we may not approve of legislation without representation, — but we must agree to the wisdom of most of the laws so made. And we must also believe that the faculty of this college desire the assent of the students in the rules which they formulate, that they would consider long before they imposed a measure which they were certain would meet with decided opposition by the body for whose good, presumably, it was meant. So with existing rules, I cannot but believe that should the students unite in expressing their strong dislike of a regulation in regard both to its principle and its practice, the knowledge of such a feeling would have weight with the college legislature, would lead it at least to question the wisdom of continuing to enforce such a rule.

If this is indeed the case, and if it is true that we as a body of students earnestly desire attendance on our chapel services to be in all respects voluntary, then let

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us express ourselves to that effect. We have reasons for so desiring, — we can state them. There are objections to be urged against us, — we can answer them. In short, we can do much toward arousing public opinion, — to which, sooner or later, according to its strength, all rules conform.

It is not my intention now to advance arguments in favor of voluntary chapel. The principle on which all such arguments are based would scarcely be questioned in this country, — the principle that compulsion in matters of religion is incompatible with liberty, that compulsory attendance on religious services is, to say the least, undesirable. But I do wish to emphasize one thought, — that private grumbling is not only useless but unfair. We have no right to complain of a grievance toward the remedying of which we are unwilling to lift a hand. We can scarcely expect showers of blessings from our faculty unless we assure them that such a rain-fall would prove acceptable. It is a noticeable fact in the history of Wellesley that the great majority of reforms trace their origin, not to the students, who most feel their need, but to members of the faculty. We have fallen into the habit of thinking that whatever ought to be done, and can be done, will be done without any effort on our part. No doubt, if we wait long enough, the present system will be gradually transformed into a system of voluntary chapel. But what I would urge is that we bestir ourselves, and do all in our power to make this year the last in which attendance on chapel services shall be compulsory. Yale and Amherst have asked that all attendance on their chapel services be made voluntary; their papers have expressed in strong terms the feelings of the students. Their requests have been respected, even though not yet granted. Is there any reason why we should not follow their example?

FRANCES H. LUCAS.

II.

Last month the Free Press called upon us Wellesley girls to "wake up our sleeping patriotism," to "demand for ourselves 'an intelligent interest in the questions of the day.'" One of the "questions" mentioned in that article seems to me to demand more than a passing notice. I refer to the growing recognition of the rights of women in the body politic. It is a question which ought to be of peculiar interest to us as college women. It receives from Wellesley girls even less attention than do those questions which do not so directly affect us.

Though the reading-room is never crowded with newspaper readers, yet, occasionally, I have been obliged to wait a few minutes for my favorite paper. Never once have I needed to wait a single moment for the "Woman's Journal," although

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it alone discusses at length the questions most directly connected with women. Even the bulletin board, that great link — to many the only link — between Wellesley and the political and business world, passes these questions by.

Few girls, perhaps, could give a clear and comprehensive history of the recent Belgian revolution, but fewer still are they who could give the history of certain significant acts lately passed by the legislatures of various States — acts which are the forerunners of the coming revolution in the political status of women. Even conservative old Kentucky has been stirred by the spirit of that revolution, and has granted to married women the power to control their own property. The New York legislature, without one dissenting voice, has voted to make the legal power of a mother over her children equal to that of the father.

These are signs, but in the West, that centre of freedom and progress, there are not signs only, but the revolution has begun. Wyoming, with her more than twenty years of experience of full woman suffrage, has sent to the legislature of every State and to the legislative bodies of all the countries of the civilized world, a plea for woman suffrage, a plea based on her own experience. The legislatures of Kansas and Colorado have voted in favor of full suffrage for women. At the next elections the voters will act upon the question of so amending the State constitutions. Bills for full woman suffrage passed the New Mexico and Nebraska Houses, the Minnesota and Michigan Senates. The Nebraska Senate rejected the bill by but two votes, the Michigan House by but one, and in Michigan the question will come up for reconsideration. The Arkansas Senate has voted for school suffrage, the Illinois Senate for township suffrage. In California, school suffrage passed the legislature, though vetoed by the governor.

New England, with her traditions as rockbound as her coasts, has felt at least a thrill. Municipal suffrage for women passed the Vermont House, failed in both the Maine and Massachusetts Houses by only nine votes. Nor is Canada lagging in the march. Both Nova Scotia and Ontario have passed to their third reading bills granting full suffrage to women.

These facts are significant. It is not too much to say that the last year has seen more progress in the cause of woman suffrage than has been made during all the previous years since the movement began. Am I not right in saying that a revolution is at hand? In view of this, shall we Wellesley girls look on with calm indifference, ignore these signs, or even worse, be ignorant of the facts? It is to the college women that the world will look in the next generation for women's leaders. Let us at Wellesley, then, not only "demand for ourselves 'an intelligent interest in the questions of the day,'" but, to quote again from the constitu-

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tion of the Agora, let us be ready "to take an active and responsible position on all such questions." Let us keep step with our fellow women outside these college walls in their forward movement.

'94.

III.

Miss Calkins wishes to express, through the columns of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, her sincere appreciation of the kindness with which her persistent questions about Colored Hearing and Forms have been answered. Miss Calkins has realized painfully how troublesome she has been with her circulars, notes and interviews, and is very grateful for the accuracy and the promptness of the replies, and for the cordiality with which the assistance has been given.

Exchanges.

The Board of Editors could not but give a gasp at its first glimpse of the exchange table piled with college publications — daily, weekly and monthly. But consternation has changed to pleasure as we have begun to gain personal acquaintance with these representatives of our brother and sister colleges.

The "Nassau Lit." gives an impression of strength, earnestness and enthusiasm in the literary life of its college. The March number contains mostly fiction. The "Story of a Life" is especially strong in its intense pathos.

The leading prose article of the "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" is a defense of the newspaper man, among whose chief characteristics are mentioned "the habit of telling the truth" and the desire to do justice to "humanity in general." "Another Field for College Men" is a suggestive article on the importance of the study of Social Science.

The "Wake Forest Student" is an exception to the usual college publication, in that it shows throughout a wide-awake interest in public questions.

We welcome "The Integral" of the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, to our exchange list. Its leading article is "The Development of Scientific Schools."

"Our Magazine" of the North London Collegiate School for Girls gives an interesting glimpse of "A Fresher's Life at Girton." The entire magazine, from its editorials to its "ads.," will prove of interest to an American reader.

One of the best of our exchanges for March is the "Southern Collegian." It is well seasoned with the spice of variety, and its pictures form only one of its

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many attractions. The veil is lifted from a strange bit of history in the story of the life and tragic death of "The Last Prince of the Welsh." The selections in "The Bard of the Dimboritza" haunt us with their subtle, eery strangeness, and we long to know more of the Roumanian people, so filled with the sense of "the wide, incurable sadness of life."

From the verse of the month we quote the following as suggestive of the springtime: —

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Throughout the days when winter's hand
  Holds all the earth in keeping,
In mossy beds beneath the snow
  Arbutus-buds lie sleeping.

When April comes,— in haste to fling
  Aside the snowy wrapping,
And find, each in its blanket snug,
  These baby buds a-napping,—

With loving touch and soft caress
  She'll wake them from their slumber;
And pink and white, each little face
  Will smile in baby wonder. —THE MT. HOLYOKE.

The March exchanges contain much *verse*. The one *poem* is found in the "Nassau Lit." "The Last Immortals" should be read in its entirety.

THE LAST IMMORTALS.

III.

A woman's wealth of wayward hair,
Caressed by every wandering air —
Something of sweetness, like breath of hay —
Something of softness, like dusk of day.

A woman's eyes — not deeply dark,
Not making of life their target mark,
Simply a sky-like depth of blue,
Unclouded, clear — above all, true.

A woman's voice — a voice that thrills
Like the liquid tune of brook-girt hills;
And yet unlike, for there is no sound
Like this the whole wide world around.

A woman's heart,— not tinsel gold,
Gold is too poor, too hard and cold;
But mirrored in voice, and eyes, and hair,—
The essence of all that makes her fair.

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IV.

It is left to us still,
Though the years work their will,
And have wasted in truth
Their chivalrous youth,
The heart of a woman inspires us still!

April brings the annual blossoming of new editorial boards. Of course, they all "put their best foot forward" for the first issue, and the result is a number of very readable exchanges.

The "Yale Lit." is an especially good number; particularly the Portfolio, the junior prize oration on "Burke and Gladstone as Philosophical Statesmen," and a sympathetic account of the "Life Work of Dorothy Wordsworth."

The "Wesleyan Argus" and the "Wesleyan Lit." both notice the establishment of Phi Sigma's new chapter at Middletown. The "Argus" gives quite a long account, not only of the infant Beta Chapter, but also of the work of the Wellesley Society.

The "Tuftonian" announces the new and very liberal curriculum which Tufts College offers next year. It also states that twenty-five young ladies are expected to enter Tufts next fall.

World's Fair exhibits are described by the various college journals. There seems to be a great similarity in them all.

The "Yale Courant" has begun what promises to be a very interesting series of short and informal articles on subjects connected with college life, contributed by prominent professors and graduates of the university. Professor McLaughlin has opened the series with a most timely and helpful "Word about College Journalism."

The senior class at Brown have voted to use no wine or any form of liquor at the senior class supper.

The Wellesley world will be interested in a decidedly warm defense of the college woman by a graduate of Barnard, which appears in the "Columbia Literary Monthly" for April.

CLIPPINGS.

NOT BACHELORS.

When a man from Columbia takes his degree,
To his name he affixes the title A. B.
When our sister co-eds pass their final exams.,
Do they henceforth, I wonder, become A. *O-Ms*?

R. L.
— COLUMBIA LIT.

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MASQUERADE.

Two souls masked under faces met one day;
  Beneath the masks each saw the other's eyes.
Together from the dancing throng away
  They drew, with strange, new joy and sweet surprise.
Then, filled with longing vague, and swift unrest—
  "Unmask! Show me thy very self!" said one.
The other wept: "Alas, the bitter jest!
  Thou know'st I may not till the dance is done."

K. Warren, '89.
—VASSAR MISCELLANY.

TO THE WEST WIND.

Wind of the glowing west,
  Chanting thine evensong to tired day,
Blow fair and free across the mountains' crest,
  Waft dream-thoughts from the cloudland far away,
Where cliffs and woods blend in the evening's gold
In glories manifold.

Voice of the dying light,
  Banish the tangled mist from out my brain,
And ever singing in thy dewy flight
  With sweetest touch of restful night, again
Weave prophecies of still more glorious day,
And bring me peace, I pray.

B.
—BROWN MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

How often, in the silent hours of thought,
  When brooding doubts upon the spirit lie,
Some peal of nobler harmony is caught—
  A far-off echo from eternity.
Upon our ear it rings with sudden thrill
  Of new-born ecstasy and pure delight;
And hope, our inmost longings to fulfil,
  The beauteous music hastens to invite.
Yet as we try to captive hold the strain
  Forever, faint and fainter still it grows,
Till, like the tropic twilight's narrow reign,
  It vanishes as quickly as it rose.
Oh, heavenly message! with us longer stay,
  Nor wing thy restless flight so soon away.

—COLUMBIA LIT.

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Book Reviews.

SMALL TALK ABOUT BUSINESS. By A. E. Rice. A Banker's Business Hints for Men and Women. Published by the Fremont Publishing Company, Fremont, Ohio. 60 pages. Paper, 40 cents. Cloth, 75 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid. Index circulars free.

Books upon business topics are common enough, but we have seen none so practically helpful to all classes as this. It appeals to the old, middle-aged and young, telling them just what they want to know concerning every-day business affairs. It is receiving high commendation from many prominent men, and is a book that should be in the hands of every man and woman. The book has a pretty appearance — a gem of the printer's art.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From D. C. Heath & Co.:

L'Expedition de la Jeune Hardie, by Jules Verne; edited by W. S. Lyon.
Une Adventure du Célèbre Pierrot, by Alfred Assolaut; edited by R. E. Pain.
Les Enfants Patriotes, by G. Bruno; edited by W. S. Lyon.
Histoire d'un Paysan, by Erckmann-Chatrian; edited by W. S. Lyon.
Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française, by Professor Delphine Duval, of Smith College. (To be issued this month.)

College Notes.

The June number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE will be delayed in order that it may contain the news of the last weeks of the college year. It will be sent to those subscribers who have left the college.

The Wellesley College Bicycle Club has been recently organized with the following officers: Mary McPherson, '93, president; Mabel Davison, '95, vice-president; Laura Mattoon, '94, secretary and treasurer; Professor Wenckebach, captain; Gertrude Angell, '94, first lieutenant; Mary Tooker, '93, second lieutenant; Dominick Duckett, business manager.

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The officers of the Club of '97 are: Denison Wilt, chairman; Grace Bean, secretary and treasurer; Emory Tompkins, historian; Grace Ball, factotum; Minnie Miller, Minette Butterfield, Denison Wilt, executive committee.

At a meeting of the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlement Association, the following officers were elected: Helen Kelsey, '95, president; Edith Crapo, '94, Helen James, '95, vice-presidents; Alice Kellogg, '94, secretary.

On Monday evening, April 17, Ernst Perabo, pianist, and Mr. Listemann, violinist, gave a concert in the chapel, assisted by Miss Priscilla White, soprano, and Miss Fanny Berry, accompanist. Selections from Beethoven, Handel, Chopin and Liszt were included in the programme.

The class in mineralogy recently enjoyed a visit to the Natural History Rooms, Boston; they also spent a few moments at the Institute of Technology, where they were permitted to examine some of the rarer mineralogical specimens.

The '94 "Half Shell" has already encountered two rivals in the shape of the Sophomore boat and the new one lately purchased by Miss Hill. All three of the boats are notable for their length and are furnished with sliding seats.

Miss May Lemer, '93, and Miss Bancroft, '92, spent Sunday, April 30, at the college.

The lecture on Tennyson, delivered Monday evening, April 24, by Prof. Bliss Perry of Williams College, was highly appreciated, especially by literature students. Various readings illustrative of the poetic imagination were given from the later poems of Tennyson.

The junior reception to the class of '96 took place Monday afternoon, April 17, in the gymnasium. After presentation to the '94 president, the guests were seated, and an entertainment in the form of an operetta, entitled the "Rebellion of the Daisies," was furnished for their amusement. Later came dancing and refreshments.

Monday afternoon, April 24, the zoölogy class visited the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge.

It has finally been decided that the class of '95 shall be permitted to come under the new curriculum, but owing to the fact that their work in Bible has been heretofore entirely upon the Old Testament, a course of two periods a week is required in that study for next year.

Crew songs are already being practised for the Float.

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On Monday afternoon, May 1st, the members of the faculty gave a reception to the class of '93 in the Art Building. A number of outside guests were present.

The concert for the evening of May 1 was given by the Beacon Male Quartette of Boston. As usual, they received a hearty welcome.

On Saturday evening, April 29, in the Faculty Parlor, Miss Hart gave a delightful reception to her freshman rhetoric classes.

Thursday evening, May 4, Prof. Henry Drummond gave a very interesting talk in the college chapel. An unusually large audience was present.

A very pretty affair was the "At Home" given by Miss Trebein, Miss Dennis and Miss Simms in the gymnasium, May 8. Dancing began at about three and lasted until after five. Upon a table near the entrance stood great masses of pink and white roses, and each guest, on taking her leave, received one as a charming souvenir of a charming occasion.

The Art Society gave a delightful reception on May 8th, in the Farnsworth Art Building.

On Monday evening, May 8, our hearts were made to burn within us by Mr. Riis' lecture, "The Children of the Poor." Stereopticon views helped to portray, as mere words cannot, both the darkest and the brightest side of the New York slums.

The class of '96 held its first social on the evening of May 6th. The ingenuity of the girls was tested in their guessing the titles of books suggested by simple devices.

Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '94, has been visiting her sister Helen at the college.

Sunday evening, May 7, Miss Gregg, city missionary of New York for the Wellesley College Christian Association, gave a very interesting talk, in the college chapel concerning her work. A full attendance testified to the interest of the students.

A formal christening of the sophomore boat took place Friday evening, May 5. The name chosen is "Soangataha," meaning "brave-hearted." A large audience gathered to witness the ceremony, but it is feared that a slight misunderstanding prevented some of the college members from being present. A senior was heard anxiously inquiring if the christening was to take place in the gymnasium.

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LAUNCHING SONG.

(Sung at the launching of '95's new boat.)

I.

Hail to our fair Soangataha!
Hail to Lake Waban so blue!
Waves sparkle bright,
In silvery light,
Hail to our brave-hearted crew!

CHORUS.

Hail, hail, speed from the shore!
Blithe Soangataha,
Lithe Soangataha;
Sail, sail, with glistening oar,
Joyously float evermore!

II.

Waban is kissing a welcome,
Cloudlets are stooping to see,
Trees gently sway,
Th'wind stops his play,
All give their welcome to thee.

CHO.

III.

Long life to thee, Soangataha!
Blest be each voyage that you make!
Swiftly fly on,
Strong-hearted one,
Dancing across our bright lake.

CHO.

MARY C. ADAMS, '95.

On the afternoon of Monday, May 1, in the gymnasium, the Wabanites gave a charming May-day party, over which their gracious May-queen presided. The beautiful May-pole dance, so skilfully executed, was a picturesque feature of the occasion.

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Society Notes.

The Shakespeare Society held its regular meeting in the Art Library on Saturday evening, April 29. The following was the

Programme.

A Study of the Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Shakespeare News . . . . . Gertrude Wilson
The Relation of the Play to Shakespeare's Other Works . Elizabeth Hardee
Dramatic Structure of the Play . . . . . Mabel Shuttleworth
Dramatic Representation.

Midsummer-Night's Dream. Act V. Scene I.

Pyramus . . . . Caroline Newman
Thisbe . . . . . Alice Hamlin
Moonshine . . . . . Helen Stahr
Wall . . . . . Katharine Lord
Lion . . . . . Mabel Shuttleworth

A Study of the Lyrics . . . . . Louise Pope
A Study of the Fairies . . . . . Mabel Wells
Comparison of Puck and Ariel . . . . . Alice Hunt
Sketches of the principal characters with general discussion of each.

At the meeting of the Phi Sigma, April 15th, the subject for discussion was Dramatic Monologues Treating of Love.

Programme.

1. Studies from the Love Monologues . . . . . Lucy Hartwell
2. Sequence of Lyrical Monologues, "James Lee's Wife," Susan D. Huntington
3. Browning's Conception of Love . . . . Mary E. Dillingham
4. Evolution of the Dramatic Monologue in Browning's Poetry, Katharine Lee Bates

At the meeting of Phi Sigma, April 22, dramatic monologues treating of religion were discussed.

1. The Religious Teaching of Browning as Found in "The Death in the Desert" . . . . . Clara Count
2. "Saul." A Presentation . . . . . Helen Foss
3. Browning's View of life as Expressed in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Elinor F. Ruddle
4. Song . . . . . Helen Foss
5. "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." A study . . Mary H. Holmes
6. Song . . . . . Caroline Hough

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The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on May 6, when the following programme was presented: —

Boston Followers of Pythagoras and Phidias.

Music: Country Dance by Nevins, ... Gertrude Bigelow, '93
Winifred Augsbury, '95
Bits from the History of the Musical Societies . . Gertrude Bigelow, '93
Boston Art and Artists in Painting and Sculpture . . Grace L. Addeman, '95
Is a Good Musical Education Possible in America? Boston's Answer,
Elizabeth M. Wood, '94
Music . . . . . Alethea Ledyard, '95
The Architectural Transition from Puritan Primness to Modern Attractiveness . . . . . Marion N. Wilcox '93

Miss Ada L. Joslin and Miss Elizabeth Blakeslee, '91, were present at this meeting.

The regular meeting of the Agora was held Saturday evening, April 15. The topic for the evening was "Communism," the first form of "Socialism," the subject of study for the term. The following was the programme:

Extemporaneous Speeches on Current Events.

Recent Western Elections; their bearing on Woman's Suffrage,
Mary Young, '95
Recent Railway Decisions; their significance . . . Ora Slater, '94
Anna K. Peterson, '94
Communism: an Attack on the Present System . . Stella M. Osgood, '94
Fourier and French Communism . . . . . Lida A. Bateman, '94
Owen and English Communism . . . . . Louise McNair, Sp.
Communism in the United States . . . . . Bertha C. Jackson, '94
Discussion: Causes for the Failure of all Communistic Schemes.
Leaders, { Julia P. Burgess, '94 / Clarissa Bensen, '94

Miss Katharine Coman was received into the society. Miss Mary Whiton Calkins has recently become a member of the society.

On April 29, in the Art Gallery, Mr. Stetson entertained the society and its guests with an account of his trip to Norway. Extracts were read from Mr. Stetson's journal, and illustrated by photographs and articles of native manufacture.

The members of the society in Norumbega received the society on Saturday afternoon, April 29, to meet Mr. Stetson.

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A regular meeting of the Art Society was held April 8th.

Programme.

Modern French Sculpture.

Paper: Classic French Sculpture and its Disciples . . . Miss Pressey
Paper: Antoine Barye; his work and influence . . . . Miss Pond

Illustrations.

Art News . . . . . Miss Welsh
Discussion: Comparison of the French and Greek Treatment of Mythological Subjects Leaders, { Miss Perry / Miss Winton

Alumnae Notes.

The Wellesley Club of New York held its last meeting before the summer at the home of Miss M. Louise Brown, on Saturday afternoon, April 29. A most cordial spirit characterized the meeting. The successes and failures of the year past were discussed, and some new plans adopted for the coming year. The following officers were elected for the year 1893-94: President, Mary A. Edwards; vice-president, Harriet F. Husted; secretary, M. Louise Brown; treasurer, Helen Pierce. Executive committee: chairman, Sarah J. McNary; M. Augusta Johnson, Candace Stimson. It is the earnest wish of the New York club that all Wellesley girls in or near New York, not already members, will send their names to the secretary, Miss M. Louise Brown, 1 West 81st street.

Mrs. Josephine Newton, '90-'92, spent the first days of May at the college, on her way to Chicago.

The marriage of Miss Mary Emily Cobb, '88-'90, to Mr. John Crosser of Buffalo, N. Y., has been announced for May 18, 1893.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Marion Frances Parker, '91, to Mr. William Andrew Perrin of Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Jane McArthur, '92, after an extended trip through New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, is soon to visit friends at the college.

Miss Roberta Allen, who since February has been visiting in Newark, Baltimore and Washington, is now with friends at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The meeting of the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, held April 22, was devoted to studies in sociological work. The following pro-

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gramme was presented: LePlay's Family Monographs, Miss Emily G. Balch; The Andover House, Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn; The Salvation Army, Miss Amelia L. Owen. Among those present were Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, '81; Miss Florence Bigelow, '84; Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84; Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86; Miss Retta Winslow, '88; Miss Martha Goddard, '92; Miss Geraldine Longley, '92; and Miss Maude Keller, '92.

On May 4 the members of '90, who were in the vicinity of the college, met for an informal reunion with their honorary member, Prof. Henry Drummond. The following members of the class were present: Miss Mabel Curtiss, Miss Carol Dresser, Miss Ruth S. Damon, Miss Rosa Dean, Miss Lena Brown, Miss Charlotte Greenbank, Miss Ida Wallace, Miss Mary Fitch, Miss Anne Bosworth, Miss Annie Smith, Miss May Hamilton and Miss Mary Barrows.

At the reception given by the faculty on May 1st, the following among the alumnæ were present: Miss Laura Parker, '87; Mrs. Alice Vaut George, '87; Miss May Gilman, '88; Miss Mary Sawyer, '88; Miss Essie Thayer, '89; Miss Clara Mowry, '89; Miss Caroline Williamson, '89; Miss Josephine Thayer, '92.

Mrs. Mabel Nevins Mather, '87, has moved to Cambridge.

Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, '87, is visiting her former home in Cambridge.

Miss Edith True, '87, and Miss Mary Stewart, '84-'88, spent the afternoon of April 29 at the college.

Mrs. Mary Walker Porter's ('89) address is now 418 Henny street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or 29 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Miss Louise H. R. Grieves, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, expects to finish the medical course at the Women's Medical College this month.

Miss Hester Nichols, '84, is lady principal at Nichols' Academy, Dudley, Mass.

It is announced that Miss Gelston, a former teacher of Greek at Wellesley, is to be married in September.

Miss Mira Jacobus, formerly of '92, is teaching a few hours a day in the public schools of East Los Angeles, Cal.

Harriet Pierce, '88, is studying at the college during the spring term.

Leona Lebus, '89, is teaching in the Los Angeles High School.

Miss Harriet Lathrop Merrow, '86, is at college expecting to take her Master's degree in June. She has studied cryptogamic botany at Michigan University, and under Prof. Seymour of Harvard.

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College Bulletin.

May 14. Rev. H. P. Dewey of Concord, N. H., preaches in the chapel.
May 15. Concert.
May 21. Dr. William H. Willcox of Malden preaches in the chapel.
May 22. Junior Temperance Debate.
May 29. Glee Club Concert.
June 4. Dr. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge preaches in the chapel.
June 5. Concert.
June 6. Examinations begin.
June 11. G. B. Willcox of Chicago Theological Seminary preaches in the chapel.

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MISS DELIA T. SMITH, PRINCIPAL.

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Births.

Born, March 4, 1893, a son to Mrs. Christabel Lee Safford, '88.
Born April 22, 1883, a daughter, Calma, to Mrs. Nellie Wright Howe, '84.

Deaths.

In Boston, April 3, 1893, Helen E. Clay, sister of Blanch L. Clay, '92.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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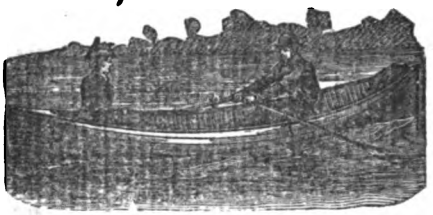

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The Wellesley Magazine.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY, JUNE 24, 1893. No. 9.

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OPENING ADDRESS.

Tree-day, '93.

TRUE to his custom, Father Time has completed another cycle, tossed it to the garner of the past, and brought us to an anniversary that confers upon the daughters of Wellesley a triple benefaction.

To-day, an ear pressed close to our hearts may hear the lingering vibrations of chords touched in the past—the music of gladness and the voices of friendship of other days.

To-day, we joyously hold the hand of the present, and receive from it a wealth of smiles and caresses, while Nature, in full festival, tells us again the story that there is no death, and that our own lives may burst forth in beauty and sublimity from every winter of cloud and storm that may close in upon them.

To-day throws into our lives memories that will grow more precious as

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the years gather behind us; memories that will restore to us, in our diverging paths, the sweet and friendly faces into which we now gaze. Herein is the trinity of beatitudes that Tree-day bestows.

To you, our treasured friends, our benefactor, Mrs. Durant, our president, our faculty, our fellow-students, we have already in our hearts given an affectionate welcome to our Tree-day exercises. The presence of some of you, our faculty, is like the children gathering again at the old fireside to live over in sympathy the joys that are gone. Your gladness of countenance tells that out in the fields of the world there are flowers and radiance. From this sweet assurance we draw new hope for ourselves.

To you, who have led us in our mental march, who have given us joy along with instruction, we can utter no more than the promise of endeavor to make the future a compensating reflection of the wisdom we have gained from you.

To those of our friends who tarry awhile longer in these halls of opportunity, we turn again. We beg to be remembered for whatever of good we have done; to be forgotten only wherein we have failed or erred. Heaven grant that we leave some remembrance of example, some sweet fragrance of character which may inspire those who take our place to nobler striving than ours has been. If we leave you nothing else, we bequeath sincere good wishes, with the hope that they may prove magnets of power and of success to those who receive them.

And now, classmates, we who at no distant day go from Wellesley—perchance some of us, all of us, go out to "the trivial round, the common task." Let us even there endeavor to make life a beautiful symphony rather than a grave catastrophe. Let us resolve to-day, not only to "know the good," but to do the good. Let us resolve not to wait to turn saints until the the world has offended or disappointed us. But, if the world have any propositions to make to us, which call for circles of gold and white robes in the end, let us consider well before we leap, lest Wellesley be charged with giving to the world those who play the fool.

It has been said that all those who build a house or plant a tree have already achieved largely of life's success. We, then, who have committed to earth's bosom a child, to be nourished in memory of our love and gratitude, hope this child will grow into graceful proportions, as a symbol of our own possibilities

EMILY HOWARD FOLEY.

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ADDRESS TO THE SENIORS.

"The future I may face, now I have proved the past."

'MIDST the din and confusion of our hurrying life-work there come to us opportunities, rare, it is true, but all the more precious, when we can rest for an instant from the turmoil about us, and pause to look back upon the path already traversed, as well as forward along the way that lies before. To-day we have reached one of these little ledges of time, and, as we tarry here, two broad vistas open up; the one receding far into regions left behind, the other stretching onward, ever broadening before our vision, glorified by the light that shines through the mist-enveloped future, and bids us follow on.

But, though the future allures us with its "mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going," yet the past, with its "hints and prophecies of things to be," claims a share, at least, of our thought. For the past was future once; only the brief moment of the present divides the one from the other. Divides? Nay, rather like cement, which shall endure throughout all time, it *unites* them with a strength that shall never fail, till all three, past, present and future, shall blend in one and merge themselves into timeless eternity.

Would we see, then, more clearly the way before, let us carefully review the path that lies behind, knowing that upon the foundation of the past the present is laid, and above the corner-stone of the present is reared the structure of the future.

That force is never lost is a law supreme, not only in the material world, but equally potent in the world of human life. Whatever has been, is; whatever is, shall be; or, in the words of our poet: "There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before." Every effort put forth in behalf of humanity, to further the good of mankind, is immortal. Transmuted, converted, it may be,—so much so, that it needs the eye of the Divine to discern its continued existence; but the truth remains, that its influence shall be felt through time and through eternity.

But what can we forecast of the future from a study of the past?

Glancing down the epochs of history, one is struck with the recurrence of similar events and periods. Time repeats itself; over and over again are met the same influences, the same tendencies, and apparently the same re-

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sults. Examine, one after another, the various realms of civilization, — the realms of art, of literature, of science, and above and over all, the realm of life; in each do we notice this repetition, this recurrence.

Take science, for example. Here we find, first an age of discovery and investigation, an age in which scientists are absorbed in searching out the inmost secrets of nature, and intent on disclosing them to the world. Then comes the age of verification and application; the object of the search has been attained. Now, all are engaged in testing the validity of their conclusions, and applying their theories to practical purposes. After this, what follows? The knowledge already gained is but a stepping-stone to heights yet unexplored, is but an incentive to further search; again the spirit of investigation animates the world of science. Thus has its course swung round into a period in character the same as before, in *character* the same, but in achievement quite different. The circular movement of scientific progress is like the spiral, each of whose cycles is but a higher development of those already completed.

Turning to the realm of literature, we find that its progress, in turn, illustrates the same principle; in this branch of human culture, we also discern the spiral movement. In literature, the cycle begins with the creative period, a period when men seem endowed with new insight, and inspired by fresh enthusiasm. Perfect freedom and spontaneity characterize the style of the period, while the thought is potent for its truth and originality. As this burst of creative genius spends itself, it is followed by a new epoch, an age of criticism. *Now*, the work of the previous period is subjected to the keenest scrutiny, and under the critic's microscope must stand the test of analysis.

In this realm a period of criticism is absolutely essential to growth. It acts as a fertilizing agent, causing a fresh awakening of sleeping powers. Thus another creative age is introduced, and with it the beginning of a new cycle. Such a movement we see in the centuries just passed. The revival of learning of the sixteenth century aroused creative genius. The seventeenth and eighteenth marked a critical and transitional period, while in the present century we are gradually returning to a creative age.

But how is it in the realm of art? Can we apply the same principle here? In point of creative genius the height which was reached by the old

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Italian masters has never been, and perhaps will never be, surpassed. The lofty aspiration of Raphael, the mighty grandeur of Michael Angelo, define the high-water mark of creative art. There is, however, in the artistic realm, another element than the creative, viz.: the scientific, or technical, and it is along this line that the advance has been made. As creative power furnishes the conceptions which are to materialize into forms of beauty, so technical knowledge enables the artist to work out in perfection of detail the idea he has in mind.

May we not say, then, of these various realms, that they are advancing, not in such a manner as to leave behind all that has been of value in previous epochs, but rather compare their progress to the spiral composed of different cycles, alike in character, yet essentially varying in achievement. Thus the attainments of one cycle form the foundation of those of the next; in the following cycle the new thought introduced, the new influence brought to bear, serve simply to recombine in different proportions the material gathered in the past.

Let us now seek its application in the realm of life, — to humanity. Mankind is advancing, from century to century, towards the fulfilment of its promises, towards the realization of its ideals. In the cycle through which it has passed are two stages. The first marks the epoch in which humanity is considered only as a whole. The individual, as an individual, counts as nothing. Only as he is a constituent of humanity in general is he recognized. Under such a state of affairs there could be little progress, for it is in the development of the parts that the whole grows to fuller and nobler proportions. The transition occurred; then came the movement towards individualism, as illustrated in the seventeenth century. Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, and, as formerly all had been in the interests of the general, to the exclusion of the individual, so now, all tends towards furthering individual interests to the exclusion of those of the general. Each man, impressed with his own individuality, is bent upon maintaining his own liberty, upon asserting his own rights. Thus has humanity passed through two stages. Its path has taken it from the general to the individual, and now it has again swung round to the general, unlike the former, however, for in the light of the past, it is seeking the development of the general only by means of the perfect development of the

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individual. Both are working towards complete harmony, and, as men singly work out their salvation, not at the expense of, but in sympathy with one another, so the organic whole rises from height to height. Like the march of an army must be the advance of humanity. Only as each soldier obeys the commands of his general, only as each man steps to the time of the music, can the mighty column gain higher ground.

This is the point which mankind has reached to-day. The spirit of fraternity, of fellowship, the feeling that we are all members of one and the same whole, is inspiring the world. Sects, races, nationalities are mingling and blending into a grand and harmonious union, which is gradually working towards perfection.

Fellow classmates, as we stand upon the confines of the century just passed, facing the unknown and unexplored realms of the twentieth century, we pause to consider the possibilities of the epoch we are entering. The cycles of the past have done their work. Upward, still upward, have they forced the spirals of civilization, and upon the present generation devolves the exertion of raising it to a still greater height. Oh, the debts we owe to the workers in the past who have consecrated both mind and heart to teaching us the possibilities that lie within us! Shall we not be as generous in our limited circle of opportunities in doing our share?

We cannot over-estimate the importance of college men and women as a factor in our social, political and intellectual world. It is a factor whose value is increasing yearly, whose influence is spreading itself more and more into all branches of human progress.

To a college woman, how many doors fly open that to another may remain forever closed! How many opportunities present themselves of which another does not dream! The world is all gates, all opportunities, all strings of tension waiting to be struck. Ah! do we realize our position as college graduates? Without a full recognition of our powers and responsibilities, our noblest possibilities will never be fulfilled. "Know thyself!" Self-knowledge is, in very truth, the secret of achievement. Why is it that this century has gained the height upon which it rests, unless it be because of the spirit of self-examination which so permeates it.

This, however, is but one aspect of the question. With the knowledge of the self, of the real as it exists, there must be a conception of the ideal as it

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may exist, with the introspection there must be a looking outward. Only as the former are complemented by the latter, is there a certain basis for final attainment.

And now, as we step forth into new spheres, to be surrounded by new influences, to be filled with new interests, let us place our ideal higher than ever before. Our vision is indeed limited. Through the veil of the future the human eye cannot see. But we have the assurance that beyond the mists and the shadows there is the full radiance of the ideal made real. Upon this assurance we rest our hopes. With this as a certainty we cry: —

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven, with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea!"

LUCY ELIZABETH WHITE.

ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

TO-DAY I leaned down over the pansy bed around our fair white birch letting the cool flower faces kiss my forehead, looking to those wise daughters of the earth for inspiration. A literary dig passed by and tossed her head at me.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts!" she cried.

"Just so," I replied.

She then came up and delivered the following discourse:

"Some of them you'll find too dark to be recognized at a distance, some perhaps are a little too fresh, and others are wilted, second-hand, as it were, after being sported about at the '95 class social. Well, that's not your fault. 'As the tree is bent, so the twig's inclined.' Have you ever noticed the application of that last quotation to the present sophomore attitude? Just listen and I'll interpret it to you, showing, meanwhile, what original work is. As the tree is *bent*—*tree*—naturally, from fond associations, when we say *tree*

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we think *oak-tree*. *Oak-tree*, there; so far, so good. As the tree is *bent*—bent with age, responsibility, senior dignity, ceremonies of '92, *so* the *twig*—here is a delicate suggestion, subtle and poetic, of the sweet pea—so the *twig's inclined*. Context here shows *inclined* to mean imitative, burlesquing, etc. Here we have the interpretation plainly before us. *As* the '92 oak, by reason of its strength, dignity, etc., is bent after the old customs, *e. g.*, Tree-day, *so* the '95 sweet pea, grasping, sprouting little upstart, is inclined to mimic the custom of our ancestors."

At last that literary dig was gone, and I was alone with my pansies. The white birch touched my head with a branch. I looked up in response, and saw, trooping across the campus, a host of dryads, each with a branch in her hand.

"Those are for your sake," whispered the birch.

"What," cried I, "fly brushes! tell them '93 doesn't need—"

"Hush," said the whisperer, "can you see what they are?"

"Birches?" I asked. "The impudent creatures don't intend to birch us with our own birches?"

"Nay," said the tree, "your hasty judgment no more becomes your scholar's cap and gown than does a stiff breeze blowing from the lake. See, they will strew your path with leaves, they, once the lofty, would-be sharers of your inmost secrets, those of Senior Day, who yearned to open your bosom ere they rent their own, even they, tall, willowy dryads, come ready to lay their symbols at your very feet, yea, to be stood, or knelt, or sat upon. Hasten to yonder hill."

Here all the wise little faces under the tree smiled approval and begged to go as Tree-day messengers. So I gathered a basketful of "pansies for thoughts," and here they are for you. Some are sober, some are gay, some would like to be sweet. None of them have any thorns. If you are scratched or pricked it will be from nettles that have crept in from the grass, not from the pansies themselves.

Which shall I throw you first? There really is no order. I can't tabulate pansies very well. We'll leave the A B C's for the Juniors—alas, no, not for the Juniors, for the great A. C. has decreed that tabulation shall be torn from them and given to the freshmen for moulding their infant course as to majors and minors. The grouping system has already been personi-

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fied by the twos and threes that huddle together in the corridor to discuss the matter. But after all their tabulation, their alphabetical insignia are to be curtailed, for the aforesaid A. C. will no longer allow them to claim aught but A. B. But this is not to the point. I was about to say that, having no group system in this basket, I will toss out any flower I find.

First, here's for congratulations to our devoted, next younger sister, on her chosen leader. The *chosen* does not always mean the *attained*, for—

> "Why do the children of earth ever cry?
> Answer me why.
> Save for the thing that in their 'On High'
> Shines unattainable,
> Why, tell me why!"

The chosen is, alas, too often the unattained. This is sometimes owing to peculiar conditions of sensibility, over-emotional sensibility, or too sensitive sensibility or not sensible sensibility—but once on record the children of men cried for the unattainable, owing to "parliamentary sensibility." It is no joke, though it may be a Laugh(l)in(g) matter to be a stateswoman. To give up that which we have before we get that which we have not may mean un-*presidented* class meetings, "absence from chapel by request," but the cause is worthy. Despite Max Muller's definition of language as the expression of ideas, it seems that '94 has found a word that is "only a term." That word which to the freshman represents the highest ideal, which to the sophomore is fraught with awesome respect, the word *senior* to wordly wise '94 is "only a term." '94's constitution at present date contains a "resolution of interpretation," to the effect that *senior* president does not mean *junior* president. It is, however, a comfort to know that '94 does not claim that all words stand for ideas. Let us hope all bitter ones are "only terms." Now, at the close of your junior year, we hope, '94, that the rapids of your stream are passed, and that by peaceful waters you may cluster about your chosen leader as the tender saplings grow about the willow tree. May she be swayed by your love for her, yet be ever poised. When her form shall bend like the aged willow, and silver leaves shall crown her head, may her face be radiant still with your affection, and may you rest content with her *celestial calling*, asking not that she be clothed in *gold* and *white*.

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Well, we must not dwell too long on pathetic subjects.

A senior asked a freshman what her class flower was.

"White rose," said the freshman.

"Any particular white rose?"

"Why, no; we didn't specify. Not the bridal rose, but any other."

"Yes, well it'll always be convenient for funerals," and the senior heaved a sigh.

'95 is generally considered a bright class (I pause for applause), but one time she showed great lack of—something. The class of '90 no doubt laughed in her sleeve when the discoverers from Norway, England and Spain could not and did not discover that *their sycamore* was '90's maple. '95 likes change, and having once changed the site of the tree to escape the wrath of the upperclassmen, easily changed the tree to avoid their ridicule.

What does this little pansy say? Oh, that's good! This is about a dear little freshman, so I'll send the pansy that way. She wanted to entertain her friend to the best of her ability, and so, out of due respect to our Glee and Banjo Clubs was just about to invite him to the concert when she heard of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and invited him to the Shakespeare play instead. (So kind of her.) Speaking about dramatics, private theatricals are great fun. This pansy will give you the outline of a play.

Man approaches Waban's shore
  In a little light canoe.
Swings a double-paddled oar;
  Never smiles or looks at you.
Moors his craft and wanders far,
  Seeking some one out of sight.
Stands a girl dressed like a tar,
  Gladly watches him alight.
Quickly speeds she to the brink
  Of the lake, and boards canoe;
Takes not long enough to think
  Whether this she'd better do.
After paddling round and round,
  Like a restive dragon fly,
Madly runs the craft aground,
  Terror gleaming from her eye.
Leaps she quickly on the shore,
  Gives canoe a backward kick.

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Ah! she does her act deplore!
  Heaven help her catch it quick!
Springs she on a crew boat now,
  Keeps her balance while it swings,
Up and down from stern to bow.
  Grasps the runaway and flings
To the shore the light canoe.
  Makes a speedy dash and lands.
Scampers fast as squirrels do
  Up the bank of pebbly sands.
Glancing round, we see the man
  Slowly drawing near the scene.
Keeps as sober as he can;
  Looks as though he'd never seen
In his life so much of fun.
  Quietly he takes his place,
Speaking not to any one.
  Smiles now cover all his face.
Silently he takes his track.
  Swiftly speeds the light canoe.
One smile covers all his back
  Till the darkness hides from view.

I must turn over my thoughts to more serious matters. I have something in the way of caution, yes, of suggestion and even of reproof to give to the freshmen. Some of you, I know, will feel very much bored, but that is the way in life. We all have to take our turn at being bored while our neighbors are being lectured—whether the lecturer be one of our own collegiate constituency or one from elsewhere. Just here let me give a general caution which *I am sure* you will all recognize as right, viz., that it is just as not to express in the public coach on a Monday afternoon that we "suppose there will be another lecture to-night. What a bore!" especially when the lecturer of the evening is in the coach.

Now I give my attention to the class of '96. There seems, my dears; there, there, don't cry, I'm not going to eat you up, I'm just going to address you as the college women I know you are. There seems, my dears, to have arisen among you a little misunderstanding owing to similarity of sound. Faculty and freshmen are words which to most people convey two distinct ideas, although elevator darkness sometimes admits of accidents. But these words have caused some complications in the library. May I request that from this time on the *freshmen* do not register books in the *faculty* box. A

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Piercing cry of complaint might possibly bring you a box of your own if such should be deemed wise.

I seem to have mislaid a communication which I was asked to read to the faculty. It was of no great importance, however, but contained a few suggestions on keeping office hours.

While I turn from one class to another, I hope the rest of you won't stop listening, like the junior who said the only point in the philosophy lecture she heard was that on *self-interest*. Please listen now to a freshman tale. It is really meant to be sung.

A freshman stood on the brink of a hole.
"Gard'ner!" said she,
"Can't you do something to shrink up this hole?
Look at the size of the tree!
Too small, too small;
'Twill never do,
'Twill never do
At all, at all!"

The gardener deeply and heavily sighed.
"Lady," said he,
"Can't you do something, and bury your pride
Under the roots of the tree?
Why did I dig
This hole for you?
It is for you
Too big, too big.

"But pray now tell to the freshwomen dear,
Pray do," said he,
"Their tree will add to its size each year
To a surprising degree.
'Twill grow, 'twill grow,
So *now*, say I—
And—by and by—
I told you so!"

The freshman smiled and her courage arose.
"Thank you," said she,
"We'll rival the trysting-place every one knows,
Planting a tupelo tree.
O tupelo,
Romantic tree,
Romantic tree,
O tupelo.

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College is considered a great place for cultivating selfishness. There are among us, however, people who have generous impulses. A dear freshman said to a senior the other day that she was so glad '93 had gained from the council their Senior Day, — for, said she, "Poor things! they ought to have some pleasure. The faculty give receptions for *their* amusement, the juniors have a day, the sophomores show off at Float, and the *freshmen* have *Tree-day.*" I wonder, by the way, if she is the freshman who is said to patronize "*even* the Wabanites."

Speaking of Junior Day reminds me that '94, keeping up her reputation of *wise fools*, has avoided all elemental conflicts of garden parties, and all seductive charms of proms., at Tupelo, and has settled down to cosy little tea-drinkings at home. Never mind, we are glad to say that '94 is stronger in mind than in appetite. Perhaps you remember the stand for temperance taken at the launching of the Wabanannung a year ago. Only sugar and water splashed the prow of that gallant boat. But they received their reward. Their bottle broke. No reflections here on '95's ambition for champagne, but just a few thoughts on the Soangetaha's launching. The elements do not favor too rapid progress, and do not want '95 to be fast. The cohesion of molecules renders a champagne bottle as tough as the idea. When everything goes wrong, dogs are great helps in applauding. 'Tis well to provide rescuers, since faintness from providing strong-hearted boats with strong-liquored bottles may cause captains to capsize.

In connection with *captains capsizing* — did you hear what a *capital* thing occurred at the time baby '97 first lisped her own name? Little '96, feeling proud of her one superior year, locked the infant up for the sake of hearing it cry. According to popular phrase, night-caps may be out of style, but on this occasion '95 took the opportunity to be unpopular with '96, and *capped* the climax. Moral — Haze your equals would you win glory.

Now I'll tell you a story without a moral.

Once on a time there were two people — *only* two, they seemed to think. One was a fair-haired princess from the West. Her throne and domain, although in the heart of the other one, were in full survey. She wrote poetry, and the other one praised it so that it became famous throughout the world. The other one had coal black hair and a fiery Southern heart. Now, although the other heart was fiery, and the one was ignitable, and the other

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was no *Old*-man, and the one was very *Win*ning, they were not crushes, oh no, but very sensible friends. They meant to deceive nobody — and — nobody was deceived. Shall I throw this pansy to seniors or to freshmen? I think I'll throw two.

Specials, let me, in the name of the class of '93, thank you that, rejoicing in the freedom your dress indicates, you have taken the liberty to make our Tree-day a specially festive occasion. Planting no tree to symbolize your growth from year to year, you have given to our college a tree of matured growth, to hold over our heads the flag of our national union. The graceful folds of the flag that flies in the summer wind to-day but typify the gracefulness of your act. As long as the stars and stripes mean aught to us, may Wellesley welcome you and your successors.

Freshmen, I know you are weary of my remarks, but I am not a junior, and do not pretend to give *briefs;* moreover, this speech was not meant for a daily theme, so spare your criticisms of "commonplace," "flaw in tone," and "poverty of thought," and let me advise you, if you are tired, to go to bed early, and not sit up, as some of you have done, rubbing your eyes and waiting for the ten o'clock bell to ring.

'94, in bidding you farewell, let me say that it is nearly time for you to lay aside your gay green robes for the sombre garb of the burden-bearing senior. Mind you do not don the gown until you have shouldered responsibility to sustain it.

'95, you hold triumph to-day over what you have won. '93 also has triumphs. Paraded before us they may not be, but triumphs they are. Last year the fact was ignored that '93 was the leader in the boating reform. This year '93's class spirit and interest in college athletics moved her at the eleventh hour to give up the crew of the old type and to compete with the younger classmen on a physical basis. We trust that the dress rehearsal for Senior Day will prove to all '92 sneerers that '93 can successfully entertain her friends without recourse to the suggested "Relation of the Spherical Triangle to the Inner Life."

Good-by, '96; I hope you have many a play-day before you, but the hoary eyes and faded hair on either side will testify that college life is more than a game.

I will ask the Mistress of Ceremonies to kiss '97 for me when she tucks her up in her cradle.

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My basket is nearly empty, — with only a few faded blossoms left for the nearest and dearest of all. Perhaps, '93, you have had the *greater heartsease* for the *fewer thoughts*. Take these, my classmates, as a parting gift, and find in them —

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

MARY EMMA DILLINGHAM, '93.

TO THE LAND FROM WHENCE THE SHADOWS FALL.

I.

CHILDREN FROM OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE.

March of the Singers. *Die Meistersinger.—Wagner.*

The buttercups are nodding in the meadows,
The daisies white are waving to and fro,
The sunshine falling softly casts strange shadows,
Dark shadows on the path which winds below.

The daisies white are waving to and fro,
The path winds onward, whither none can see;
The world is bright with springtime's golden glow;
The heart is filled with Nature's melody.

The path winds onward, whither none can see,
The shadows and the glory blur the sight.
We enter in the dimness doubtingly.
We lift our eyes with joy to meet the light.

CHORUS OF THE COMING RACE.

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair.

We come from out of the everywhere,
The dreamland of childhood over there,
Into the Real, into the Here,
Seeking a something to make life clear.

The shadows and the glory blur our sight,
Our hearts beat high with wonder and surprise;
Dimmer and dimmer grows the waning light,
The shadows rest within our lifted eyes.

Our hearts beat high with wonder and surprise,
With wonder and surprise just touched with pain.
Before us, strange, unknown, the future lies,
Childhood, receding, will not come again.

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Oh, wonder and surprise and wakening pain,
Oh, shadow-darkened path which winds away,
The shadows promise light which will not wane,
The way of pain leads on to fuller day.

CHORUS.

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair,
And if on our way we meet with pain,
Pain is but proof of a higher gain.
We come from out of the everywhere,
To seek, not joy, but with earnest care,
To find in the Real, to find in the Here,
Even through trial a purpose clear.

Oh, shadow-darkened pathway leading on,
We see the sunlight lying just behind,
Strange visions float before us and are gone,
Strange murmurs are borne to us on the wind.

The sunshine lies behind us still and bright,
Before the shadows thicken one by one,
We falter, half turn backward to the light,
But dreams of light more radiant draw us on.

CHORUS.

Children from out of the everywhere,
We seek for a something good and fair,
A something beautiful high and pure,
To make life richer, to make faith sure.

Before the shadows thicken one by one,
And one by one old pleasures fade away;
The earnestness of life is just begun,
All doubtingly we wait a new strange day.

As one by one old pleasures fade away,
Slowly new thoughts and feelings take their place,
New purposes enrich life's melody,
We see dim visions of the Coming Race.

New thoughts, new feelings, and a new desire,
New hopes just wakening in the fuller light,
The Coming Race which, ever climbing higher,
Will stand at last upon the mountain height.

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II.

ALL THE GLAD DAY,
ALL THE SAD DAY.

Motive of the Rhine. *Rhinegold.*

In its depths the mighty river
Calmly flows towards the sea,
On the surface sparkle ever
Sun gleams from the great light giver,
By the waves caught merrily.

CHORUS OF THE GNOMES.

We work and we play, we work and we play,
All the glad day,
All the sad day,
Seeking life's pleasures with heart's full of glee,
Seeking life's purpose with faith, earnestly.
We work and we play, we work and we play,
All the glad day,
All the sad day.

Sometimes into a serious strain
Of deep and solemn melody,
A melody just touched with pain,
There comes with rich and sudden gain,
A note of joyous harmony.

A note which strikes into the heart,
And finds a gladsome echo there,
Until they both become a part
Of Nature's joy; and, with true art,
Show us that life is good and fair.

CHORUS.

We weep and we smile, we weep and we smile,
All the glad while,
All the sad while,
'Mid sunshine and showers a bright hope we keep,
For youth-time is joy-time and sorrow must sleep.
We weep and we smile, we weep and we smile,
All the glad while,
All the sad while.

The path is steep and rugged still,
Still grim and dark the shadows lower,
But, life's best promise to fulfil,
We struggle on with earnest will
Towards heights which far above us tower.

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Wild flowers on our way we find,
And if, perchance, they seem less rare
Than those whose fragrance sweet the wind
Wafts from above, yet, in their kind,
We cherish them as passing fair.

So gathering flowers day by day,
Still pressing on to light above,
New beauties greet us on the way,
We catch sweet strains of melody,
And learn with joy that life is love.

CHORUS.

We love and we pray, we love and we pray,
All the glad day,
All the sad day,
Through tender love seeking our trust to make sure,
Through earnest prayer seeking our faith to keep pure,
We love and we pray, we love and we pray,
All the glad day,
All the sad day.

III.

ON OUR ARMS THE SHIELDS OF TRUTH.

Ride of the Valkyrs. *Valkyr.*

To reach the summit one must climb
O'er sharpened rocks which cut the feet,
And, with a patience true and sweet,
Still find in struggle strength sublime,
A strength to meet the greater need
With higher thought and worthier deed.

CHORUS OF THE VALKUREN.

On our arms the shields of Truth,
In our hearts the hopes of youth.

The cold, dull stones o'er which we fare,
The cruel stones which pierce our heart,
Time will take up with skilful art,
And fashion into jewels rare,
Making each one a precious gem
To set within the diadem.

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The lowering mists which blur our sight,
The clouds which darken all our day,
The hand of time will sweep away,
Until we stand in deepening light,
And, far off, see the sunset gleams
Weave in the mists our fairest dreams.

CHORUS.

Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Heeding not the shadows in our way.

A deeper thought comes to the soul,
And, with deep thought, a faith serene,
Which looks not back on what has been,
But, pressing onward to the goal,
Finds itself ever stronger grown,
And takes life's purpose as its own.

Well say the sages of to-day,
In toil we find our highest good;
For toil still brings the nobler mood,
Which, putting shallow thoughts away,
Looks far below the surface sweep
For jewels hidden in the deep.

Through toil we pass, not on to rest,
Rest comes but to the lower mind,
But on to work of higher kind
Which, laboring still to find the best,
Will gain from labor joy most sweet,
And through work make life's round complete.

CHORUS.

Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Heeding not the shadows in our way;
On our arms the shields of Truth,
In our hearts the hopes of youth.
Children of the gods, we still press onward,
Onward to the brighter, fuller day.

IV.

ONWARD.

Grail Motive. *Parsifal.*

The path lies all behind us, and we stand
Upon the height, and there turn to look back
With wistful eyes o'er the familiar track

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Which we have climbed to reach this golden land.
A golden land, in truth, where long-time dreams
Take shape and breathe the spirit of our hope,
A land where love has fuller, broader scope,
And where faith grows more sure in Truth's clear beams.
A golden land, and yet, and yet, we hold
Within our hands wild flowers, withered, brown,
A golden land, and yet we still look down,
With tear-dimmed eyes, on paths we loved of old.
Our hearts beat high with happiness, and yet,
In consummation lingers vague regret.

THE CHORUS OF LIFE.

Looking far backward over the past;
Over the years which have slipped away,
We can see the beautiful whole at last,
The whole made perfect in memory.

We stand upon the heights, and all around
The soft winds breathe, the radiant sunbeams fall,
And to each other with glad hearts we call:
"Rejoice! Rejoice! our resting place is found."
"Not so," we listen breathless to the word.
"This is the first step only, not the end,
Higher and higher still ye must ascend,
Upward, until at last 'Well done' is heard.
Lift up thine eyes," commands the still small voice,
"Lift up thine eyes to loftier heights above.
Climb on and up until triumphant Love,
Bending from heav'n, sayeth 'Now thou shalt rejoice,
Rejoice and rest, for the long journey o'er,
In Love's realms peace is thine forevermore.'"

CHORUS.

Looking on into the future days,
Into the years which lie dim before,
We trust to the wisdom of God's ways,
And wait for life with a purpose pure.

"Grow not dismayed, for thou, through toil, hast won
A purpose true to help thee on thy way,
A pure ideal, grown higher day by day,
Which, like the star of promise, leads thee on.
Grow not dismayed, for thou, through work, hast won
A foretaste of the sweet, eternal peace,

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Which cometh when at last earth's voices cease,
When the long, weary day of life is done.
Grow not dismayed, for, through love, thou hast gained
An answering love from hearts which trust in thine,
A love which makes this life in part divine,
And the divine—life's highest dream attained.
An earnest purpose, promised peace and love.
Grow not dismayed, rest waits for thee above."

CHORUS.

Looking beyond Time's misty veil,
Into the depths of eternity,
Knowing, in truth, that love cannot fail,
We wait for the glory which is to be.

JOSEPHINE PRICE SIMRALL.

ORATION.

FRIENDS OF NINETY-THREE AND FELLOW-STUDENTS:

Like all true and skilful players of the noble and gentle game of tennis, we are glad to come together with you, almost at the end of the tournament of this year, to see how the score which we have kept of the games compares with yours, and to show you what symbols are an inspiration to us, and what the colors are under which we strive.

When we entered the lists last fall we found our court carefully and distinctly marked out for us, not with white, but with red tape. The line was of goodly breadth, tightly stretched, and it caused the unwary to stumble. Inside this boundary we looked about us, and noticed that some of the other courts were hard-worn, but ours was fresh and fair. Now, however, we note with anxiety that ours, too, has lost some of its primitive beauty, and is becoming somewhat worn, especially about the spot from which we have served, — a place commonly known as Domestic Hall. After we had taken our places we made for ourselves the best racket we could, for Ninety-five would not help us, but kept as quiet as an uprooted class-tree on a twice-told Tree-day. Nevertheless, we gained some points. First, we were sorry not to allow you, Ninety-five, to behold the quiet dignity of our first class-meeting. No doubt the sight was invaluable; but the little window above the door of Elocution Hall is meant for purposes of ventilation only. We remember another time when we expected a right good game with Ninety-

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five with balls of old Boreas' make; but alas, — so well did they know wherein lay the better part of their valor, that "all bloodless lay th'untrodden snow" that winter's day, and the campus by the East Door has needed no new sod this spring. We have not given up hopes of having it sometime, however. We are going to wait a year, so that Ninety-five may have time to think the matter over. They usually try to correct their mistakes if you only give them time enough. Ninety-six, for her part, is always "ready" when the order comes to "play." (A schedule of only thirteen periods a week and, once in a *long* time, a theme, has obviously been planned for playing.) Not long since, the new rules for the game gave our side the vantage and showed us the prize for which we might all compete, — that high, mysterious thing which bears the letters B. A. Our noble opponent in the opposite court, however, after cousiderable difficulty, gained a similar vantage, so the score is "deuced." Counting up thus, all the points seem to us quite clear, unless, possibly, the score of the game we played last midyear. Then it seems a little confused; for, though we are sure that we gained many points, we have a feeling that we lost something (or some one) at the same time. Still, soon after those weary days we recovered ourselves, and then we chose our crest and the pennant under which we play.

Just here let me say that for your benefit, Ninety-seven (for it is hardly to be expected that you can grasp this all at once), for your benefit, then, a a notice of the following will be posted on the elevator bulletin board, and will be left there during one entire descent of the machine from the fifth floor; so that even you will have time for an exhaustive study of it. But to resume.

When Ninety-six first took her vow of love and loyalty to our "College Beautiful," she determiñed to show her faith by her works; and accordingly she chose her tree from the loveliest spot in Wellesley — from Tupelo. The encyclopedia says that the tupelo tree originated in North America; but we know more than the encyclopedia, for we know the exact Point whence it came. Our colors are white and crimson. Do you remember how the sun rises over the snow? Then you know the very shades we have chosen. Do you think of the one flower which could lie against the snow and yet be peerless? It is the white rose which we have made ours; and the meaning of the stainless rose and the white and crimson over the snow, is, by our interpretation, "Be your ain' sel'." JOANNA STODDARD PARKER.

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PRESENTATION OF SPADE.

Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Greetings from the class of '95 to the class of '96. 'Tis the will of our most gracious sovereign that I extend to you the congratulations and advice of her noble people.

Indeed, we do sincerely congratulate you upon the arrival of this occasion. For to-day an opportunity is given you to bring out whatever wit, ingenuity and energy there may be hidden so long and well among your ranks. The fact that for many, many months you have been a quiet and uninteresting body is no sign nor cosine that you have no latent power. Hence, our little folks, we are waiting eagerly to see if there be among you any spirit, any energy, any wit. Our beloved queen and her devoted people wish you all possible success with this your Freshman Tree-day, reminding you that to-day you must show whether you are "to be or not to be" equal to '95. Would that you could win something like the renown which will ever follow '95 for the far-famed and glorious rites with which yonder proud sycamore was consecrated!

And now I am to advise you. What a thankless task before me! Yet a '95 was never known to shrink nor waver before unpleasant duty, so I begin at once. Begin, yes; but end, "Aye, there's the rub." For this is a broad and comprehensive subject. And then, unlike some classes which I could mention, it is not '95's character to boast and dictate. It has been her custom to practice and let who will preach. Therefore, with inexperience as well as with reluctance, I undertake this difficult task. I will not burden your minds with many admonitions, but will sum up my counsel in these few words of exhortation: "Be careful to live up to your best knowledge. Slight no opportunities. Do much, for much will be expected of you, as ye have us for an ensample." Follow us, and you too will be successful. Victory after victory have we won. Do you wonder we appear triumphal to-day? Listen to our proud story.

It was far back in the beginning of our history that we triumphed over '94 and convinced her of our ability to "paddle our own canoe," if not to padlock a door. Cold water is very persuasive. After this physical test came another and graver conflict. Our mental strength was tried in the balances and not found wanting. Then it was that with a little grinding and groaning of the machinery the standard of our College Beautiful was

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raised to its present lofty height. Long had our wise instructors waited for a class able to do this. We stood the test, or rather the examinations, and are proud now of that triumph.

Who, think you, started this interest in scientific rowing on Waban's water? Don't forget to be thankful to '95 for this inheritance. She was the originator, the pioneer, who paved the way for you. She preserves her fundamental position now, and never relaxes. She advances and double advances, but never retreats. '94 has truly only half a shell. But '95 does nothing by halves. Just look for one moment at the Soangetaha. '94 is always just five feet behind.

But do not think '95 is notable only for her athletic achievements. Turn to a proof of her interest in the intellectual pursuits of the college. What greater proof could you have than her gaining the new curriculum, which marks an epoch in the college history. With '94 disappears the old, worn-out and narrow course, while '95 has the honor of ushering in the new and beautiful regime. Do you wonder we triumph? Not thoughtlessly, not impulsively, not ignorantly, do we enter this broad and noble course. We considered carefully, argued long and deeply, and petitioned reverentially. Our faculty friends, begging '94's pardon, did not consider us presuming, but appreciated our needs and granted our requests. Nay, more, our grand and good college president congratulated us upon our success and wished us God-speed.

And now a word about your history. Being unable to remember anything that you had done, I went to the records to refresh my memory. Alas! nothing but blank pages met my eyes. The ink was dried in the bottle. The keeper of the records had fallen asleep. A monstrous spider crawling over the pages was the only thing which expressed life. You will agree with me that your life here has been uneventful. To be sure, you were for an unprecedented number of months an ignorant, confused band with no leader. What wonder, then, that you knew not which way to turn, and that in your perplexity hosts of you took the path leading homeward during that dreadful mid-year period. Before that time you numbered two hundred or more, but now you are only Ninety-six.

I rejoice to find that you have a faint, flickering spark of interest in athletics. Do not be discouraged because every champion you sent into the

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tennis field was quickly vanquished by a sturdy sophomore; try it again, you may win in time. We admire your pluck in arraying yourselves to-day in your trophies of defeat.

Do not let your zeal for athletics carry you too far. For freshmen to haze freshmen is a most unprecedented act. What induced you to treat your little sister '97 in that way? Your motive, I confess, appears very hazy. Why did you not follow '95's example and bury that relic of barbarism? You be sure that had it been lawful, '95 would have properly chastised you. When you get older and wiser you will see these things as we do.

I hope I have not wounded or angered any by bringing up the past in this way. Fortunately, as you sign yourselves "nemo," I shall have nemo for an enemy. If any are hurt I would remind you that you have plenty of Pond's extract, furnished by the class of '95, which is a sure cure for sores and wounds.

With these words I give you this spade. Look how well it has been kept while in our possession. With reluctance we place it in your ignorant and inexperienced hands. Yet we have confidence in you, we trust you. See to it that you prove worthy of this trust and become a pride to your fellow classes and an honor to your Alma Mater.

ALICE WINDSOR HUNT.

RECEPTION OF SPADE.

Half-joyful, half-sad is to-day for you, '95, as the half-mourning colors of your costumes indicate. The days of your monopoly of Tree-day exercises are over. The time has come for you to part with this spade which has done double duty for you this year. It comes now to '96, no matter how reluctantly you may part with it, for '95 must take to heart the lesson which college classes, as well as nations, must learn, — that whatever good was the possession of the dead Past must be handed down to the living Present.

'95 and '96 represent to-day two civilizations, ancient and modern, the civilization of Rome, the civilization of the present time. The parts have been well assigned, for '96 is here to receive a traditionary gift from '95 as

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from an age gone by, whose virtues it possesses and surpasses, whose vices it scorns to imitate.

'96 assumes no character for the moment, dresses in no "brief authority," but appears as her "ain sel'," a type of to-day, in her modest, conventional tennis dress. '95 has a role to fill, and it is amazing how well she succeeds. How fitting an accompaniment is the gaudy coloring and barbaric display of your ranks to the undignified self-praise, blatant boasting, to which your herald has given expression. We trust it was only for the sake of preserving perfect harmony in representation that you suffered this boastful spirit of old times so to display itself, and, furthermore, we hope that this is also the reason why you have brought from their resting-place those old, old traditions of the sophomore's superiority to the freshman, etc., etc., traditions which should be laid on the shelf with other curios illustrating the manners and customs of the ancients. For this time-worn and (pardon me) rather flavorless method of creating an amused pity for freshmen is indeed a relic of bygone times, and has little piquancy in this age of admiration for honest worth — eh, '96?

Now that *you* have kindly opened our eyes to your own value, we see that *you* are an exceptional class. We admit that, coming as you do, between the fresh sweetness of '96 and the brilliancy of '94, the "twinkle, twinkle" of *your* little star has not hitherto greatly dazzled us. But if, compared with '94, you have seemed to lack attractiveness, we know that following in their footsteps, you have gone to greater lengths in a good course. In fact, in one pointed instance you are five feet or so ahead.

Still, "things are not always what they seem." *You* know that sometimes even trees "play 'possum," and that among the ignorant peoples who settled America (last year, I believe), the plebeian maple got the devout veneration intended for the aristocratic sycamore.

It is rather below us to reply to the groundless innuendoes which you have greeted us with. Let '96 in her tennis costume suggest to you a new reading of the relations of the four college classes in general. We consider ourselves participants in a friendly game, in which victory depends not only on muscle [though those "elegant stretchings" have given us plenty of that], but on quick and active brains, in the possession of which nothing can shake our belief. Are we not fresh from higher algebra? Is not that proof sufficient?

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Speaking of Math. brings to my mind a comparison for '96. Why not call '96 the last "factorial" in the series of classes whose names I see written here on this historic spade? You have not forgotten what a "factorial" is, I trust?" Some of you look rather unintelligent,— simply on this point, of course. No, you could not forget. You may have forgotten your maps of Abraham's wanderings and of the location of the tribes, but your Math. formulæ, never! You will see the point, then, when I say that '96 is the last and highest "factorial" so far written in the series of Wellesley's classes; besides a new intrinsic value of her own, she unites in herself all the valuable qualities of the classes who have preceded her.

'96, then, gives you thanks for the good which you have handed down to her. To be sure, there are some over-bold souls among us who have mourned the non-hazing spirit which you have shown. They came to college with very picturesque notions of these — eh — second year articles, and hoped to show their mettle in various and sundry contests with these terrible sophomores.

To such benighted ones we would say: Gaze upon the classes above you. Mark the brutalizing effect of hazing, and be thankful that you have escaped. So we would counsel you; yet in the presence of a few near and dear ones, we would fain confess that had such conflicts taken place, there would have been more material to work with upon this occasion, and we might not have chosen to assume this rather uncomfortable position of unbending rectitude, although we know that it is becoming.

In the bushels of chaff given us to-day, there were a few grains of commendation. [For what we *have* received we are duly thankful.] Although the words of praise were few, they show your kindly spirit toward us, and that the trials of your freshman year are still vivid enough to you to make you "wondrous kind" to us. The lavender and the white, the white and the crimson have much in common. In the times which you represent, the white banner of truth was as much the standard of the noble, as it is to-day. Let the white, then, be combined with whatever color, the white and the lavender, the crimson and the white, will always float together under the Wellesley blue.

LUCY JANE FREEMAN.

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Editorial.

FLOAT may not be, among Wellesley students, the most popular of Wellesley's festivals, but certainly to the outside world it represents the red-letter day of the College Beautiful — if such an expression may be appropriately used of an evening celebration. It is the one day on which every student may invite her friends without let or hindrance, and the yearly-increasing crowds who attend show how highly the invitations are prized. And as the numbers of visitors increase, running well up into the thousands, the sight they come to see increases in attractiveness. Half the undergraduates remember when the heavy, clumsy crew-boats, nearly half as broad as they are long, were the only boats used for the occasion, and the charms of Float consisted solely of the pretty crew suits and the college songs. Now, all that is changed. Scarcely a year and a half since, Ninety-four broke the ice by seriously proposing to have a boat instead of a tub, a boat in which speed really might be achieved, and in which rowing need not degenerate into a mere display of fancy strokes. There were difficulties in the way, but difficulties exist only to be overcome and when at last they were surmounted, when an answer had been found for every adverse argument, when it was finally conceded that as a general thing speed is an advantage in a boat and that college girls might perhaps be trusted to sit in single seats without falling out — when, in short, the Wabanannung was an assured fact, then, although we did not know it, the battle had been won and boating at Wellesley placed upon a different footing. The enthusiasm with which Ninety-three, Ninety-five and the Specials took up the idea proved that the times were ripe for reform, and no one who witnessed our last Float could fail to see what a change has already been accomplished. Ninety-four's zeal, it must be admitted, scarcely seems to have kept its rowing up to a standard commensurate with the make of its boat, but no such charge can be brought against the other classes, and the long, slender boats, the scientific stroke and excellent rowing displayed at our last Float would do credit to a college in which the science of boating is of much longer standing than in ours.

The swift success which has attended the efforts at improvement in this direction leads one to question why something of the same kind could not be done for our other athletic sports. Why is it that boating has taken

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such a vigorous stride forward while our other associations for open air exercises either die an early death or linger along in a languid, anæmic condition? Is it not because we have no such incentive to well-doing in them as in rowing? We come back to college every fall with the best intentions. We believe that outdoor amusements are as valuable, as necessary, as our regular work and we propose to devote a fair share of our time to them, but alas, for our good resolutions. We are busy to-day, and if we put off our game of tennis, or the walk, or the bicycle ride we had planned, what harm will it do? We can be out longer to-morrow. But to-morrow again brings its urgent reason for postponement, and so we find ourselves back in the old way, which we had meant to improve so much. Very different is it with the members of the crews. It is an honor to belong to them, and every girl understands that it is a distinction which she must work to deserve. Friendly rivalry with the other crews and the knowledge that the reputation of their own particular class must stand or fall by their performance on Float Night are the motives which animate our rowers and make them practice steadily, systematically, seriously. It is the lack of some such incentives which makes our other athletics languish. Just how this stimulus is to be supplied for them it is hard to see, but whoever succeeds in solving this problem will have done more toward securing the physical, and therefore the mental, development of Wellesley students than has been done for years past. "To every lock there is a key;" who will find the key for this?

ONE gets the impression, particularly if one is a humble-minded freshman, that we think a great deal of our seniors here at Wellesley. But, after all, when one comes to consider the matter, our seniors are not treated as well as they might be; the pale cheeks and heavy eyes which one sees beneath most of the caps in our corridors just before Commencement make one feel that perhaps the state of a senior is not such a very happy one. Just ask one of them — if you can get her to stop long enough to speak to you — what is the matter, and you will hear something like this: "An examination to-morrow, three final papers to finish, class supper to prepare for, Senior

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Day rehearsals, society meetings, and forty other things!" and away she rushes, with her gown fluttering behind her.

The society duties, and Senior Day, and all the endless rehearsals, and guests, and such things, must inevitably come with the close of the senior year; but they could be managed very well, were it not for the three or four papers that burden almost every member of the graduating class almost up to the day she receives her degree; and here the college might help her.

At other colleges the seniors enjoy themselves in these weeks, while our girls are straining every nerve to reach the goal at the end of the long race. It is no wonder that most of them go home tired out mentally and physically. The thing that makes the difference is senior vacation, two weeks of free time in which to write final papers. We all realize how difficult it is to write a paper unless one has consecutive time to do it in, and one or two Mondays do not suffice for a thesis. A girl must, therefore, write a page now, half a page then, and so gradually patch together a paper, which could have been written in less time and with far more satisfactory results, if she had only been able to give it uninterrupted thought. Many of the departments have begun to realize how much better such work would be, and have given a kind of little private vacation of their own when final papers were required; but to be excused from recitation in one subject is of little avail when there are other appointments. There should be freedom from all college duties, not excepting domestic work, which is more burdensome than ever at this busy time.

Such an arrangement would undoubtedly result in superior work from the seniors, and, what is even more to be considered, it would relieve the nervous strain, which is so often disastrous to a constitution already worn out by a year of hard work. Commencement Day would not show so many languid figures and colorless cheeks as it now does, if we had a senior vacation.

We recognize the difficulties in the way of having such a vacation at Wellesley as things are at present. A girl who leaves some required lower course until her senior year must of necessity take the work with the lower classes and under the same conditions. But under the new curriculum it is probable that a senior will be doing advanced work in all her studies, and it will be an easier matter to arrange to have regular work end two weeks before the final examinations.

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But, even if it be a difficult matter to arrange, a senior vacation seems almost a necessity when one looks at the tired, nervous girls who are to go out into the world as the product of four years of college training. The reputation of the college, her high standard of scholarship, the health of hundreds of students, demand it.

The seniors are not the only ones who feel strongly on the subject of vacations and no vacations: there is not a girl in college who wants to return on the sixth of next September, as "the powers" have decreed that we must. Wellesley has the reputation of accomplishing much work, but she gains it at the sacrifice of health and pleasure. Ten weeks' vacation after the hard year's work is not enough to restore most girls to perfect vigor, particularly when the work is recommenced at the hottest part of the summer, when the July heat and the August haze seem to unite to make life a burden. We could begin with far more energy and keep up the work with more steadiness if we began our college year two or three weeks later, as most other colleges do. Two or three weeks make a vast difference in the tan on one's cheeks and the strength of one's muscles, a difference that would tell all the year in the work; and the result would be less worrying, less nervousness and more real concentration and thoroughness in our studies.

The Editorial Board is not in a pessimistic frame of mind, as one might infer from these remarks, but we take an active personal interest in these questions. We must next year suffer from both the short summer vacation and the lack of a senior vacation unless some relief be gained forthwith, and therefore from selfish, as well as public reasons, we raise our lament.

The Free Press.

I.

THE CHAPEL QUESTION.

Wellesley students are so generally in favor of voluntary chapel that it seems hardly necessary to state arguments for it. However, since the subject has been brought up, I should like to remind those who are interested of some old reasons why, and so keep the ball rolling until some one who is abler brings what we want to pass.

In the first place, the students who go to chapel in the right spirit would go

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even if not compelled to, so what is the use ot making them go? And, in the second place, those who go because they have to only study or whisper, or let their minds go wandering way off somewhere, so what is the use of making them go? It may be said that there ought not to be such girls, and I think so too, but the fact remains that there are. And can we really blame people for doing these things when their views and beliefs are entirely different from ours, though, perhaps, just as honest, and who only conform to our services because they must?

I have heard it said that the chief good in compulsory chapel is that it brings the college together in the morning. We can see plainly that there are advantages in this, but why must it be for a religious service? Why may not the college assemble for the announcements, and only those who wish stay for the services which follow?

The only reason I can find for requiring attendance at religious services is that our good Puritan ancestors did so, and we like to follow their example. We do not like changes and renovations. It is a wonder to me that we have done away with the tithing man. Why isn't it as important that people should keep awake during services as that they should attend them at all? To be sure, I am reminded of the tithing man every time I see a section book, but I do not understand why it would not conform better to our present system if we had some one to gently tap the drowsy or inattentive on the head with a pole.

I believe that good never came of forcing religious matters upon people, especially upon people who study and think. I am sure that religion is too great a thing to need the assistance of rules and regulations to further its advancement, and I think it is wrong that people should go through with religious forms with their minds on other things.

No doubt our chapel attendance would be smaller if we were not required to go, and if the good done is measured by the number of chairs filled I should by all means stand in favor of the present system. I think, however, that an empty chair is as susceptible to good influences as a hurried, impatient girl, who has gone to chapel to save excuse blanks; and though I consider our chapel exercises pleasant and restful, on the whole, I look forward to the time when we shall be as free in chapel attendance as our college is broad in other matters.

WINIFRED WATSON, '96.

II.

At this time when we are all more or less looking back upon the events of the year that is so nearly spent, and many of us are considering what are the influ-

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ences that have been working for good, and what for evil, I wish to bring up before the readers of the Magazine one of the tendencies of our life this year, the influence of which is far from beneficial. I shall begin by stating the fact: there has been more talking in the library this year than there has been for the past three years,—farther back than that I cannot go. We have not had a phonograph, by means of which we could take a quantitative measurement of the amount of talking, but the proof of the fact lies in the evidence of our own senses, and the cause lies, I think, in two things: indifference and ignorance, and the second is the outcome of the first.

Conversation in the Library is due to indifference on the part of upperclassmen, to ignorance on the part of under. The exodus from under to upper classes is regarded as a sort of exodus from the restraint of all college rules, and the upper class girl considers it her prerogative to do pretty much as she pleases; the underclassmen, the newer members of the college, naturally turn to those who have been here longer for an example in such matters, and regard talking in the Library as the right and proper thing. This may not be the cause in all cases, it may not be so in the majority, but whatever the cause the fact remains the same. The Library, instead of being the refuge for the student who wishes to do her hardest thinking and most scholarly work, has become the place where one goes to meet one's friends, the general trysting-place for conversation, discussion, argument, and the earnest student finds her mind becoming distracted, her thoughts wandering, in the babble of words about her.

We admit that in a college library, where every one there knows every one else, where many of us are looking up the same subject and using the same books, a certain amount of conversation is both necessary and helpful, but we cannot admit the necessity or helpfulness of talking aloud or in an audible whisper, or across the table, or calling from one of the open windows to a friend walking across the campus.

It is true, too, that we work under a disadvantage in our Library, from the fact that the doors are always open upon one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the building. Since this difficulty cannot be obviated by keeping the doors closed or having spring doors, on account of the steps and danger of collision, it devolves upon those who are wont to gather around the Library door to show something of the spirit of consideration and common courtesy for those inside.

I do not claim to speak from the standpoint of the "earnest student." I should have to plead guilty to many of the charges above mentioned, but I do speak as one who sees that, at the rate at which things are going now, all that will be

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necessary, within a short time, is the paraphernalia for serving chocolate and wafers for making the Library the scene of the the most popular and sociable "afternoon teas" in the records of society. And I think we must all see that co-operation of the students among themselves and with the librarian is the only means of a reform movement which will give next year the scholarly atmosphere which the Wellesley College Library ought to have.

ELIZABETH BARTHOLOMEW, '94.

III.

We wish to assure our readers before we go further, or rather before we go at all, that we consider Wellesley girls to be almost as near the heights of perfection as it is possible for any one to be and still remain on this mundane sphere.

But, my dears, in order that you may be a little nearer the heights, we wish to draw your attention, which is always easily done, to a few minor matters which we have noticed of late.

We had an idea a few days ago. Perhaps we should explain here that it is very seldom we do have an idea, that is why we always speak of such an occurrence with a certain note of pride in our musical, Patti-like voice. But to return to this idea; as we were saying, we had an idea a few days ago. It struck us with considerable force; in fact, with such force, that we sat down and pondered. We finally came to the conclusion that the poet was right — he isn't very often, you know — when he said:

"Alas! there always came a day
When I found that my dol's feet were clay."

For the conclusion to which we were forced was that the Wellesley girls were not, as we had in our innocent credulity hitherto supposed, resting peacefully and complacently on these heights of perfection to which we have just referred. The fault which we found to be the most colossal, glaring fault was this, that you are exceedingly thoughtless of the comfort of others. You would not have thought it, indeed, we could scarcely believe it, but we had it on very good authority, that seventy-five girls had to wait one evening for two hours in order to get a quorum, and only ten more girls were needed to form that quorum. Ah, they did not sing that night, "Where are the nine?" but "Where are the ten, where?" Furthermore, we have known of committee meetings where all the girls but one had to wait, perhaps half an hour, for the other one to arrive. Oh yes, dear child, this late one came eventually, and she came smiling and amiable. It was well that she did, for she was compelled to do the smiling for the whole committee that evening.

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We came to Wellesley to attend the Float, and we anticipated a most glorious time. We had a very good time, but it would have been vastly more satisfactory had not the three young ladies and their respective guests, who were just in front of us, insisted on standing all the evening. You see, don't you, that you cannot always see through Wellesley girls. (That sentence looks contradictory, but it isn't.) They are too complex, too deep, to be fathomed at a glance; furthermore, they make friends with people like themselves. So when there are six of these not-able-to-be-seen-through people standing just in front of you, it spoils your view. We could not see the boats or the fireworks, and we felt that we would rather float around some other place just then. Have we made ourselves clear?

Another place, my young friends, where you show your thoughtlessness is at the concert.

Do you know that, at the last concert which we attended at Wellesley, we sat near the door of the gallery? Probably you did not know it. In fact, it did not create the excitement which might have been expected. However, be that is it may, we sat near the door.

Now there were two maidens who sat just outside the door, which, of course, was kept open. No, they were not alone, they had two guests. They talked, we repeat it, they talked. They laughed aloud, we would repeat that also if we thought it would add to its force. In short, they made themselves obnoxious to those of us who were trying to enjoy the concert. We supposed they enjoyed, not the concert, but themselves. We do hope that they felt the black looks which we cast anon—or oftener—upon them. All the dark, lowering looks which we had treasured up from our innocent childhood, were thrown, literally thrown, at these people; but it took just one hour filled with such looks to make them realize they were in the slightest degree annoying. Of course, not many of you are so hardened in your evil ways as were these people, yet they were Wellesley girls.

And, children, there is another thoughtless way you have. You are unduly familiar with each other. You are too ready to adopt a nickname which, perhaps, a girl's intimate friends have given her, and which she does not care to hear used by every one. This idea may never have entered your young heads, but it has frequently entered ours, that people will permit their intimate friends to call them by names which would be very distasteful to them indeed if used by any and every one.

In the same connection, you are not respectful to each other. If a girl among

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you is so unfortunate as to get the reputation of being cute, as you call it, she may always expect to be chucked under the chin, or to be pulled by the hair, or to be addressed by some undignified nickname, or, in short, to be treated as a child. Please think of this.

Finally — oh, do not think for a moment that I have exhausted the subject of your thoughtlessness — in reality, I have only begun, but my time and space are both limited.

Finally — as we said — we stood on the north porch of the main building not many days ago. The barge came rattling up with its usual reckless speed, but by a great effort the courageous driver finally stopped the fiery steeds. The girls began to flock out of the building. They filled the barge — indeed, many girls were compelled to stand. The driver had just called "All aboard," when one of the girls came out with her mother, a frail, elderly woman, with beautiful white hair. Her daughter said good-by to her, and helped her into the barge, where — she stood. Several of the faculty also had to stand, but that, of course, is a common occurrence. Girls, many of you who are young and strong, were seated in that barge. We watched the barge as it rattled away, until a curve in the road hid it from our view. So far as we could see, some girl's white-haired mother stood.

Is it saying too little to say that you — we — are thoughtless?

IV.

Fraulein Maria Michelson, in Göttingen, Germany, a cultured lady and experi enced teacher, offers a home to American ladies intending to study German and to attend lectures in the Annex of Gœttingen University. Price of board, $6 per week. References given by Prof. Carla Wenckebach, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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College Notes.

On Monday evening, May 15, a complimentary concert was given to the Wellesley students by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen and Mrs. Alarie Stone. Selections from Gounod, Haydn, Thomas, Dvorak, Lidgey, Cowen, Bohm, Wickede, Martin, Roeder and Saint-Saens were charmingly rendered.

The sophomores held their class social the afternoon of May 15, on the campus. Some of the faculty and a select number of fellow-students witnessed their burlesque of last year's Tree-day. The affair was a great success. The occasion was the correction of '95's botanical blunder.

Miss L. Gertrude Angell has been elected '94's senior president.

During the week, May 15–22, Dr. Webster and Prof. Hayes went to Chicago for the purpose of attending the International Congress of Women, which was then convening at the World's Fair. Prof. Hayes spoke on "Dress Reform." Dr. Webster spoke on "America's Debt to Zürich," and also took part in the discussion which followed.

On Saturday, May 27, at 4 P. M., in the chapel, Prof. Hayes gave an interesting account of the Women's Congress at Chicago.

The students of first year German gave the play "Aschenbrödel," on Saturday evening, May 20, in the gymnasium. The dramates personæ were: The Prince, Miss Grace Caldwell, '95; Cinderella, Miss Dorothy Allen, '96; the sisters, Trude and Trine, Miss Frances Hildreth, '95, and Miss Florence Forbes, '95; the herald, Miss Elizabeth Snyder, '96; the step-mother, Miss Grace Perkins, '94. Miss Alice Hunt, '95, was stage manager.

On Sunday evening, May 21, Miss Price, secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, spoke in chapel concerning "The Northfield Conferences for '93."

Dr. Langdon, formerly Minister to Italy, who has traveled in that country extensively and is personally acquainted with many of the political leaders there, lectured on Tuesday, May 23, before the class in modern history.

The seniors held a Vesper Service in Stone Hall Parlor, Sunday evening, May 21.

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On the afternoon of May 24, Mr. George MacNeil and Mr. O'Sullivan addressed the class in political economy on "Trades Unions." Mr. MacNeil is a pioneer in the Trades Unions movement, and Mr. O'Sullivan is labor editor of the Boston "Globe."

On the evening of May 24, Mr. John Burroughs gave an interesting account of some of the birds about his own home. The next day the members of the bird-class took an early morning walk with Mr. Burroughs and tried to see the birds through his eyes. They were helped to identify many by their notes, or by their appearance, and became very enthusiastic over the songsters of our grounds.

On May 24, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates, as chaperone, accompanied a party of WELLESLEY MAGAZINE representatives to the New Inter-Collegiate Press Association Banquet at Worcester, Mass. The ladies attended the Amherst Glee and Banjo Club concert in the evening, after which a business meeting of the association was held in the parlor of the Bay Street Hotel. The assembled guests then adjourned to the dining-room, where the banquet was in order. Miss Helen Bennett, one of the representatives, responded in a very pleasing manner to the Wellesley Toast of "College Aquatics."

During the weeks, May 15 to June 2, Miss Sarah Hickenlooper, formerly a member of '94; Miss Elizabeth Kellogg, '93; Miss Bessie Blakeslie, '91; Miss Mary Colby, formerly of '95; Miss Sue Taylor, '91; Miss Fannie Woodford, '92; Miss Kate Tyler, '92; and Miss Annie Coulter, '92, have visited the college.

The concert of the Wellesley Glee and Banjo Clubs, on Monday evening, May 29, was an unusually enjoyable one. "College Bells," sung by Miss Wilcox and the club, won great applause.

Prof. Charles A. Brown of Newton lectured before the sophomore Bible classes on May 30. His subject was, "The Canon of the Old Testament."

On Tuesday, May 30, Prof. Curtis of Boston University addressed the senior Bible classes on "Modern Studies of the Life of Christ."

"The College Girl in Temperance Reform" was Mrs. Boole's subject for the Thursday evening meeting of the Christian Association, June 1.

On Thursday evening, June 1, Prof. Sarah A. Emerson gave a stereopticon lecture on "Palestine" before the freshman and sophomore Bible classes.

Miss Hill's new boat was awarded to the '93 crew for Float Day.

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On Saturday evening, May 6, the Specials held their social in Elocution Hall. Their history, given by Miss Grace Johnson and Miss Preston, was in the form of a play, the interest centering around a Wellesley educational exhibit at Chicago.

On Monday evening, May 22, a Temperance Debate was given by the Juniors on the question, "Is the Norwegian System a Practicable Method of Meeting the Evils of Intemperance?" The affirmative was taken by Miss Buffington and Miss Benson, while Miss Field and Miss Bixby supported the negative. An open debate followed in which a number participated.

On Tuesday evening, May 30, near the woods by Longfellow's Pond, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented by the Shakespeare Society, to a large and enthusiastic audience. The actors so entered into the spirit of their several parts as to make each incident a vivid reality. In the passion of the love-scenes, the grotesqueness of Bottom and his comrades, and the exquisite delicacy of Puck, was displayed a great variety of talent. The scene, with graceful figures in soft colors against a background of dark woods, and all in a faint radiance of reflected light, was one long to be remembered.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Theseus	Annie Tomlinson.
Egeus	Phebe Campbell.
Lysander	Frances Lucas.
Demetrius	Elizabeth White.
Philostrate	Constance Emerson.
Quince	Julia Reid.
Snug	Mabel Shuttleworth.
Bottom	Caroline Newman.
Flute	Alice Hamlin.
Snout	Katherine Lord.
Starveling	Helen Stahr.
Hippolyta	Mildred Feeny.
Hermia	Grace Miller.
Helena	Caroline Randolph
Oberon	Mabel Wells.
Titania	Sarah Capps.
Puck	Florence Converse.
Pease-blossom	Grace Weymouth.
Cobweb	Adeline Bonney.
Moth	Alice Hunt.
Mustard-seed	Millicent Peirce.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene: A wood near Athens.

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TREE-DAY.

Brightest of weather was secured by '93 for her Tree-day. The sun himself was so personally interested that he positively refused to retire behind the clouds, and his warm rays rendered the shade of spreading branches most agreeable to the expectant guests gathered before the north door at the hour of two.

The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," floating sweetly on the breeze, heralded the members of the Special Organization, each a white-robed goddess of liberty, crowned with her country's flag.

No sooner had the music ceased than a less melodious horn was heard, its shrill blasts frequently repeated. Forth, in all their pride, marched Roman conquerors, bearing aloft their sovereign in her car of state, and dragging the numerous trophies '95 has captured in her triumphant college course. Lavender and white were the victors' robes, and upon each shield was brilliantly emblazoned the words "Ich Dien."

Lo, from the neighboring hill, wandered fair dryads, in trailing garments of softest green, a gleam of silver flashing from their wreaths of forest leaves. With light footstep flitting over the campus, they drew up in martial array to welcome, with their waving of green branches, those that next should follow.

A merry sound of rattles, a bumping of tin carts on the stones, and, tenderly guided by the aids, the babies of '97 toddled forth to take their places in the great assembly. Very sweet indeed did these little ones appear in their curls and caps and dainty white robes.

A procession of trim tennis suits, in white and crimson, a maze of tennis rackets, and athletic '96 came swiftly forward to her first great tournament.

Sweetly faint organ music floated down from the chapel windows, and over the campus, in stately, solemn array of caps and gowns, moved the class of '93, while at their feet fell the waiting dryads' branches.

'93's mistress of ceremonies introduced the president, heartily "bespeaking welcome in the name of all"; the scholarly orator, "facing the future, having proved the past"; and the gentle exhorter of undergraduates, with her basket of pansies and the thoughts their bright faces inspired.

The opening words of "The Land from Whence the Shadows Fall" came with strange sweetness, as, robed in white and gold, the children of the coming race came forward with their solemn chant. Again, a crowd of gnomes approached, leaving their Rhinegold at the summons of the Poet. Beautiful Valkuren followed, and then came the triumphant step and shining faces of those

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who, "knowing, in truth, that love cannot fail, wait for the glory which is to be."

The senior exercises over, a long procession wound up and down the campus, a beautiful sight, halting at last before a small but flourishing tupelo tree. After the class song, '96's mistress of ceremonies introduced the orator, who welcomed most delightfully the assembled multitude. The herald of the Roman conquerors then presented, with a flourish of trumpets as well as words, the honored spade, which was most fittingly received by the ambassador of '96.

"The Game of College Life," from the freshman point of view, was played, wherein a glorious victory was scored by '93 and '96 against '94 and '95. A graceful dance, with many beautiful figures, completed the fine work of '96.

A flag-raising was then celebrated by the special students. Their president, Miss Shuttleworth, made the following presentation address:

"In past years the special students have stood quietly at one side on Tree-day and looked with almost envious feelings upon our fellow students as they planted a class tree or said farewell to one planted three years before. It therefore gives us great pleasure to be able this year, through the courtesy of the seniors, to plant a tree of our own.

"We have chosen one which you undoubtedly think is highly appropriate, since it has been through the mill and been stripped of the first bloom of young life. But we wish to remind you that it is highly polished and fully developed.

"We have also seen fit to plant our tree in a soil quite unlike that in which yours has been planted. But we think its position quite in keeping with our character, since it is firmly rooted and will not be trodden under foot.

"With the greatest eagerness have we waited for the coming of Tree-day, when we felt sure our tree would unfold its one large leaf, not of green, like the leaves of all of your trees, but of red, white and blue. As you see, we are not to be disappointed, our tree is what we intended it should be, a tree of liberty, and its leaf the banner of liberty.

"Besides planting our tree to-day we have thought best to bid it farewell. Not only is it very easy for us to do this, far easier than it has been for the seniors to say farewell to the tree which they have cared for and watched so long, but it gives us great pleasure.

"In the name of the special students I present to our dear Wellesley College this tree of liberty with its flying banner."

Miss Shuttleworth's speech was followed by a few words from Miss Shafer, who expressed her pleasure that the patriotic gift was so closely associated with Tree-day, Wellesley's own peculiar festival, that this flag must mean to us, not only "our country," but also "our college." In the name of the students she thanked the specials, and hoped their flag would long wave over Wellesley's

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towers, emblem of that country for whose service our years here are to fit us, of that liberty whence springs all true education. Miss Shafer closed by saying that since she felt that Tree-day belonged peculiarly to the students and alumnæ of the college, she would leave the welcome to the flag to be given by that loyal daughter of Wellesley who has sung well the praises of the College Beautiful.

The Glee Club then rendered the following Flag Song, the words by Miss Katharine Lee Bates, and the melody by Cramer, adapted and harmonized for quartette or chorus of ladies' voices by Junius W. Hill.

To the leafy academe,
To the woodlands fair and wide,
To the haunt of youth's high-hearted dream,
Welcome, welcome, welcome,
Banner of our pride.

CHORUS.

Float thy sylvan realm above,
Claim our maiden service due,
For woman's heart is strong to love,
And Wellesley loves, Wellesley loves are true.

By the white of woman's soul,
By the wing of woman's prayer,
By her visions far of shining goal,
Welcome, welcome, welcome,
Banner of our care.

To the frail unsounded band
Who will wage thy warfare just,
Till the right be sped through all the land,
Welcome, welcome, welcome,
Banner of our trust.

When, after the presentation, the stars and stripes floated proudly on the breeze, enthusiasm knew no bounds, and cheer after cheer filled the air, all joining at last in "America."

At the first notes of a chant by white-robed priestesses, the dryads sped to the spot where their ivy was to be planted.

IVY POEM.

We greet you first, fair children of the shade,
Ye dryad-watchers in Pan's templed groves!
Our summons ye have heard, and have obeyed;
We welcome you, and thank you for your grace.

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And then to thee, great Pan, we greetings bring,
To thee, strong comforter of man, whose arms
Do cradle all thy creatures tenderly,
And fold them, when they weary are, to rest
Within thy bosom, till new life they gain,
And burst forth into Spring at thy low word.
To thee, O Pan, and dryads fair, all hail!

O dryads, do ye now recall the days
When on the verdant lawns ye lay at ease?
No care was there to dull your clear-edged laugh,
Of man's invasion in your solitudes.
Bid now those happy days return again,
So innocent and free of harm and ill!
O Golden Age, do thou bring back to us
Thy fancies, light and spotless, and reveal
The childhood fair of gray eternity!
Let us again frail fancy-bubbles blow,
And catch therein the rainbow's arched glow.

Within that golden youth-time, ere men grew
So gross, that thought was worn and crushed by flesh,
And lost all visible grace, ere it was born,
A dryad loved and wed a wandering thought.
She was the child of Pan and dancing light:
A mortal child was he, that winged thought;
Yet fair and strong, and when his shadow fell
On withered violets, their heads they raised,
And azure life did once more flush their cheeks.
They two, the dryad and the winged thought,
Loved, lived and died together, and in one grave,
Beneath the gray cliff's mossy height, from which
The silvery stream plashed down, were silent laid.
The child their love gave life we bring to you,
To you and Pan we bring — the ivy-vine.

A being, born of Pan's fair child and man's,
Of thought and nature, strange, yet kin to both,
It mantles o'er the homes and haunts of men,
Or twines its clasp about some hoary trunk.
It wears with serious mien your garb, O nymphs,
And stretches out soft fingers for your clasp.
It gropes for you, though men have loved it well,
Aye, honors heaped upon it without stint.

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They bid it creep, a gentle, loving thought,
O'er all their temple's harsh imperfectness.
They let it press and dent the tresses fair
Around the brow where clear-eyed genius thrones.

Nay, patience, while I fable for you still,
What in those golden days was whispered me.
The ivy shares in men's glad fancies; holds
Within itself that impulse strange, the heritage of man,
A living hope. The dryad, child of Pan,
Did lend the changeling all her perfectness
In form and grace: but winged thought hast given
The law of growth; hast given it command
That, from the dark mould springing, it should climb,
Should timidly and slowly somehow climb,
Until the crest is reached, and earth lies prone;
E'en as the song, which struggles from men's hearts,
And, still their burdens bearing, creeps up — up —
To light and immortality. Yea, take the vine,
And couch it now within Pan's tender arms,
And draw the brown cloak round it. To Pan
And you, ye dryads, have we brought this charge.

The golden days are past, and bubbles burst.
Yet still the ivy lives, and patiently
Is climbing toward new heights, and tenderly
Is blotting out all roughness in its way.
And still it gropes for you, and fain would lean
Its weakness on your strength. O dryads free,
Receive the changeling: be it to thee a link
Between yourselves and mortals of this earth.
Be it to you a sign of golden days,
Which fast are hid within the future's haze,
And now but dimly seen, until they shine.
To you and Pan we bring the ivy-vine.

JULIA BUFFINGTON.

The planting of the ivy closed the exercises for the afternoon. After cheering, and the taking of photographs, the merry throng separated for supper, the alumnæ to Simpson, the seniors to Norumbega, the juniors to College Hall, the sophomores to Stone Hall, the freshmen to Freeman, and the specials to Wood.

College songs in the first floor centre ended the happy day for all but seniors, and by them the college buildings were serenaded until long, long after ten.

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The Legendas were on sale Tree-day evening, June 2, at the first floor centre, Main Building. They are very dainty and attractive in the white and gold of the '93 colors. They contain, perhaps, more views than any previous Legenda, and the "Winter Kodaks" in the back are very suggestive to the Wellesley mind.

Monday evening, June 5, a students' concert was given in the chapel, and was one of the best ever offered. Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, Miss Grace Blodgett, '93, and Miss Etta Penniman, Special, graduated from the School of Music. Miss Smith deserves especial mention, in that she has completed what is the regular five-year course in but four years.

The Shakespeare Society gave a repetition of the play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Friday evening, June 9. An admission fee was charged, the proceeds to go towards the Shakespeare Chapter House.

The evening of June 10 was "Float" night. There was, as usual, a large crowd present; it is estimated at about five thousand people. None but invited guests were present. The tickets bore the signature of Helen G. Eager, captain of the senior crew; this precaution was taken in order to prevent duplicates, which were worked so successfully last year. The crews assembled at about 6.30 P. M. and marched from the south porch in couples, seniors and sophomores walking together. They passed down the path and along the shore of the lake to their respective wharves. The senior crew-suits were remarkably pretty, with their little white Oxford caps and the big gilt "'93" on the breast of the sweaters. The juniors appeared, as on last year, in their dark red suits and green sweaters, with the silver figures on the front. The sophomores were dressed in dark olive-green suits, although their waists, which were lavender and white, displayed their class colors. The specials were in blue and red, and there were eight freshman crews. Skirts seemed well-nigh impossible in connection with the sliding seats; consequently, they were removed before entering the boats, and the crews took their places, arrayed in short Turkish trowsers of the same pattern as those used in the gymnasium. The effect of this change, however, was scarcely perceptible from the bank, and most of the on-lookers were unaware that it had taken place. As usual, the cries were given, as each boat left its wharf and swept into view.

The exercises were very pretty. There was no racing, but after rowing about, the crews gathered in a group near the shore and gave their songs. The '93 crew-song was as popular as ever. A line of floating red lights stretched across the lake, and on the opposite shore there was a display of fireworks. The cal-

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cium lights lit up the group of boats, and from time to time the color was varied. Miss Grace Grenell of the senior crew led the singing and wielded the baton. There was, as usual, some trouble among the girls in finding their guests, but it is certain that every one enjoyed the exercises.

Sunday evening, June 11, a talk was given in the chapel under the auspices of the Christian Association, by Mr. and Mrs. Kaumarka of Bombay, India. The religion of India was discussed and illustrated by several of their images and gods; also the child-marriage prevalent in that country, and the married life. Mr. Kaumarka has been studying at Yale, and Mrs. Kaumarka has just graduated from a medical school. She is going back to start a dispensary in India.

Among the former students lately seen about the college are Miss Sue Lumm, Miss Mary Vale, Miss Mary Colby, Miss Eva Cobb and Miss May Lemer, '93.

On June 12 a concert was given by the Beethoven Society, assisted by Wulf Fries. It was especially fine, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

At a business meeting of the Glee Club, held on June 13, the officers for next year were elected. They will be: Florence T. Forbes, president; Nellie I. Rankin, leader; Mary E. Chapin, business manager; Helen M. Cushing, librarian.

The seniors held their class supper on Wednesday, June 14, at the Woodland Lawn Hotel, Auburndale. The class historians were Carrie A. Mann and Frances A. Lucas. The order of toasts was as follows, Caroline Freear being toastmistress: Our President, Delarue K. Howe; The Class, Emily H. Foley; The Menu, Grace E. Grenell; Our Honorary Member, Elizabeth A. Trebein; The Crew, Edith White; Class Affairs, Caroline N. Newman; '93 at 8.20 A. M., Frances Lucas; '93's Annex, Frances Pinkham; Housekeeping, Elizabeth R. Kellogg; The Daily Theme, Mary N. Young; The "Petit Cabinet," M. Louise Brown; The Spirit of the Institution, Winifred S. Foster; Senior Day, Mary B. Hill; The Reformation, Anna B. Tomlinson; Sh!, Mary E. Dillingham; '93's Brilliant Future, Mary McPherson. They returned at about 2.30 A. M., awakening the echoes and also their sleeping neighbors by the inspiring Wellesley cry.

SENIOR DAY.

Long ago, in the dawn, as it were, of our college history, Wellesley rejoiced in an annual Class Day. The classes of '79 and '80 celebrated this occasion "with pomp and great solemnity," and then for some reason the day was given up. For twelve years Class Day was an unknown term in the Wellesley vocabu-

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lary; but then came a change, and the thirteenth year has witnessed our third celebration of this kind. To the class of '93 belongs the credit of re-introducing the custom, and that it is a credit no one can doubt who saw the manner in which they did honor to the day. It had been decided that the morning should be devoted to an entertainment by the senior class, and the afternoon to social enjoyments, and Friday, June 16, was the day selected. The seniors had planned their ceremonies for the open air, but, true to its unlucky character, Friday morning dawned so cold and damp and threatening that it was evident the festivities of the day would have to be conducted under cover. This was disappointing, but there is always the chapel to fall back on, and at eleven o'clock a Prologue, resplendent in crimson and gold, mounting the chapel platform, explained to a crowded audience the plan of the entertainment.

A meeting of the States General of France was the subject selected for representation. The time chosen was at the beginning of the fifteenth century, under the reign of Charles VI. It was a gloomy time for France, for under the feeble control of her king, weak in mind and body, matters had gone from bad to worse, and now the Hundred Years' War was about to break out again. Henry of England had sent to demand in marriage the hand of the Princess Katherine, with an immense dowry, as the price of peace. Charles, afraid either to consent or refuse, summoned a meeting of the Three Estates to discuss the situation.

The following is the programme in full: —

CONVOCATION OF THE STATES GENERAL OF FRANCE, HELD AT PARIS, IN THE COURT OF THE KING'S PALACE, JUNE 16, 1415 A. D.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Charles the Sixth	Emily H. Foley.
Chancellor of the Realm	Annie B. Tomlinson.
John, Duke of Burgundy	Edith White.
Charles, Duke of Orleans	Mary E. Dillingham.
Constable d'Albert	Mary L. Barker.
Marshal de Boucicaut	Marion E. Bradbury.
Isabel, Queen to Charles	Lucy Hartwell.
Master of Ceremonies of the Court	Mary McPherson.

HERALDS.

Grace E. Blodgett.	Ella S. Hoghton.
Julia M. Green.	Ethel A. Jones.

PAGES.

Stella I. Hoghton.	Helen R. Mason.

JESTER.

Winifred Meyer.

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CLERGY.

PRESIDENT.

Cardinal of Cambray . . . . . E. Grace Dewey.

SPEAKERS.

Archbishop of Rheims . . . . . Lila Tayler.
Archbishop of Bourges . . . . . Alice M. Jones.
Archbishop of Paris . . . . . Alice M. Reed.
Eustache de Pavily . . . . . Frances H. Lucas.

PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

John Gerson . . . . . S. Antoinette Bigelow

CARDINALS.

Emeline S. Bennett. Clara S. Helmer.

Frances E. Pinkham.

BISHOPS.

Elizabeth L. Allard. Nannie M. Pond.
Emily Ham. Fannie A. Sanderson

ARCHBISHOP.

Eleanor H. Schleicher.

MONKS.

Mary P. Dennis. Mary W. Lincoln.

Laura Whipple.

ACOLYTES.

Florence L. Munroe. Mary S. Pavey.

NOBLES.

PRESIDENT.

Duke of Brabaut . . . . . Mary B. Hill.

SPEAKERS.

Sire de Dampierre . . . . . Carrie A. Mann.
Count d'Armagnac . . . . . M. Louise Brown.
Count de Nevers . . . . . Mary N. Young.
Viscount de Narboune . . . . . Laura C. Green.
Sire de Coucy . . . . . Mildred S. Feeny.

Kate F. Andrews. Florence Hoopes.
Minnie L. Baird. Delarue K. Howe.
Faith E. Barkwill. Charlotte D. Irish.
Gertrude Bigelow. Laura H. Jones.
Anne P. Burgess. Mary C. Larned.
Helen L. Burr. Nelle A. Mower.
Helen G. Eager. Julia F. Reid.
Rose I. Faucher. Elinor F. Ruddle.

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Lylie Foster.
Nancy I. Fuller.
Carrie F. Hardwick.
Josephine P. Simrall.
L. Elizabeth White.
Katherine M. Winton.

CITIZENS OF THE GOOD TOWNS.

PRESIDENT.

Provost of Paris . . . . . Elizabeth A. Trebein

SPEAKERS.

M. Guy Reimond, Advocat der roi . . . . . Caroline Frear.
Burgher, from Orleans, Maine . . . . . Marion N. Wilcox.
Pierre Martin, Bourgeois of Chalon . . . . . Caroline N. Newman
Anthoin du Pont, Provost of Lyons . . . . . Agnes W. Damon.
Louis de Grenelle, Advocate . . . . . Grace E. Grenell.

BURGHERS.

Bertha F. Anderson.
Alice M. Barbour.
Bertha H. Clough.
Annie K. Moore.
Anna B. Peckham.
Grace G. Rickey.
Maud E. Severance.
Alice E. Williams.

SCHOLARS.

Adelaide Smith.
Florence M. Tone.

MERCHANTS.

Fanny K. Bartlett.
Harriet B. Chapman.
Charlotte E. Chester.
F. Gertrude Coolidge.
Alice G. Coombs.
Ida E. Woods.

PRIEST.

Lydia O. Pennington.

BUTCHERS.

Clara B. Count.
Winifred S. Foster.
Alice J. Hamlin.
Maria A. Kneen.
Lilla J. Simonds.

ARTISANS.

Louise L. Edwards.
Ethalene Flournoy.
Martha M. Hopper.
Elizabeth Perry.
J. Isabelle Sims.
Mary R. Tooker.

Prologue and Chorus. Master of Ceremonies.

SCENE: Court of the Palace.

ACT I. Appeal of the Chancellor to the three estates to support the King in his defense of France.

ACT II. Discussion of the three estates in full assembly.

ACT III. Response to the King's appeal by the President of each estate.

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Space does not admit of any detailed criticism of the speeches made, but without exception they showed decided originality and reflected well the spirit of the time. In fact, this statement applies to every part of the entertainment, from the dress of the participants up to their language and bearing. The scorn of the nobles for the burghers, the haughty indifference of the churchmen to the fierce attacks made on them by the other estates, and the bitter discontent of the commons, chafing under a sense of wrong and indignity, were all admirably rendered. The dress of the actors, besides reproducing accurately the garb of the age, afforded some beautiful color effects, the coarse and sombre dress of the citizens forming a good background for the silks and velvets of the nobles, the brilliance of the clerical robes, and the royal attire of the court party. Much careful and original work must have united with literary and artistic ability to reproduce so well the spirit and the details of a fourteenth century scene.

Afterwards, the guests were conducted to luncheon at the cottages. Singing by the Glee Club and a promenade concert by the Germania Orchestra filled the afternoon.

Alumnae Notes.

There is a Wellesley Register at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in the section devoted to the interests of the Wellesley College Exhibit. This section is in the Massachusetts division of the Educational Exhibit in the South Gallery of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building. The Register contains the names and addresses of all Wellesley people in Chicago and its immediate neighborhood, including the members of the Chicago Wellesley Club and those who have been pursuing courses at the University of Chicago.

All Wellesley people who are visiting the Fair are asked to register their names and temporary addresses with the date of arrival and proposed departure from the city. It is hoped that thus many meetings of old friends may be rendered possible.

All Wellesleyites desiring to meet others of their Alma Mater may probably do so on Tuesdays at two in the afternoon in the Massachusetts State Building, World's Fair Grounds.

SIGNED,

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, Pres. Western Well. Ass.
HELEN HILL, Cor. Sec. Western Well. Ass.
MARION ELY, Pres. Chicago Well. Club.
MAY E. COOK, Cor. Sec. Chicago Well. Club.

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The officers of the Western Wellesley Association would extend a most cordial invitation to all Wellesley people, past and present, to meet with them at the annual luncheon which will be held on Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1893, 2.15 P. M., instead of Sept. 11, 1893, at the Auditorium Hotel, Cor. Michigan Ave. and Congress St., Chicago, Ill. The price per cover will be $1.50. Will all who intend to be present kindly send their names before Aug. 20 to Miss Helen Hill, 119 35th St., Chicago., Ill. CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, Pres.

The Wellesley Club of New York invites all Wellesley girls who expect to be in or near New York during 1893–1894, who desire to connect themselves with the Club, to send their names at any time during the summer or fall to Miss Louise Brown, Secretary, 1 West 81st St., New York City. Any one who has studied at Wellesley is eligible to membership.

MARY A. EDWARDS, Pres.
LOUISE BROWN, Sec.

Miss Kate L. Clarke, '86, spent May 28 at Wellesley.

Miss Sadie K. Harlow, '91, spent Sunday, June 4, at the college.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, wrote the ode for the opening of the Woman's Building of the World's Fair.

Miss Evelyn E. Parkes, '92, delivered the address to the Alumni of Cook Academy, June 7, 1893.

The engagement of Miss Elinor Kimball Bruce, '92, to Mr. William B. Snow of Stoneham, has been announced.

Among the guests who attended the Tree-day exercises were: Miss Elizabeth Brown, '82; Miss Hester Nicholls, '84; Mrs. Helen Jewett Young, '84; Miss Retta Winslow, '88; Mrs. Hattie Farnsworth Gulick, Miss Tufts, '84; Miss Edith True, '87; Mrs. Alice Vant George, '87; Miss Barrows, Miss Mabel Curtis, Miss Dresser, Miss Ida Wallace, Miss Charlotte Greenbank, '90; Miss Alice Clement, Miss Fannie Woodford, Miss Adelaide Alexander, Miss Bessie Blakeslie, '91; Miss Stanton, Miss Furber, Miss Thayer, Miss Bancroft, Miss Hardon, Miss Cornelia Green, Miss Emily Stewart, Miss Mabel Clark, '92.

Dr. Elizabeth Hoyt, a former Wellesley student, has returned from a year's study in Europe, and settled at Concord, Mass.

Miss Florence Wing, '92, is visiting in Chicago. Her address is 3985 Drexel Boulevard.

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The summer address of Miss Harriet J. Hand, '86, and Miss Charlotte Hand, '92, is Cottage City, Mass.

Miss Emily Stewart will spend the summer at North Scituate, Mass.

Miss Helen W. Rogers, '92, will study art during the summer with Mr. John Leslie Breck, at Annisquam, Mass.

Miss Mary Emily Cobb, '88–'90, was married to Mr. *Calvin* Crosser, on May 18, 1893, instead of Mr. John Crosser, as announced in the May number of the Magazine.

There was a meeting of Alumnæ in the faculty parlor on June 20, for the purpose of organizing an Alumnæ Chapter of College Settlements Association. It was moved, seconded and carried that a Wellesley Alumnæ College Settlements Chapter be formally organized, with a president, secretary and treasurer, for a year, and that a committee be appointed to draw up a constitution and report at some subsequent meeting. Miss Bertha Palmer, '91, was elected president, and Miss Grace Andrews, '89, was elected secretary and treasurer. Miss Kendrick, '85, Miss Ward, '92, and Miss Hoopes, '93, were appointed as committee. Miss Carol Dresser, '90, then told the meeting some of the work done at the Boston Settlement, 93 Tyler Street. It has been running but six months, and in so short a time it is impossible to have very tangible results. There has been no head worker, and the work has not been definitely organized. Thus far there has been a meeting of a small boys' club on Tuesday evenings. On Wednesday evenings a club of older boys, known as the Adelphi Debating and Literary Society, meets at the Settlement. Thursday evening is the musical evening, and the residents are at home to their neighbors. Saturday afternoon is devoted to the children of the vicinity. There is a day, too, for money deposit, and drawing books from the library. Although, at first, some people of the neighborhood thought 93 Tyler Street a home for destitute women, they have now come to regard the residence of these college girls there quite naturally and simply.

At present the Alumnæ Chapter of the association will run on the basis adopted by the Undergraduate Chapter during the past year. Those who pay the full fee, five dollars, are entitled to five votes, and those who pay less are entitled to votes in proportion to the amount paid.

ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, Pres. pro tem.
MAUDE R. KELLER, Sec. pro tem.

The Boston Wellesley Club held its spring meeting on May 27 at Hotel Thorndike. The club agreed to a revision of the by-laws, submitted by a committee

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appointed in February for the purpose, and adopted a proffered suggestion of devoting the February meeting to a talk upon some subject of general interest, given by a guest or by a member of the club, followed by an informal discussion. Miss Morss of '91 gave an interesting account of important changes at Wellesley, as well as various items of college gossip, after which the meeting resolved itself into a social gathering.

The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held at the home of Mrs. Campbell, Germantown, May 21. Miss Anna Brown read a communication from the finance committee of the Alumnæ Association concerning the endowment fund of $1,000,000 to be raised for the college. The following motions were made and carried: first, a committee should be appointed by the chair to procure hand-books and circulars setting forth the needs of the college; second, a second committee to be appointed to arrange for an entertainment to be given in the fall, and to report to the club at the first fall meeting. Miss Brown was made chairman of the first committee. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were then read and accepted. The following members were elected officers for the coming year: President, Miss Minnie Wiggin; vice-president, Miss Bessie Mackay; secretary, Miss Elizabeth Baker; treasurer, Miss Anna London Campbell; director, Miss Katherine Dill.

ELIZABETH BAKER, Sec.

Wellesley '92 held its first reunion in the east gallery of the Art Building, at 9 A. M., Wednesday, June 21. About fifty were present. In response to the roll-call, a report of the year's work was given by individual members. After transacting some business, light refreshments were served, and the meeting became delightfully informal. It was not prolonged because of the meeting of the Alumnæ Association at 10 A. M.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is literary editor of the "Graphic," a well-known Chicago paper.

A commencement reception was given by Miss Shafer to the seniors, Saturday evening, June 17, in Norumbega, Prof. Morgan, Prof. Whiting and Prof. Knox assisted in entertaining.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered Sunday, June 18, by Dr. Cuthbert Hall of Brooklyn. It was a noticeably fine and strong address. His subject was "Life, the Great Elective," and he chose for his text Luke xxi: 19, "In your patience ye shall win your lives." Two selections were given by the Beethoven

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Society. The Vespers in the evening were unusually beautiful. Mrs. Smith, honorary member of '93, Miss Hunt, '96, and Miss Foss, '94, sang several solos, and Prof. Hill presided at the organ. The Glee Club and the Beethoven Society were both present and gave a number of selections. Two violin solos were rendered by Miss Sherman, who also accompanied the singers in several instances. The meeting was conducted by Dr. Hall.

Monday afternoon, June 19, a concert was given by the Glee and Banjo Clubs in the college chapel. There was a large audience present, and as usual the girls were received with great enthusiasm. Almost every selection was encored.

The Bernhard Listemann concert in the evening proved, as was expected, very fine. The chapel was crowded, a large proportion of those present being outside friends and guests.

After the concert, a serenade was given by the Glee Club to the seniors. Nearly all the college houses were visited.

June 20 dawned fair and bright although a little warm. The Commencement exercises were held at 3 P. M. After the organ prelude by Prof. Junius W. Hill, which included the "Overture to Lohengrin," by Wagner, and "Pastorale" (Capucine), by Kullah, came the reading of scriptures by Dr. Beecher of Auburn, N. Y., followed by prayer from Dr. Philip Moxom of Boston. Then came a selection, "The Bells Were ringing," from Abt, by the Beethoven Society. G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D., president of Clark University, was then introduced as the orator of the day. He gave a very able address on the "Heart as the Source of Life," making four main headings, Health, Music, Love and Religion. A "Serenade," Beschnitt, and the "Ride of the Elves," Mendelssohn, were given by the Beethoven Society, after which came the conferring of degrees by President Shafer. How precious are those little white rolls tied with Wellesley blue! The Beethoven Society then rendered "Faithful and True," from Wagner, and after the benediction came the organ postlude, "March from Tannhäuser," also by Wagner. Dinner was set at 4.30, but it was not until after five that the people assembled in the dining-room. After the repast, President Shafer gave a brief summary of the general work of the college, including the new curriculum, and mentioning also the needs and wants of the college. Dr. Hall then spoke a few minutes upon foreign education, and was followed by Dr. Mackenzie, honorary member of the class of '85 and president of the board of trustees. Dr. Mackenzie spoke as an American proud of the American institu-

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tions, and ended by introducing President Shafer, as the late recipient of Oberlin's degree of LL. D., conferred but the day before. Of course the girls cheered, cheered as only Wellesley girls can cheer, and could scarcely be quieted to listen to Miss Shafer's few appreciative words. Next, Miss Wilcox spoke in behalf of the faculty, on the "Relation Between the Faculty and the Students." Mr. Grenell spoke for the "fathers," and Miss Luce, '83, for the Alumni, coming from them with a gift of one thousand dollars for the college. Mrs. Junius Hill spoke for the "mothers," giving a tender mother-welcome to the graduates back to their homes. Dr. Ruth Lathrop, '83, spoke upon the "Medical Work for Women," ending by saying that "The path of glory, whether Homepath or Allopath, leads but to the grave." The Glee Club gave two selections, not including "Alma Mater," in which all joined at the close. The usual reception was held at 8 P. M., the Germania Orchestra furnishing music. Later in the evening, '93 gave her last serenade to her beloved college, and Commencement Day was over.

The officers of the Banjo Club for the ensuing year are as follows: Helen James, '95, president; Mabel Keller, musical leader; Winifred Augsbury, '95, business manager; Dora E. Allen, '96, factotum.

Miss Mabel Keller has recently been elected captain of the Special crew.

The Glee Club will sing at the Women's College Conference at Northfield, Mass., June 22–29.

Among the many courtesies that have made pleasant these last days for the graduating girls, not the least have been those of the Glee and Banjo Clubs, who added much to the enjoyment of Senior Day and Commencement Monday by their music. The class of '93 desire to express their warm appreciation and hearty thanks to the clubs for the pleasure they have given to the seniors and their guests, and to add best wishes for their ever increasing success.

WELLESLEY ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the association was held in the college chapel on Wednesday, June 21, at ten o'clock. The president, Miss Edith Tufts, '84, called the meeting to order. The reports of the secretary and treasurer for the past year were read and accepted. The committee on finance reported that an

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appeal had been published through the press of the country stating the needs of college. Arrangements were made whereby the three alumnæ representatives on the board of trustees should be elected in the coming year. Miss Helen Sanborn, '84, reported that she had paid over to the Chapel Fund the surplus of $212 from the Norumbega Fund. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Alice Luce, '83; vice-president, Miss Harriet Constantine, '89; treasurer, Miss Amoretta Winslow, '88; recording secretary, Miss Caroline Cook, '84; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alice Vant George, '97. The association adjourned to the College Dining Hall, where 125 sat at lunch. The following toasts were responded to:

The Class of '93, Emily Howard Foley, '93.
"O blithe new comer!"

The Class of '83, Alice Hanson Luce, '83.
"We have some salt of our youth in us."

College Societies, Edith White, '93.
"Hand
"Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship."

College Music, Anne L. Bosworth, '90.
"O music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."

The College Post Office, Sarah Coolidge Brooks, '85.
"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

Senior Day, Anna Stockbridge Tuttle, '80.
"Great things thro' greatest hazards are achieved,
And then they shine."

MRS. HANNAH BRADBURY GOODWIN.

On the first day of June there passed into rest, one of Wellesley's oldest and firmest friends, a trustee for sixteen years, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. A trusted friend of the founder of the college, she assisted him largely in the upbuilding of his plans for Wellesley. For twelve years she was the secretary of the Students' Aid Association, and gave much of her time to her work in behalf of girls who desired an education. Never has any one been with us whose life has more fully embodied the spirit of service than did Mrs. Goodwin's. Her motto was Wellesley's own, "Non ministrari, sed ministrare." She gave of all she had, but more than that she gave herself, distilling her very life in her joyous service to all the

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interests of the college. Her charity was a charity of mind and heart as well as of purse.

We all recall her shrinking modesty, her sweet, gentle womanliness, which made us forget sometimes that she was a woman of unusual attainment in many departments of human culture. The simple goodness of her life overspread all that she was and all that she did.

Wellesley and Wellesley's interests lay close to her heart. Although often suffering acute physical pain, she put all thought of herself aside, that she might the more pour out her life in service to her fellows. Nothing was so small as to be insignificant, if thereby she might minister to others. She had a rare gift of sharing her best with those who came in touch with her, and many, whose moments with her have been few, feel that in her death they have lost a close, personal friend. The class of '89, of which she was an honorary member, the board of trustees and the executive committee, every Wellesley girl, is the richer because this beautiful, brave, lavish soul lived and wrought among them.

A. N. G., '87.

Society Notes.

At the regular meeting of the Classical Society, May 20, the following programme was presented:

Cyclic Poets and Ibesoid	Margaret Simmons
History of Preservation of Homeric Poems	Alice Brewster.
The First and Second Prehistoric Cities in Site of Ancient Troy	Grace Albee.
The Third City	Mary Chapin.
The Work in Greece	Beatrice Stepanek.

Two new members were ushered into the Society: Miss Ida Brooks and Miss Annie Leonard, both of '95.

At the business meeting of the Society, the following officers for next year were elected: Miss Florence Davis, president; Miss Alice Brewster, vice-president; Miss Annie Chute, recording secretary; Miss Grace Albee, corresponding sec-

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retary; Miss Brooks and Miss Stepanek, factotums; and Miss Chapin, Miss Moulton and Miss Simmons, executive committee.

Prof. A. C. Chapin has recently accepted a membership into the Society.

At the meeting of Phi Sigma, held June 3, the following programme was presented:

BROWNING AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

1. Browning as a Scientific Poet, Katherine Gleason.
2. The Subjectivity of Browning, Marion Mitchell.
3. Presentation.
4. Browning's Philosophy, Mary. R. Tooker.
5. Song, Caroline Hough.

At a meeting of Zeta Alpha, held May 20, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Julia S. Buffington, president; Marion Canfield, vice-president; Kate Nelson, recording secretary; Mary Louise Boswell, corresponding secretary; Mary Isham, treasurer; Winifred Augsbury, first marshal; Clara L. Willis, second marshal; Alice W. Kellogg, editor of the "True Blue."

AGORA.

May 3 — Election of officers: President, Gail H. Laughlin; vice-president, Louise McNair; recording secretary, Caroline Field; corresponding secretary, Ora M. L. Slater; treasurer, May Young; sergeant-at-arms, Arline H. Smith; executive committee, Gail H. Laughlin, Sarah H. Bixby, Sarah C. Weed.

June 13 — Inauguration of president: installation of officers. At the meeting on June 13, the following members were initiated: Professor Wenckebach, Grace Caldwell, '95.

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Marriages.

At Cleveland, Ohio, June 14, 1893, Jennie May Cory, formerly of '90, to Frederick Lindsay.

At Auburndale, Mass., June 7, 1893, Alice Newell, '83–'84, to Francis Newhall.

NOTICE.

THAT the PHILADELPHIA ICE CREAM CO. not only serves a nice quality of Ice Cream, but we wish to call your attention to their ICE CREAM SODA which is served at their store,

150 TREMONT ST.

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Births.

Born, in India, April 30, a daughter, Charlotte Chandler, to Mrs. Gertrude Chandler Wyckoff, '79.

Born, March 13, 1893, a daughter, Charlotte, to Mrs. Amanda Ross Richmond, special, '86–'89.

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